

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD  
RUSSELL

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

---

THE WAR IN CUBA

THE RELIEF OF LADY.  
SMITH

NATIONAL PHYSICAL  
TRAINING

SIDE SHOWS





*The Press Co.*

*Lord Raglan,  
General Pelissier and Omar Pasha.*

THE LIFE OF  
SIR WILLIAM HOWARD  
RUSSELL

C.V.O., LL.D.

THE FIRST SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

By JOHN BLACK ATKINS

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



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## PREFACE

It is counted as a prime merit in Montesquieu that he separated biography from history. It would be an easy thing, but also certainly a mistake, to say that to write the history of William Howard Russell is to write the history of the Crimean War, the Mutiny, the American Civil War, the Austro-Prussian War, and the Franco-German War. I have preferred to follow, at a respectful distance, the example of Montesquieu; the background of those wars has been sketched, and the policy which led to them and the episodes in the fighting have been examined or described, in exact accordance with what seemed to be their relevance to Russell's career.

This way of writing a biography implies a strict obligation. Since the man himself is the object of attention, the writer is bound to try to present a real picture of him. Yet it should be a picture that will neither be a figure of sawdust nor gratify a debased curiosity. To this obligation I have tried to be faithful. Russell's achievements were inseparable from Russell's character; his reasons for regarding men's actions in this way or that are discoverable only through a knowledge of what manner of man he was himself in his family affections, his friendships, his impetuosity, his fine power of compassion, and in those qualities which caused him to be reckoned as matchless "good company."

I am conscious that in one respect Nemesis has overtaken me. In criticising the biographies of others I have often thought it right to join the chorus which condemns long biographies. There have been (as I still think) few men whose lives could not have justice done to them in one volume, and in most cases one volume is the sole instrument of justice. Yet here I have written two volumes. I approached my task with no thought of doing more than choosing the characteristic facts of Russell's life which would sufficiently suggest all that was left unsaid. But I had not reckoned on a discovery which entirely overbore all my prepossessions. I found that he had preserved a virtually complete series of letters which present all the relations of a special correspondent with his employers—editor, manager and proprietors. My duty then seemed to me clear, and became clearer as, during some two years, I read my way deeper into the mass of materials. The "special correspondent" is a peculiar child of our modern civilisation who has an extraordinary, almost an unrivalled, power; no one can deny that fact, whether he thinks that the power is exercised for evil or for good. When I not only recognised that I had before me the full apparatus, which had never before been available, for writing the life of a "special correspondent," but remembered that the life was that of the first special correspondent—the *auctor et fundator* of all the duties which special correspondents have since undertaken—I could no longer be in doubt as to what I ought to do. The whole story, I told myself, must be put on record.

It would be affectation in me to pretend that I do not think that this biography conveys a very important lesson (I refer only to its facts, not to my share in its

production). I would beg my countrymen seriously to consider what this lesson is ; to ask themselves what issue is laid before them, and to come to a conclusion on the evidence. It is often said that the day of the war correspondent is over and that in future British wars the example of the Japanese, in effectually muzzling the correspondents, will be followed. The analogy is a dangerous one. *Autres peuples, autres mœurs*. Unless we are prepared to change all our habits of thought—our national conviction that a knowledge of facts is the sole basis of judgment—there can be no trustworthy argument from the experience of other nations. In the last chapter of this book I have explained what I mean, but here I would only request the reader to put to himself the very simple question whether Russell, as a war correspondent, did more good than he did harm. I believe that there can be only one answer. Russell “saved the remnant” of the British Army in the Crimea ; his first letter from Cawnpore in the Mutiny secured the suppression of the policy of indiscriminate executions ; in the American Civil War he helped Englishmen to change their minds and to see that the Federal cause was the cause of justice and truth ; in the Austro-Prussian War, though he was “only a civilian,” he implored the War Office to adopt the “needle-gun” before it was too late ; and for several years he insisted, in the face of much expert obscurantism, that a mistake had been made in 1863 in reverting to muzzle-loading artillery. These curiously varied services to his country are at least comparable with any which can be rendered by a soldier.

If this record assumed that Russell never made a mistake it would defeat its purpose. Even if one takes

the view that in the Crimea he unjustly criticised Lord Raglan, the proposition remains unrefuted that the positive value of his presence in the field enormously outweighed its disadvantages. I have not attempted to make myself responsible for all his opinions. What I have attempted is something vastly more important than a demonstration of intellectual infallibility—the proof that Russell was an honourable, courageous, and patriotic man. It required no prodigies of penetration to perceive that the Army in the Crimea was being muddled into its grave, but it did require a man of high independence and noble pity to make the facts known to his countrymen. Sir James Outram wrote to Russell on receiving a letter from him: “I shall treasure it not because it is the flattering and warmly-written letter of a man of European fame, but because it is the letter of an honest truth-telling man.” Russell’s triumphs were triumphs of character even more than of vivacity or style. Dr. Johnson said that no man was ever written down except by himself. Russell’s best certificates of motive are his writings. It is unnecessary to claim for him more than he claimed for himself. He once said to a friend, “I may have often been deceived but I never intentionally wronged any man.”

A word should be said as to the spelling of Indian names. I have adopted the Hunterian method, as it seemed advisable to fall in with that method which enjoys the greatest weight of authority. And yet I could not bring myself to modernise the spelling of letters written during the Mutiny, for the old-fashioned names carry the very atmosphere of those tragic and heroic days. India, one thinks, would hardly have been India to Lord Clyde if he had spelt Oodeypore

Udaipur. I have adopted this double plan, which has, I know, all the superficial appearance of inconsistency, on the advice of an Indian scholar. Even so, I have allowed myself the deliberate minor inconsistency of spelling very well known names in the old way, for which my excuse is that anything is preferable to pedantry. I do not expect that my solution of a familiar difficulty will satisfy many critics, but I am informed that there is no known solution which will satisfy all.

Finally, I have to thank those who have helped me with reminiscences or by giving their consent to the publication of letters. As they are too numerous to be named I must content myself with a general but grateful acknowledgment. I cannot forbear, however, to mention Lady Russell, Mrs. Thornhill (Russell's elder daughter), Mrs. Longfield (Russell's younger daughter), Lord Cromer, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Charles Dilke, General A. E. Codrington, Colonel H. W. Pearse, Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell, Mr. A. I. Dasent (the author of "The Life of J. T. Delane"), Miss Hogarth (who gave me permission to use the letters from Charles Dickens), Commander C. N. Robinson, Mr. John Leyland, Mr. G. F. Bacon (the manager of the *Army and Navy Gazette*), Mr. John Sherer, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, Mr. C. L. Graves, Mr. John Baker, Mr. Alfred Everson, and Miss Alice Boazman, who has acted with much zeal and intelligence as my Secretary.

J. B. A.

MOVERONS MANOR,  
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# CONTENTS TO VOLUME I

## CHAPTER I.

### BOYHOOD.

Russell's Birth—His Family—His Father leaves Ireland—His Grandfather Kelly—Life in Dublin—Mrs. Hemans—Russell goes to School . . . . . *pp.* 1—11

## CHAPTER II.

### COLLEGE AND JOURNALISM.

The Crested Lark—A Tutorship—Trinity College, Dublin—Reporting the Elections of 1841 for the *Times* . . . . . *pp.* 12—22

## CHAPTER III.

### THE REPEAL AGITATION IN IRELAND.

Russell goes to London—Kensington Grammar School—Parliamentary Reporting for the *Times*—The Repeal Agitation in Ireland—The "Monster Meetings"—O'Connell and his Tenants . . . . . *pp.* 23—35

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE TRIAL OF O'CONNELL.

The Clontarf Meeting—O'Connell's Trial—Russell's hasty Journey to London with the Verdict—A Cunning Trick—O'Connell's way—Verdi's "Ernani" . . . . . *pp.* 36—46

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RAILWAY MANIA.

Russell Engaged to be Married—Lord Campbell—The Railway Mania—Work of the Railway Committees—George Hudson—A Railway Accident—Russell joins the *Morning Chronicle*—Founding of the *Daily News* . . . . . *pp.* 47—59

## CHAPTER VI.

WORKING FOR THE *MORNING CHRONICLE*.

Russell's Marriage—The Potato Famine—A Ghost Story—The Burgoyne Letter—Russell dismissed from the *Morning Chronicle*—"At a loose end"—Birth of Russell's First Child *pp.* 60-73

## CHAPTER VII.

BACK TO THE *TIMES*.

Russell rejoins the *Times*—State Trials in Ireland—Smith O'Brien—Rush the Murderer—Russell called to the Bar—Disastrous First Brief . . . . . *pp.* 74-84

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE DANISH WAR OF 1850.

The Danish War of 1850—War Correspondents—General Willisen—Battle of Idstedt . . . . . *pp.* 85-94

## CHAPTER IX.

## EXPERIENCES OF A DESCRIPTIVE REPORTER.

French Naval Review—The *Sunday Chronicle*—Founding of the *Dublin Daily Express*—Kossuth . . . . . *pp.* 95-104

## CHAPTER X.

## THE FIELDING AND THE GARRICK.

The Fielding and Garrick Clubs—Charles Reade—Douglas Jerrold—Archdeacon and Thackeray—Albert Smith—"Winkle" Sportsmen—The Duke of Wellington and the *Birkenhead* *pp.* 105-114

## CHAPTER XI.

## MORE EXPERIENCES OF A REPORTER.

Delane—An elaborate Practical Joke—Rob Roy MacGregor—The Duke of Wellington's Funeral—A Dinner of Lunatics—Piety and Prize-fighting . . . . . *pp.* 115-123

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE CRIMEAN WAR: PRELIMINARIES.

Preliminaries of Crimean War—Russell goes to Malta—On to the Dardanelles—At Gallipoli—Beginning of Chaos—Scutari—Scotsman *versus* Greek—Russell's Style . . . *pp.* 124—138

## CHAPTER XIII.

## AT VARNA.

At Varna—A Critical Decision—"Bono Johnny!"—The Solitary Tent at Aladyn—Sir George Brown—The Correspondents of the *Times*—The Voyage to the Crimea . . . *pp.* 139—151

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AT THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

The Landing on the Beach—The March to the Alma—How to see a Battle?—The Fog of War—Writing under Difficulties . . . *pp.* 152—163

## CHAPTER XV.

## AT BALACLAVA AND INKERMEN.

Sir John Burgoyne—Charge of the Light Brigade—The "Thin Red Line"—Lord Cardigan—Colonel Eber—Inkerman—Sir Henry Layard—Sir De Lacy Evans—"Treachery"—Correspondents . . . . . *pp.* 164—176

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE AWFUL PLATEAU.

Mr. John Walter—The Gale—A Classical Pun—Russell turned out of his House—Lord Raglan's Correspondence—Lord Raglan's Visits to the Camps; Assertions and Denials—Sufferings of the Army—The Truth too Terrible—The Want of Roads . . . *pp.* 177—189

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE RESPONSE TO RUSSELL'S LETTERS.

Lord Strathnairn—Russell's Information to the Enemy—A "Camp Follower"—Scenes of Misery—Effect of Russell's Letters—The Stream of "Comforts" . . . . . *pp.* 190—199

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE SPRING OF 1855.

Russell's Hut—"Disagreeables"—Alexis Soyer—The Kertch Expedition—Encounter with Sir George Brown—Mrs. Russell—Re-publication of Russell's Letters . . . . *pp.* 200—213

## CHAPTER XIX.

## WAS RUSSELL UNJUST TO LORD RAGLAN?

The Assault of June 18, 1855—Was Russell unjust to Lord Raglan?—Controversy with Lord Dartmouth—Sir John McNeill's Tribute to Lord Raglan—Russell's Powerful Enemies—Sir John Adye—Kinglake . . . . . *pp.* 214—229

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE REDAN AND AFTER.

The Fielding Club—A Holiday—Contract with a Servant—The Redan—Russell's Praise of Windham—Codrington's Plan of Attack—Codrington's Letter to Russell—Colin Campbell—Inside Sebastopol—Expedition to Odessa . . . . *pp.* 230—244

## CHAPTER XXI.

## RUSSELL'S ACHIEVEMENT.

Russell in England—Return to the Crimea—Angry Words with Windham—Russell the Soldier's Friend—His Love of the Army—His Letters a Corrective to the French View of the Crimean War—Kinglake on Russell—Sir Evelyn Wood—Sir Robert Mends . . . . . *pp.* 245—259

## CHAPTER XXII.

## RUSSELL AS LECTURER.

Lord Palmerston—Coronation at Moscow—Russell as Lecturer—Stage Fright—Dickens—Death of Douglas Jerrold—Dickens and Jerrold—Russell goes to India . . . . *pp.* 260—274

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE MUTINY: FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Russell's Mission in India—Heroes of the Mutiny—Russell's Sympathy with Native Races—Military Reputations—Lord Canning—Lord Mark Kerr—Colin Campbell—The Nana's Lieutenant . . . . . *pp.* 275—290

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## BEFORE LUCKNOW.

Colin Campbell's Confidence in Russell—Mr. John Sherer—Calcutta and Clemency—Russell's Powers of Observation—Kavanagh—At the Dilkusha—Sir James Outram—Sack of the Kaisar-Bagh—Canning's Proclamation . . . . . *pp.* 291—308

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE ROHILKHAND CAMPAIGN.

Letter from Outram—Success of Russell's Letters—A Bad Kick—Sufferings in a Dooly—Charge of Sowars—Russell at Death's Door—Chivalrous Ideals—Did Russell Traduce his Countrymen? . . . . . *pp.* 309—325

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## IN THE HILLS.

The King of Delhi—Lord William Hay—W. D. Arnold—Letter from Outram—Dickens on the Thackeray-Yates Quarrel—Kavanagh . . . . . *pp.* 326—341

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION.

Visit to the Rajah of Patiala—Lord Clyde Explains his Coming Campaign—Outram's Misgivings—The Queen's Proclamation . . . . . *pp.* 342—352

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## LETTERS TO DELANE.

Opening of the Oudh Campaign—A Specimen Day—The Final Work at Lucknow—Letters to Delane—English Faults—Russell leaves India . . . . . *pp.* 353—365

## CONTENTS TO VOLUME I

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## LEADER-WRITING.

Quarantine at Marseilles—The Emperor's Friend—Release from  
 Quarantine—In Switzerland—Leader Writing—Letter from  
 Lord Clyde—Kavanagh . . . . . *pp.* 366—378

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.

Founding of the *Army and Navy Gazette*—A Bolt—A Settlement—  
 Sir De Lacy Evans—Finance—A "Wigging" from Delane—  
 Russell goes to the United States . . . . . *pp.* 379—390

## APPENDIX.

The "Thin Red Line" . . . . . *pp.* 391—393

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LORD RAGLAN, GENERAL PÉLISSIER AND OMAR PASHA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
"BONO JOHNNY!" . . . . .	141
ON, BRAVE HORSE!! . . . . .	141
LANDING OF OUR OWN <i>TIMES</i> CORRESPONDENT AND DESTRUCTION OF THE OTHER CORRESPONDENTS . . . . .	153
RETURNING FROM PICKET . . . . .	153
ANGELO AND VIRGILIO . . . . .	164
DR. RUSSELL; OR THE TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.	164
ENTHUSIASM OF PATERFAMILIAS ON READING THE REPORT IN THE <i>TIMES</i> OF THE GRAND CHARGE OF BRITISH CAVALRY .	259
REPRODUCTION OF A LETTER FROM NANA SAHIB . . . . .	288
SICK AND WOUNDED IN DOOLIES—THE ENEMY IN SIGHT . . . . .	316
GOOD NEWS IN DISPATCHES—GENERAL MANSFIELD AND LORD CLYDE . . . . .	363

# THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL

## CHAPTER I

### BOYHOOD

ON his sixty-fifth birthday William Howard Russell began his autobiography. "It is rather late," he wrote, "to begin an account of my life, but as I fain would make it an autobiography for which I alone am responsible there is not a day to be lost." Two years later he had to record that many days had been lost; few indeed had been saved. "*Diem perdididi!*" he exclaims often, with Titus, in his diary—" *Diem perdididi! quot dies perdididi, miser!*" With a belief in favourable omens which was characteristic of him, he began his autobiography afresh on his sixty-seventh birthday; but though he lived to be almost eighty-six years of age, the autobiography remains to us only in disconnected fragments. Yet he talked of it often to his friends. We find Sir Archibald Alison, who had known him in the Crimean War and the Mutiny, and had been his friend ever since, writing: "I am very happy to hear that you are at work on your memoirs. I am sure it will be one of the most varied and interesting works ever written."

It is a familiar and likeable trait of old age that the fancy revolves round the memories of extreme youth, and if Russell had written of his crowded life



as amply as he reproduced reminiscences of his childhood, he would have obscured such particular triumphs of his career as his courageous and independent evidence in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Nevertheless it is the duty—in this case the pleasure also—of the biographer to be bound by the wishes of his subject. It shall be the aim of this record to borrow Russell's words from his autobiographical fragments and diaries whenever that is reasonably possible; and, further, by the choice of material to reflect the temper in which it is judged that he would have written the book himself.

"I was born at Jobestown—otherwise Lily Vale—" he writes, "in the parish of Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, on March 28, 1820. There my mother's father, Captain John, or, as he was generally called, Jack, Kelly, had a small property and a big, untidy house, where he held revels as master of the Tallaght Pack—'the finest in Ireland or the wo-r-r-r-ld.' Not far distant on higher ground were the walls of an ancient mansion, dignified by the title of Castle Kelly, which had been in the family for ages. If ever the Kellys—who dropped their 'O' in 1690—had been as high up the hill as the ruins were, they were going down very rapidly—indeed, they were very nearly at the bottom of it at the time of my birth."

Russell's father, John Russell, was then about twenty-four, "a large-limbed, solid, joyous man," in some way agent for a great Sheffield firm—Waterhouse and Company—and deep in speculations which were not successful. Russell's mother was only seventeen, and he has recorded, what he had often been told, that his father used to walk out to Lily Vale from Dublin to see and court her and then back to Dublin, "some twenty miles." John Russell came of a family which had been long settled in County Limerick,

but it is unnecessary to trace the descent more than a few steps. William Howard Russell's great-great-grandfather, George Russell, married Jane Poë, the daughter of a captain in the navy. Their son John married Mary, daughter of the Rev. Abraham Downes. A son of this marriage, named William, married Anne, daughter of Captain Noble Johnson, of Cork, and it was their son John who became the father of the subject of this biography.

"I was named William after my paternal grandfather," says the autobiography, "Howard after a clergyman in the county of Wicklow, and Nicholas after Nicholas Roe, a distiller in Dublin. There was no renewal of 'Nicholas' at my confirmation. My aunt Stanistreet left me a sum of money in her will, but it could never be found anywhere else. It had been arranged that the sons of my parents' marriage should be brought up in their father's faith and that the daughters should be Roman Catholics, but that was viewed with disfavour by the grandparents on both sides, and over my unconscious body waged an acrimonious controversy."

In those days mixed marriages were fairly common in Ireland. But when shortly after the birth of William Howard Russell misfortune broke up his father's business the catastrophe was hailed as a "judgment" by both parties to the dispute. The boy's father and mother took their courage in both hands and left Ireland in the conviction—perhaps even more common in Irishmen than in Englishmen—that a novel and harder way of life is much easier in another country. They settled in Liverpool, and John Russell started a small business which was by no means profitable—a result which dismally failed to correspond to the fine air of resolution with which we may suppose the ruined man to have left Ireland. He does not appear to have had the faculty of success,

because his tastes were meditative and academic much more than commercial; and later we hear of him accepting appointments unsuited alike to his abilities and—as one might say, did he appear to have been susceptible to such a consideration—to his position. It is not unfair, indeed, to assume that besides finding his new method of life distasteful he suffered, when it came to the point, from a certain infirmity of purpose. On this supposition alone can one account for the strange arrangement by which the young William was transferred to the care of his grandfather Kelly. Accounts of John Russell which remain describe him as a cultivated and courteous gentleman. Adversity never abated his geniality or permitted him to cease to care for his appearance, which, if one may judge from the clearness with which it is recalled, was aided by a natural distinction. The tombstone which he erected to his wife and second son may be found in St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool. The inscription attests his classical inclinations, and these were inherited by his sons. The inscription runs:—

“In Memoriam  
 Mariæ  
 Johannis Russell uxoris dilectissimæ  
 Filiae Pref. Johs. Kelly,  
 de Lily Vale in Com Dublin  
 obiit Maii xxx 1840, Aetat 36.  
 Atque Johs. Howard,  
 Filii sec. Johannis et Mariæ Russell  
 Div: Joh: Evang. Coll. Cantab, alumni  
 Apud Cloughton, Maii xxlv, 1847  
 Obiit Aetat 24.”

We pass to the life of William Russell in the house of his mother's relations.

“One of my earliest recollections,” continues the autobiography, “is that of my grandfather, Captain

Jack Kelly, a tall slight man, his powdered hair gathered up in a queue and tied with a black ribbon, his chin nestling in the folds of a deep, white neckcloth. He was usually dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, a fawn-coloured waistcoat with many pockets, buckskin breeches not spotless, with a set of keys and seals hanging from his pockets, and boots with tan tops. On hunting days he attired himself in a square-cut scarlet coat with large cuffs and pockets and brass buttons, and in lieu of his fluffy beaver, turned up behind, he donned a velvet skull cap with peak and tassel. What he was Captain of I know not, but there was in the 'parlour' a picture of a lad in a red coat with wide lappets of dark blue turned back so as to show shirt-frill, stock, and white waistcoat, small silver epaulettes and kerseymere breeches, which I was told—and resolutely declined to believe—was the living image of my grandfather the year he married his first wife. Another warrior whose likeness hung on the wall was Major Felix Kelly, who was 'killed in the Low Countries.' There was an interesting picture of another member of the family who was not often mentioned, as he died in the prime of life in consequence of an accident which befel him on the Bridge of Wexford soon after the entry of Lord Lake into the town after the Battle of Vinegar Hill. There were also some works of imperfect art representing ladies in high waists and large hats. Among them was one of a little girl afterwards destined to attain high renown in the hunting field under the name of the 'Curragh Filly.'

"All my early memories relate to hounds, horses and hunting; there were hounds all over the place, horses in the fields and men on horseback galloping, blowing of horns, cracking of whips, tallyho-ing, yoicksing and general uproar. If the weather was fine on a hunting morning, Captain Jack was in fine spirits. His voice could be heard above the tumult outside the house, front and rear, as he sang :—

" 'Tally ho, my boys! These are the joys  
That far exceed the delights of the doxies!  
Hark to those sounds! hark to those sounds!  
The huntsman is on before with the hounds.'

That voice has been silent for more than half a century, but I hear it still as though the singer were in the next room.

"I was taught my prayers and rudimentary spelling by my grandmother Kelly, I was also taught to cross myself and to pray to the Virgin. I was taken to Mass, and I could prattle Paternosters and Ave Marias. I had been baptised as a Protestant, yet I was started with every chance of running in the race of life as a Roman Catholic.

"But the fates willed it otherwise. My grandfather was a farmer, a grazier; there had been bad seasons and a fall in prices as well. There was trouble at Lily Vale. Men were stalking through the rooms with pencils and note-books, writing; men in the fields looking at the cattle, and writing; men in the stables examining horses and ponies, and writing; men measuring stacks in the farmyard, and writing. The hounds were taken from the kennels—I was told for the summer, but I never saw them again. The maids, too, began packing up my things. I was going up to Dublin, to my grandfather and grandmother Russell, and 'I would come back very soon.' But I never returned to see Lily Vale as I had known it.

"My grandfather William Russell in Dublin was very different from the tenant of Lily Vale. He was lame, but withal very active and alert; a short, stout, silver-haired, ruddy-cheeked man, clean shaven and bright-eyed, with a stentorian voice and quick temper which flamed out like gunpowder when the gout was in possession and his 'leg was bad.' He wore an enormous fold of muslin round his neck through which was inserted a frill of the same material, called a 'Pentonville.' In '98, in a charge on some 'croppies,' he received a kick from a horse from which he never quite recovered. There was no fiercer man in politics or religion. He had been a Moravian, but my grandmother made a condition that he should abjure that belief as she did not approve of the 'kiss of peace to sisters in the faith'; so he established a chapel, in which he was his own Pope. He was not altogether cut off from the Church of Ireland.\*

\* His personal and irregular creed appears to have been noted among his friends as an agency for the repression of popery and the assertion of the Protestant ascendancy.

"The house where we lived, No. 40, Upper Baggot Street, was a substantial brick house with a small garden and coachhouse and stables in the rear. From the front windows looking east there was a glimpse of the sea and the Hill of Howth. At the back there was an expanse of woodland up to the Sugar Loaf and Three Rock Mountain and the fertile fields of Tallaght."

A Mr. Parnell was in much request at old William Russell's house "as a Christian and a brother of Lord Congleton." He was a big, solemn, man whose pockets bulged with tracts which he projected down areas and inserted under doors. When he arrived at 40, Upper Baggot Street, the members of the household knew that they were in for a discourse, at least an hour long, after evening prayers. Mrs. Russell's propensity to go off into a doze on such occasions provoked frequent remonstrances. Audible signals of repose would sometimes be heard from her armchair; and one night, suddenly waking up as Mr. Parnell was relating the adventures of a missionary with a lion, she confusedly exclaimed, "Yes, how dreadful—was this all before he died?"

The Archdeacon of Clogher, the Rev. John Russell, was William Howard Russell's cousin. He was a musician, poet, and the author of a book which is still remembered, "Wolfe's Remains." It was he who gave the boy his first lessons in the Prayer Book and Bible. He opposed the National Board, and lived and died archdeacon, while Mr. Dickinson, his brother-in-law, who took the opposite side, became chaplain to the Archbishop and finally Bishop of Meath.

"I remember," writes Russell, "seeing these ecclesiastics practise with boomerangs, and as the long, lean gentlemen in knee breeches and black gaiters, frock coats, and shovel hats, solemnly threw their curved sticks in the air, the gaping labourers watched the

boomerangs skimming back over the meadows. 'Thim's the divil's own boys,' was the remark of a hay-maker on the top of a fence as he crossed himself. 'I'd like Father Laffan to see them.'

Russell's education does not seem to have made much progress until one memorable day his grandfather caught him with the crook of his stick—a feat he could perform with surprising suddenness and certainty—evidently with an unusual intention. Before the boy understood what was happening he found himself before a door on which was a brass plate—"Miss Steadman's Day School for Young Ladies." "Here, Miss Steadman," said the grandfather, "I have brought you the young gentleman we were speaking of."

Thus the boy was at school, "betrayed," as he writes, "and moreover cabined and confined." There were boys as well as girls, but as Russell was the largest and strongest boy in the school he soon became absolute. He did not stay there very long before being sent to other schools, exclusively for boys, as will be presently related.

About this time (1831), Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, and her sons came to live in Baggot Street.

"The boys' picturesque dress," writes Russell, "the flowing curls, large turn-down cavalier collars, tunics of blue velvet with buff belts, bright coloured hose and rosetted shoes, produced an immense impression on me. I thought them lovely as the angels."

He knew that his own clothes were dingy and unromantic by comparison. Just as he was emerging from the flounce and frill into the jacket stage, his grandfather appeared one day, with a large bale of cloth which he had bought at an auction. Willie was seized and measured for a suit by the local tailor.

For two or three years he figured in snuff-brown suits which exposed him to considerable mental suffering and to what he fancied was conspicuous bodily degradation.

"The bale," he says, "was stowed away in a small room. Whenever a new suit was cut off I applied my eye to the keyhole, but the bale seemed to be as large as ever. I have reason to think it came to an untimely end. I was called 'Snuffy,' 'Brownie,' 'Gingerbread Billy' and other opprobrious names, and more than once the honour of my cloth was vindicated to the detriment of its colour by what the Scotch call 'injuries to the effusion of blood.'"

Returning to Mrs. Hemans, he continues :—

"She wore robes of a classical type, and to me there was something very stately and imposing in her slow, measured steps, her eyes which were bright and sad, her sweet smile and her gentle voice. And what touched me most was the superiority of the children—the youngest a little older than I was. It was first brought home to me by their mother; she was reading for us the life of Spagnoletto out of 'Triumphs of Genius and Perseverance,' and she asked: 'Willie, what is genius?' I had not the least idea, but I fancied it must have some connection with another book 'Tales of the Genii.' I dared not say so. 'And what is perseverance?' Silence. 'Now, boys, what do you say?' They appeared to know all about it. And I could not tell what a 'substantive' or an 'adjective' was. One of the boys played the guitar and sang, another drew trees and houses and animals, and a third wrote in a book 'things out of his head.' They said French lessons and German lessons, and were learning Latin, botany, history, and geography."

Russell has recorded that they laughed at him when he asked them what was meant in his prayer by the words "to keep down *satins* under my feet." The pity they betrayed for him seems to have kindled the fire within him. He made a desperate attempt to overtake



their knowledge, and the struggle was only ended, to his great grief, by the departure of the Hemans family.

"Our parting," he writes, "was most sorrowful. At our last meeting Mrs. Hemans said, 'Willie, sing "Love not" for us, please.' That and the 'Merry Swiss Boy' constituted my musical *répertoire*. I was warbling disconsolately 'Love not, love not, the thing you love may die,' when I was interrupted by a sob from Mrs. Hemans who was playing the accompaniment. The piano ceased. Rising from her seat with streaming eyes she threw her arms round my neck. 'May die, alas! *must* die,' she exclaimed, and left the room. Presently she came back with a little book for me, kissed me and bade me good-night, and thus we parted—I with many promises and pledges, never to be ratified."

In Hume Street, Dublin, there were in those days two schools of repute. Russell was entered in the junior class of that which was presided over by Dr. Wall, a sedate and scholarly ecclesiastic whose methods of instruction were all his own. But Dr. Wall turned out good scholars, and was in favour with parents of the professional class.

Russell writes: "He handed over the younger boys to the junior masters, and as I was vivacious, idle and a good deal spoilt, I was singled out by a morose, young tyrant, who imitated as far as he could, the methods of his chief in signal and painful correction."

This master inflicted his punishments indifferently with a ruler and the edge of a slate. When the boy exhibited his swollen fingers and puffed-up palms at home it was some solace to hear the sympathising moans of the sorrowing circle, but he records that no one asked whether he deserved what he got. Apparently, however, the family prevailed over his grandfather, who had a firm belief in the virtues of

the *argumentum baculinum*, and at the end of the half Russell was transferred to the other school in Hume Street, kept by the Rev. E. J. Geoghegan.

He has written of Dr. Geoghegan's school:—

"In that house I spent some of the happiest years of my life, and assuredly it was my own fault that I didn't turn to good account the teaching of one of the kindest of friends and most indulgent of masters. How deeply I am indebted to that just, considerate, and inflexible man perhaps I do not, with all my gratitude, understand. But he was by no means a moral force enthusiast. Pandying was practised as a disciplinary agent in education. How horribly painful it was! The hard-hearted, yellow rattan in its shining coat would hiss through the air as the culprit obeyed the command, 'Hold out your hand, friend'; and as it fell, miserable pain ran from palm to elbow welling into red-hot torture, if by involuntary withdrawal of the hand, the blow came at the end of the fingers. Throb by throb the anguish filtered away after the tyranny was overpast, leaving a moral residuum in which a cautious resolve not to incur the punishment again was mingled with resentment."

There was a keen competition among the Dublin masters in editing school text-books, but Russell loyally affirms that Geoghegan's editions of Xenophon, of Cæsar, and of Alvarez's Prosody were in the first flight; and late in his life the battered old volumes, which he had once held in so little regard, were of his most treasured possessions. Among his school-fellows at Geoghegan's were Dion Boucicault, and one who became his life-long friend, Henry de Bathe, afterwards General Sir Henry de Bathe. He remained at this school until, as he says, he was "turned out into the world."

## CHAPTER II

### COLLEGE AND JOURNALISM

RUSSELL'S first literary adventure, when he was sixteen years old, was provoked by the appearance of the *Dublin Penny Journal*. An edition of "Buffon," which had been lent to him by a friend of his father, had given him a taste for natural history, especially for birds. In a boy a taste of that kind frequently expresses itself in a desire to kill the objects of his affection.

"One day," Russell writes, "I saw a curious sort of a lark on a furrow in a field. There was a tuft on its head which Riquet would have been proud of. I remembered the injunctions I had received, 'when you fire at a bird on the ground aim at its feet.' Bang! the lark lay on his back with his legs in the air. Yes, it was a strange bird. I put the corpse on a sheet of paper at home, drew the outlines, set down details, and then I wrote a letter to the editor of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, enclosed the drawing, and delivered the precious manuscript at the office."

He was enraptured the following week by hearing one of his friends say, "Do you see some fellow has shot a strange lark in one of these fields? There's an account of it in the *Dublin Penny Journal*." Russell made for a stationer's shop, bought the paper, and read over and over again about the "*Alauda cristata* found in Ireland." He lent the journal to his grandmother, who paid no attention to the discovery, and he threw it carelessly in the way of his aunts, with the casual observation that there was a picture of a strange bird which had been shot behind Verschoyle's Church.

This drew from one of his aunts, "I daresay it was Jenny Osborne's parrot. It escaped last week."

Candour compels us to pursue the subject of the crested lark. The statement made in the *Dublin Penny Journal* of February 27, 1836, has been referred to in every standard work on Irish birds, and consequently has obtained a certain importance. Seventy years after its publication it was examined rather carefully by the *Dublin Daily Express*.

"As no other specimen of the crested lark," said the *Daily Express*, "is known to have been obtained in Ireland either before or since the date of William Russell's record, it may seem strange that attention should ever have been concentrated upon it, but both Thompson and Watters, though ignorant of the writer's identity, thought the matter worth a reference."

In More's list of Irish birds it is remarked that the bird "does not appear to have been satisfactorily identified." Ussher, however, particularly included the crested lark among the birds of Ireland on the strength of this solitary record. When Russell himself was applied to for information in 1897 he said that he had taken the lark to a Mr. Colville, a member of the Royal Dublin Society, who almost immediately declared that it was a crested lark.

As the *Dublin Express* observes:—

"The one unsatisfactory element in the affair is that nothing is said about what became of the specimen. It would have been a great treasure for any museum—the only specimen of a bird which has been seen only a few times in England and, except on this disputed occasion, never in Ireland. After some correspondence with Russell in 1897, Mr. Ussher asked him plainly what he did with the bird, to which the answer was, 'Probably we ate him.'"

In these circumstances one cannot question the sagacity of the *Dublin Express* when it remarks :—

“ We are afraid until another *alauda cristata* turns up on Irish soil doubts will continue to be cast on the propriety of admitting it to our fauna on the authority of a member of the Royal Dublin Society, who could suggest to a boy no more suitable way of disposing of such a bird than having it cooked. The crest of the common skylark varies a good deal in size, and a mistake is always possible. That is all that can be said. We are all entitled to our doubts, but no one will ever be able to prove that the bird behind Verschoyle’s Church was not a crested lark.”

Russell, indeed, was never strictly an ornithologist, although all his life he used the open eyes of an observant man and roughly noted the fauna and flora of whatever country he might be in. Early in life he became a fisherman, and the sport remained with him a passion to be cultivated in all circumstances promising or unpromising.

One day he saw in a shop in Kildare Street a book covered with sporting emblems, “ The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,” edited by Boz. It was the first number, just out, price 1s. Russell writes :—

“ I bought the number in full confidence that it related to sport, angling, etc., and was disappointed to find that it was what appeared to me at first glimpse a foolish story, ‘ The Theory of Tittlebats,’ ‘ The Pond at Hampstead,’ and so on. It was a shilling lost. But I carried my book to a bench in Stephen’s Green for further examination. In five minutes a new world was open to me. I have been living in it ever since.”

The death of Russell’s grandfather came like a thief in the night in 1837. In a moment the family was face to face with want.

“ There was a small insurance rent and charge,” writes Russell, “ for my grandmother and her daughters,

the lease of the house, the furniture, a pair of horses, and an old chaise; and out of all there might be screwed a pittance to keep body and soul together and put a modest covering on the combination. But what was to become of college and my career? I was seventeen years of age."

The only fruitful suggestion was that Russell should try for a sizarship at Trinity College, Dublin. But that would need at least a year's hard work, and meanwhile the family was broken up, and the Baggot Street house must be abandoned. The solution came not out of deliberation, but by accident. A distant relation offered Russell a tutorship in County Leitrim. "To become a tutor!" writes he. "Heavens, what an Alnaschar finish to my dreams!" It did not comfort him to be told that Lord Chancellor this, and Bishop that, and all the fellows of Trinity College, had been tutors. Nevertheless, the post was accepted. Mr. O'Brien, his employer, was a hard-headed, hard-riding, alert man, active as a magistrate and adamant as a land agent. Mrs. O'Brien was as a mother to the young tutor.

"My pupils," writes Russell, "were docile and affectionate if not very hard-working or bright. We rode out with or without hounds; we fished in the streams near at hand and in the lochs a few miles distant; and I read for my entrance examination at Trinity with a proud feeling that I was working for myself and would ask no one for anything over and above my entrance fee."

The time passed quickly, and when Russell presented himself for examination at Trinity the only feeling he had, so far as he could remember afterwards, was that he would have liked a little more time, "just to go over my Horace and Homer again, and to have another run through my Euclid and Algebra."

He has left no narrative of his career at Trinity, and his name does not appear in the list of graduates. He did not win a sizarship or scholarship, and his relations somehow bore the expense of his education. For some time he did not abandon the ambition of ultimately reading for a fellowship. A combination of want of money and of temptations to other occupations, however, divided his attention. When he was in his twentieth year, and not yet due to leave college, it was borne in upon him by his friends and relations "that he must be up and stirring," though he has not forgotten to remark that no suggestion was made as to what he should be up to or what he should stir. At this time his cousin John Russell, who was an army surgeon, and had recently returned from Botany Bay, proposed that he should walk the hospitals. His cousin's uniform induced Russell to think seriously of becoming an army surgeon. "My eye," he says, "has always exercised a great influence over my mind"—sure token that he was born with the instinct of a correspondent. One of the leading Irish doctors promised to make the way smooth, but another suggested that before entering his name as a student Russell ought to visit his cousin Richard Croker Russell, who was studying at a certain college for surgeons. The suggestion was adopted.

"It has been my fate," writes Russell, "to have seen death in many forms, but the horror of the apparatus of the tables can never be forgotten. I remember one student with a pewter pot and a plate of bread and cheese before him in the midst of it all, reading aloud from Harrison's 'Anatomy.' I was quite overcome, and my face revealed my feelings. The leering porter who had come up with me to the room—it was said he had sold his mother's body for dissection—put his dirty paw on my shoulder and told me I should soon

get used to it. I rushed to the door—exit Podalirius. Never! Never!”

In 1841 Russell was still at college, with his career unsettled, and the time was at hand when his relations would positively no longer be able to help him with money, which indeed appeared to bring no promise of adequate academic returns. In this year, however, a fortunate event happened which was destined to shape his life, little though he guessed it at the time. His cousin Robert Russell arrived in Ireland charged by the *Times* with the management, in a newspaper sense, of the Irish elections. The Melbourne Ministry, which had been in office since 1835, was beaten in August, 1841, and Sir Robert Peel undertook to form a Tory Government. Robert Russell wanted to organise a staff of young fellows competent to write plain, trustworthy accounts of what they saw in Ireland. He came to Russell. “You will have a pleasant time of it,” he said, “if you will do the work—letters to the best people, one guinea a day and your hotel expenses. Will you start next week?”

“I did not hesitate a moment,” writes Russell. “Of political principles I had none except a vague attachment to the Orangeism of Baggot Street which represented Protestant ascendancy in Church and State, the ‘Glorious, Pious, Immortal memory,’ and an inclination to prompt participation in any rows with Repeal mobs. It seemed as if the day would never come when I was to take my place on the box of the mail for Longford, where Mr. Lefroy was to fight the battle for Church and State against the powers of darkness. To hear my name, ‘Mr. Russell of the *Times*,’ pronounced by an anxious agent as the coach pulled up at Sutcliffe’s Hotel in the dismal little town which was quivering with passion and the noise of bands, patriots and priests—this indeed was fame.”



Through delay on the road, Russell had already missed some noticeable incidents, all of which may be safely summed up under the head of riots. It was necessary for him to pick up what information he could, and he was unwilling to rely entirely on the stories of one side. But where was he to get his ideally impartial information? He reflected that he was reporting not only an election, but an Irish election, and, with a mother wit which he was always proud to remember afterwards, he made his way straight to the hospital. There he found the wounded heroes of both sides, and those whose heads were not too seriously broken gave him as much information as he desired, and more.

The experiences of the day were not yet over; after his visit to the hospital he dined with Mr. Lefroy and his committee and sat at a long table with "influential Tories." In the midst of an eloquent speech from a rector there came from the street the blare of a brass band playing "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," which was accepted as an Irish Marseillaise. Groans and howls interrupted the rector—not so effectually, however, as bricks and paving stones which smashed the windows and bounded on the table.

"Are ye hurt, me dear boy?" inquired Russell's neighbour

"I could have said 'yes,' " writes Russell, "for I was struck by a paving stone the size of a penny roll on the back of my head. The lights swam before my eyes, but in another minute I was in the street at the tail of the indignant Tories who had rushed out of the hotel and were already comforting themselves by religious and constitutional methods of disapproval. Before the night was over I found myself clouded with tobacco smoke and reeking with whisky punch,

addressing a convivial assembly about Magna Charta (an eminently Protestant document), the Bill of Rights, the Defence of Derry, the Inquisition, the Barn of Scullabogue,\* Peter Dens' Theology.† What a headache I had in the morning!"

Between his visits to the hospital and the exhilarating and violent dinner with the "influential Tories," Russell managed to write his first dispatch to the *Times*. It appeared five days after it was written, and the following passage is taken from it to illustrate the unequivocal temper in which he entered the fray in spite of the impartial information of the hospital.

"I have this moment returned from a visit to the Infirmary and never was I more affected than I was

\* During the rebellion in Wexford, in 1798, two hundred and twenty Protestants were killed in the barn of Scullabogue.

† The writings of Peter Dens were circulated by the Protestant Association in order to shock and arouse Protestant feeling. Some Roman Catholic bishops, however, disavowed Peter Dens. A correspondence with O'Connell was started by the Protestant Association. A member of the Association wrote to O'Connell in June, 1836, enclosing this message from the Rev. R. M'Ghee:—

"Having been requested to attend a meeting to be held in Exeter Hall on July 12, it is my intention, if it pleases Divine Providence to allow me, to submit to the meeting resolutions containing some additional facts as to Dens' theology which have not been laid before the public, and which prove the unanimous and continued adoption of the standard of theology by your bishops; and also establishing the fact that your bishops have patronised and propagated among the people the intolerant and persecuting notes of the Rhemish Testament . . ."

To this, O'Connell sent the following delightfully characteristic answer:—

"REVEREND SIR,—I have reason to complain, I really think I have, that you should transmit to me any document emanating from the person who styles himself the Rev. Robert M'Ghee. After that unhappy person's exhibition in public, and especially after his indescribable conduct to that meek and venerable prelate, Dr. Murray, I do submit to your own good sense and good feeling that you ought not to inflict any letter of his upon any fellow Christian. . . . With respect to Dens and the Rhemish Notes, I confess to you that I feel the utmost indifference as to the Resolutions your meeting of the 12th July may adopt . . ."

by the horrid sights I witnessed. With countenances crushed and bruised and bathed in blood are lying a number of poor fellows, some of whom it is to be feared are fast hastening to another world. One or two of these suffered in the town, but the greater number were attacked on their way home. Mr. Lefroy is still in the minority. Even men who voluntarily registered their solemn promise to keep away were the very first to vote for the Whites in defiance of their agreements (oftentimes written ones), being compelled to do so by priestly interference, despite the deference they were willing to pay their landlords. In addition to the scenes of violence I have already witnessed, I regret to say that I have to record an atrocious attack made this day upon a harmless young gentleman named King, who, while standing near his own house in the middle of the day not twenty yards from the barracks, and within a hundred yards of an immense force of military and police, was attacked by a number of pitiless miscreants, beaten, trampled under foot, and left helpless on the road. He is now, or rather his inanimate body is, lying in the Infirmary, his life despaired. This is the manner in which these sanguinary ruffians have carried out the principles of their revered pastors' admonitions. How much have those pastors to answer for, what a sea of blood lies at their door! I know not what terms of reprobation to use with reference to another character, but believe the bare fact will be quite enough to brand with disgrace the man who, blinded by faction, deserted his country and his religion, and joined the enemy of both. Dean Burgh, a dignitary of the Established Church, was the first to come forward to record his vote in favour of the men who would support a Government which ardently desires to deal heavy blows and great discouragement to Protestants, and as soon as he had done so he hastened to double his disgrace by posting off to Kildare, there to vote for men still more ultra than the Messrs. White. It being extremely dangerous to leave the parts of the streets lined with the military, I cannot procure accurate information as to the state of the suburbs; in fact, I have been warned that I am a marked man."

As soon as possible a letter came from Robert Russell:—"Your work is capital, a most effective description." But that counted as nothing when the *Times* of July 24th appeared with a leader on Russell's "burning words" and when he received the thanks of the candidate and his committee.

Next the editor desired that "young Mr. Russell may be sent to Carlow, where a great fight is expected." In a few days he was flying from one election to another and getting his reward in the shape of Sola Bills from the Bank of England, which he had never seen before. At Athlone he had an experience which was outrageous even judged by the standard of Irish elections. He was speaking to the Tory candidate, Major Beresford, in front of the hotel when a multitude of women screaming and gesticulating came upon them and Russell was seized by "this shoal of octopuses." He received slaps, pinches, and scratches, and it seems a few spiteful kisses, while he was dragged and hustled towards the Shannon, where it was evidently the intention of his captors to give him a "shiver." A party of police rescued him, but he was so covered with mud that he had to be wiped down like a horse in a stableyard before he could go to his room to change his clothes.

They were wild elections, indeed; passion and corruption on one side and intimidation and outrage on the other, all saturated and highly flavoured with whisky. Russell has confessed that he threw neutrality to the winds (if he ever possessed it, which may be doubted by any reader of the Longford despatches) and plunged into the excitement with a furious joy, accepting violent episodes as a nervous stimulant. He was elated by the praise of his employers, and

comforted by the prospects which opened before him. The result was an inevitable unsettling of his plans, but still he appears to have retained some sort of intention of trying to win a fellowship at Trinity College.

## CHAPTER III

### THE REPEAL AGITATION IN IRELAND

At the end of the elections Russell went to London to see the elder Delane, who was manager of the *Times*. Delane asked him friendly questions, and Russell frankly discussed with him his hopes and fears; his wish to take a degree and read for a fellowship, a secondary thought of being called to the Bar, and the necessity of paying his way if he were to do either. Delane suggested that he should come permanently to London, get a transfer *ad eundem in statu pupillari* to a college at Cambridge, and hold himself at the disposal of the *Times*, which needed a young gentleman with his readiness and knowledge of Ireland. A visit to Cambridge, however, where he spent a fortnight, convinced Russell that there were temptations which he might be unable to resist. He often admitted that in the management of his finances he had no great aptitude, and he therefore decided that he must live in London and somehow earn enough to live upon while he read with the purpose of returning to Trinity College, Dublin. Journalism had indeed been a festive means of raking in the Sola Bills for a short time, but somehow Delane could not give any guarantee that that brief golden age would be repeated in the different circumstances of London. Russell sensibly felt that he must have something more definite than Delane's undertaking that he would give him work "whenever possible," and he did not neglect

to consider the possibility of binding himself to other employers.

Thinking that it would be as well to have some authoritative testimony to his capacity for the work he proposed to himself, he wrote to his old schoolmaster, Dr. Geoghegan, who answered :

*"January 8th, 1842.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—You tell me that you are looking for a situation as reporter to a newspaper, and it seems to me that you have hit upon the very thing for which you are best fitted. You possess, I know, a good store of classical and general information, which united to suitable natural talents and quickness of perception, ought to make you a first-rate person in that department of literary labour. I hope sincerely that you may succeed in obtaining the object of your wishes, and if my testimony as to your qualifications for the office can be of the least service to you you may command it at any time, for I could say with perfect truth that I believe you to possess the very qualities requisite to form a good reporter.

"With best wishes for your success,

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"E. J. GEOGHEGAN."

This letter is not only a testimonial to Russell ; it is a testimonial to Geoghegan. The discrimination with which he marked Russell's peculiar qualities, and without hesitation named the uses to which they could be put, is an explanation of his success as a schoolmaster. Whether or not Russell offered himself in the open market with this letter for recommendation, it seems that he was not above accepting employment of any kind which promised him a livelihood. About this time he was offered and accepted the position of junior mathematical master at Kensington Grammar School, a proprietary school which had been established in 1830, at 31, Kensington Square.

"The master of the school, Dr. Wilkinson,"\* he writes, "one of the most bland and polished of ecclesiastics, received me with kindness, though obviously disconcerted by the unmistakeable realism of my accent. One of the masters was Hugh Willoughby Jermyn, afterwards Primus of Scotland; amiable, earnest, sincere, and of great simplicity and piety, he was always dear to all who knew him."

In the evenings after his work Russell ought to have read, but frequently the impulse would seize him to sally off and see London and his friends. If too late for an omnibus, he would often drive on a market cart from High Street. He became known to the Covent Garden wagoners by the easy introduction of a glass of beer. He sat on the vegetables, and when the wagon arrived at St. Martin's Lane, he would slip down and make his way to King William Street, where his friends were carousing.

"It was all very wrong," he wrote, with the belated wisdom of age. "We used to adjourn for supper to the 'Cock,' and finally I would set out for Kensington just as the sun was rising. I do not care to remember how often I repeated that morning walk."

He seems to have repeated it often enough to make the vision of a fellowship become increasingly dim, and it was not long before thoughts of being called to the Bar disputed with the fellowship for the first place in his mind.

His cousin, Robert Russell, was at this time on the Parliamentary staff of the *Times*. He was also engaged on the *Mirror of Parliament*, and prepared law reports for some local journal and corresponded with the *Indépendance Belge*. Altogether he earned what seemed to Russell the colossal sum of £1,300 a year.

\* Afterwards the Master of Marlborough.



"He appeared to me," says Russell, "a man of extraordinary ability, whereas he was a very industrious, plodding fellow of average attainments."

He asked Russell if he intended to remain at school work all his life.

"You have only to learn shorthand, study composition and style, and send in articles to papers and magazines regardless of rejection. If you put your heart and soul into it, I am certain you will do well ; you can keep your terms and go to the Bar just the same."

At the end of his first term at Kensington School, Russell was informed that the arrangement with the junior mathematical master would not be continued. Under his cousin Robert's advice he therefore applied himself to writing, and sent innumerable stories and papers to magazines and journals, besides learning shorthand. The editor of a sporting review accepted a paper on trout fishing, enclosed three guineas, and promoted Russell to the seventh heaven by suggesting that he should write again. A story of an adventure with the Irish police, founded, it must be confessed, on an experience when Russell was a tutor in County Leitrim, was accepted by a highly respectable magazine, and a more ambitious tale was returned by Bentley, with a request that the author would cut it down and submit it again. Such small or partial successes had all the significance which belong to early attempts, and Russell could remember the details of them in his old age when a great deal of vastly more important achievements had slipped from his memory.

In spite of his labours his purse became even lighter than before. But fortunately J. T. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, had not forgotten his services in Ireland the year before, and learning that he had quickly

made himself proficient in shorthand, he offered him a post on the reporting staff of the *Times* in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. Russell gladly accepted the offer and reported part of the Session of 1842. This work left him unemployed in the recess, except when he was sent occasionally to describe some meeting or ceremony and thus earned a few extra guineas. He passed an anxious winter; as he had not the art of thrift his money had flown in the good times of the Session. He did not, however, betray his anxiety, if we may judge from an entry in his diary, in which he records that his cousin Robert reproved him for unbecoming cheerfulness.

One simple solution which occurred to him for tiding over his financial difficulties was to demand a higher salary from the *Times* for his reporting. The following answer from Delane, the first of many letters from him which have been preserved, shows thus early a material appreciation of Russell's ability piercing the inexorable nature of office rules on promotion and payment. One notes the delicate arrangement of the letter, by which the more important part, from the official point of view, is placed first and the distinctly more important part, from Russell's point of view, second :—

“*January 20th, 1843.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—After giving your letter all consideration, and without at all detracting from the merit you justly claim for your zealous services, we are of opinion that we cannot in justice to your colleagues make a permanent addition to your present salary. In acknowledgment, however, of the zeal and ability you have displayed during the recess, I have the pleasure to request your acceptance of the enclosed cheque.

“Believe me ever

“Yours faithfully,

“JOHN T. DELANE.”

In the autumn of 1843 Russell was instructed by the *Times* to attend the Repeal meetings in Ireland. O'Connell was fulfilling his promise to hold meetings to agitate for the Repeal of the Union all over Ireland. In that one year he travelled five thousand miles. There were about eight million people in Ireland, and three-quarters of the men and women were "Repealers." The great meeting on the Hill of Tara had been held on August 15th, and the *Nation* had estimated the audience at three-quarters of a million. The passions of Ireland were aflame, and yet O'Connell, although he could never forbear to employ his extraordinary power over the people and to excite them to frenzy and exaltation, had so far refused to advocate the violence which he often seemed to hint. This was not satisfactory to the Young Ireland party, and urged by them O'Connell at last crossed the border between indiscreet and apparently seditious language. Russell arrived when it was still doubtful whether O'Connell, in despite of his partial defection, would be able to save the day for his traditional policy of moral suasion against the more "forward" policy of Young Ireland.

It is not often that a reporter describes events to which he has such an intimate relation as Russell had to this Repeal agitation. From his childhood, as we have seen, the quarrels between Protestants and Roman Catholics had resounded in his ears. With the phrases and names "Repeal of the Union," "Catholic Emancipation," "Protestant Ascendancy," "the number of the beast," "Tresham Gregg,"\* "Father Maguire," and so on, he had long been

\* Tresham Gregg was Grand Chaplain of the Orangemen, and the leader and idol of the Protestant operatives.

familiar. His grandfather had been accustomed to repeat Lord Eldon's awful warning "that the day Catholic Emancipation was granted the sun of England would set for ever." When he found himself in the middle of the whole assembly of "disunionists"—Repealers and Roman Catholics—he felt, in his own words, very much "as a Puritan would have felt in the company of malignants." He adds:—

"But after a while I made them out to be, apart from their politics, as pleasant as other people; though I could not for some time get over the shock of seeing Protestants or non-Catholics like Sharman Crawford\* of the white waistcoat, Dillon Browne, and others cheering in the wake of the Liberator's car."

Russell attended many of the famous "monster meetings."

"The scene at my first 'monster meeting,' he writes,† "was one never to be forgotten. It was at the Rath of Mullaghmast,‡ where tradition had it that a treacherous slaughter of the Irish was perpetrated in the reign of Elizabeth. O'Connell made the most of the story, revelling in details. He also described a massacre, which he said was perpetrated by Cromwell, when three hundred women were slaughtered round the Cross of Christ in Wexford, with dramatic power

\* "O'Connell's reception of Sharman Crawford at the Dublin meeting was so unfriendly as to prevent co-operation between them afterwards when co-operation would have produced important public results. When Crawford was addressing himself, in a somewhat hard and formal manner, to the question whether the substitution of rent-charge for tithe ought to have been accepted on behalf of Ireland, O'Connell kept interposing grotesque questions, such as, 'What brought you here, Sharman, my jewel?' 'What are you after, Crawford, my man?' and bantering comments on his white waistcoat." ("Young Ireland," by Gavan Duffy.)

† This account of the Repeal agitation in Ireland, taken from Russell's autobiography, was published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, edited by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, February 14th, 1891.

‡ For the greatest meetings historical sites were chosen which would appeal to the enthusiasm of the people. At Mullaghmast, the national cap was presented to O'Connell.

beyond compare. 'They prayed to Heaven for mercy!' he exclaimed. 'I trust they found it! They prayed to the English for pity and Cromwell slaughtered them! We were a paltry remnant then. We are millions now.' The men yelled and danced with rage; the women screamed and clapped their hands. The vast multitude—I believe there were really 100,000 present—moved and moaned like a wild beast in agony.

"I have never heard any orator who made so great an impression on me as O'Connell. It was not his argument, for it was often worthless, nor his language, which was frequently inelegant. It was his immense passion, his pathos, his fiery indignation. At first sight one was tempted to laugh at the green cloth cap, with the broad gold band set on the top of his curly wig—his round chin buried deep in the collar of a remarkable compromise between a travelling cloak and a frock, green and ornamented with large gilt buttons; but when he rose to speak with imperious gestures for silence, and was 'off,' in a few minutes the spell began to work; the orator was revealed. As a speaker addressing a mob—a meeting of his own countrymen—I do not believe anyone equalled, or that anyone will equal, O'Connell.

"The meetings combined the attractions of a fair and a festival, of a national demonstration and a merry-making. There were Repeal brass bands in and out of uniform, with flags and banners of 'immortal green.' There were fiddlers and pipers, ballad singers and sellers, refreshment stands stored with cakes and the preparations of temperance-cordial chemists. The women and men were in their best—sometimes very far from the positive degree of the adjective—farmers were mounted on horses and ponies with extraordinary saddlery, and a sea of faces turned towards the platform where the Liberator was to be seen if not heard. He was always courteous to the 'press-gang,' as he called the reporters, especially to those of the English papers, but he did not bridle his tongue when he had to speak of the organs of 'the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs.' 'Let Mr. Russell past, boys! He is no relation of

Lord John (cheers). The young gentleman, I daresay, does not like being a *Times*-server after all' (laughter). Some of my descriptions of the meetings excited his anger, and he was greatly incensed by observations I made on the statements respecting the numbers attending the meetings at Loughrea and Clifden, for example. But at Tara, Mullaghmast and Kilkenny the mass of people could not be easily estimated. How he flattered and tickled his audience could only be realised by those who were present. For instance, at Clifden, there was a body of some three hundred or four hundred men, mounted on the ragged, diminutive ponies of Connemara, drawn up as a guard of honour. 'What a magnificent sight, these noble cavaliers!' he exclaimed, 'I would like to see any cavalry in the world venture to meddle with you, or to follow you up yonder mountains!' And as the cheers which greeted the first compliment died away at the remote allusion to a retrograde movement, he thundered out, 'If I know anything of you, horse or man, you would send the enemy's dragoons flying like chaff before the wind!' And they believed every word of it.

"Many curious and amusing incidents occurred in the serious business of the agitation, which was soon to be terminated by one vigorous act of the Government. There was a crusade against English, or to be correct, in favour of Irish, manufactures, and it was the fashion to wear 'Repeal' coats of frieze, poplin waistcoats, and the like. The members of the '82' Club, which was started by O'Connell, were clad in a uniform of special unsuitableness. It consisted of a green cap and gold band, green coat and gilt buttons, with '82' on them, white vest and green trousers with gold stripes. But the coats and the club did not last as long as the agitation. At the close of each 'monster meeting' there was a 'monster banquet.' The night of the meeting at Castlebar, a dinner was given by a hospitable barrister (an active member of the Repeal Association, who afterwards became Solicitor to the Customs in England) to members of Parliament, pressmen, and others; and I was among the guests. It was a prodigal banquet—enormous salmon, turkeys

'that could draw a gig,' huge joints, boiled and roast, oceans of claret, champagne, and punch. National songs were sung, and the entertainment wound up with a grand dance in the kitchen, in which the maids, fascinated by the splendour of the '82' uniform, joined *con amore*. Long before the festivities came to an end I left the company with Dillon Browne for our hotel. As we were groping our way through the street—there was only one oil lamp at the end of it—I saw some bright object on the ground. I put down my hand; it was the gold band of an '82' cap, the owner of which lay in the gutter. We strove to raise the gentleman, and put him on his legs. 'Let me alone,' he exclaimed; 'I'm busy, I tell you!' 'Who *are* you, and where do you live?' 'Go away! Don't disturb me! I'm Mr. —, of the *Tuam Herald*. I'm writing a layder.' We had difficult work to conduct the leader-writer to his lodgings.

"I do not think magnanimity was amongst O'Connell's qualities. Mr. Thomas Campbell Foster, the *Times* Commissioner, reported the results of a visit to the Derrynane estate\* which revealed the existence almost under the windows of Derrynane Abbey, the Liberator's residence, of an unspeakably wretched wigwamry, inhabited by fever-stricken, squalid creatures, whose condition would have filled a Zulu or fellah with pity and disgust. The fiery assailant of neglectful landlords, the champion of the degraded peasantry, had on his estate, it was asserted, the most miserable tenantry in all Ireland, and that was saying a good deal.

"This account of the horrors of Derrynane was hailed with rapture by every paper in England, Scotland and Wales, and by the Conservative Press in Ireland. It formed the text of innumerable leading articles; was translated into all the languages of Europe. It was in truth a tremendous indictment against the 'Liberator,' the 'Father of his country,' and the landlord of Derrynane Abbey, whence had been sent so many proclamations, addresses and letters, to 'my dear Ray,' full of the noblest sentiments,

\* This was in 1845. In these reminiscences Russell mingles his dates freely.

and flashing with scorn for the tyrants who disregarded the cry of the poor. The rage of O'Connell revealed the pain he felt at the injury, inflicted on his *prestige* by the description of his own property.

"Conciliation Hall was packed to suffocation. When O'Connell arose, flaming with anger, the audience were prepared for invective. Nor were they disappointed. O'Connell soared into the empyrean of abuse. He assailed this 'villain father of lies' with every injurious adjective in his vast vocabulary; and at the end of a prolonged outburst of imprecations, he stamped the whole narrative as 'the baseless falsehood of a malignant hireling of the infamous *Times*.' As this seemed to be a challenge to test the truth of Foster's statements, I received one morning a letter in the handwriting with which I was now tolerably familiar, requesting me to proceed to Ennis (I think), to meet Mr. Foster, to accompany him to Derrynane, to go over the estate and write an account of what I saw, without any reference to Mr. Foster or his letter which, *au reste*, I had not read. Mr. Maurice O'Connell would meet us, and conduct us over the estate.

"Accordingly, I went and saw the place, and found that no partisanship could overpaint the truth. Derrynanebeg was an outrage on civilisation—cabins reeking with fever-exhalations; pigs, poultry, cattle, standing deep in oozy slough; the rafters dripping with smoky slime; children all but naked; women and men in rags. Mr. O'Connell presented the people and their dwellings with such an air of contentment that he really seemed to show them off as rather a good average peasantry and a fair specimen of an Irish village. I was horrified with all I saw. Foster, moodily watching in silence, picking his way from stone to stone in the rude causeway bordered with manure heaps and foul green ponds that led to the apertures which served as doorways, awaited the verdict. And there was Maurice O'Connell, a Christian gentleman, well educated, charitable, kind-hearted, his feelings blunted by familiarity with the filth and unutterable squalor of the place, talking Irish to the boys and colleens, who laughed at his jokes as if they were at a fair or a wedding. I believe



the tenants of Derrynanebeg were squatters, the evicted refuse of adjoining estates, who flocked to the boggy valley, where they were allowed to run up their hovels of soddened earth and mud, with leave to turn out their lean kine and cultivate patches of potatoes on the hillside, paying as many shillings as the agent could squeeze out of them.

"The inspection over we went up to the Abbey, where a bounteous luncheon was spread for us. Foster would not break bread or touch a drop of the wine so warmly commended by his host. I was younger—and I was hungry and thirsty. I did not see any reason why I should starve and need drink; and so it was that at the meeting of the Repeal Association the following week, in a letter from Maurice O'Connell which was read by his father, I was described as a very agreeable young fellow with a fine appetite and a good taste in claret, while Foster was called an 'ill-bred boor.' However, my qualities did not serve me when the 'Liberator' came to deal with my letter. At one of his meetings he gave me a look which prepared me for the wrath to come. The storm of words stirred me less than the furious glances of the raging women in the galleries. Indeed, had I dared, I could have laughed when O'Connell compared Foster and me to quacks at a fair, an old one and a young one. 'The old one declares: "With this remedy I cured the King of France of the falling sickness." "My father speaks the truth," says the young quack. "Here's a pill that taken once a day cured the Emperor of China of a broken leg so that he can run now like a lamplighter." "I swear to that," says the other; "I saw it myself." The *Times* sends liar Foster over here to blacken my character as a landlord. I hurl back my defiance and the *Times* finds liar Russell—I don't know who he is, but I am told he is an Irishman (groans)—to back up Foster. You have seen quacks at a fair, haven't you? Liar number two says, "My father speaks the truth." Foster calls upon liar Russell to corroborate him, and there are two liars instead of one! Just to let you have an idea what sort of a mendacious miscreant this fellow with the fine appetite and the nice taste in claret is,

let me tell you that he actually writes that there is not a pane of glass in Derrynane! I wish he had as many pains in his stomach!

"I wrote what was the fact, that there was not a pane of glass in the village of Derrynane. O'Connell gave the meeting to understand that I declared that there was not a pane in the Abbey windows.

"There was a short-lived attempt to found an Association for the amicable Union of Irishmen, promoted by the Repeal Members of the Errechtheum under the title of the 'Irish Society.' In connection with it there was a very pleasant dinner at the 'Star and Garter' with O'Connell in the chair. It was a glorious evening, and the setting sun cast a radiance over stream and mead. The Liberator, with his arms folded, surveyed the scene for a short time in silence, and then turning to the company exclaimed, 'Men of Ireland, this is a country worth fighting for.' Before we sat down the secretary, Mr. Condon, was requested to read the answer of the Duke of Wellington to a letter inviting him to be present at the opening banquet. The Duke wrote:—'F.M. the Duke of Wellington has received a letter signed H. Condon asking him to dinner with the Irish Society. F.M. the Duke of Wellington rarely dines out, and never with people he does not know.'"

## CHAPTER IV

### THE TRIAL OF O'CONNELL

RUSSELL had not been long in Ireland in the autumn of 1843 when he received his first hint that the Government meant to strike, and to strike hard, against the Repeal Agitation. A young man named Stephen Elrington, son of a former Provost of Trinity College, was principal reporter to *Saunders' News Letter*,\* and was also connected with the *Dublin Evening Mail*; he it was who remarked to Russell with a significance which was afterwards vividly appreciated, "I would not advise you to attend the Repeal demonstration on Sunday at Clontarf." "But I must be there, my good man," said Russell. "You know what I am over here for, don't you?" "Yes," was the answer; "but you will hear news that will astonish you—and others too, before long." The meeting was to take place on October 5th, at Clontarf, where Brian Boromhe won his famous victory over the Danish invaders.

"The selection of the spot," Russell writes,† "was significant. Clontarf is a suburb of Dublin, and the battle itself was regarded as in some way connected with a triumph which was to be achieved over the Saxons. On October 4th, the Lord Lieutenant issued a proclamation forbidding the meeting. A great

\* It was on the evidence of a reporter of *Saunders' News Letter* that O'Connell was arrested for having said, "If Ireland were driven mad by persecution, she would find, like South America, another Bolivar." The grand jury, however, threw out the bill.

† The following narrative, taken from the autobiography, was published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, February 21st, 1891.

display of military force was made early the following morning, but it was with difficulty that the crowds of people and the processions on their way to the meeting were induced to go home. When the troops had fallen in and marched off to barracks, I was glad to go to the nearest hostelry, where there was a rough (very) and 'ready' ordinary. A gloomy company of Repealers were discussing the *coup*. 'I say Danny's done for,' said one. 'Just wait and see. I'll back him yet,' said another. Presently a gentleman at the table hammered it with his knife, 'I propose that the friends of Ireland and Liberty adjourn to the "Harp" where Pat Shanahan is presiding at a meeting to consider what we'll do with those murderous ruffians at the Castle.' I resolved to finish my day heroically, and trudged down Sackville Street to the 'Harp.'

"There was a large attendance, mostly of coal-porters; the chairman was on his legs dealing with the situation—'and if the villains dare to touch one hair of the sacred head of O'Connell—' 'Of his wig,' exclaimed a voice. 'Turn him out.' 'Kick him into the street,' shouted twenty furious throats. I was much relieved when Stephen Elrington's brother was ejected by angry patriots, and Mr. Shanahan continued, 'I was saying when I was interrupted by that drunken spalpeen, if they dare to touch a hair of the sacred head of O'Connell, let us like the Indian warriors of old, bury our hollyhocks (*sic*) in the earth and raise the war-cry of our nation.' In the general applause accorded to that sentiment, I made my way to the street. Yes, Dan was done—*Frappez fort et frappez vite* was the motto of the Peel and Wellington Cabinet.\*

"Once resolved, there was no hesitation on the part of the Government. On the 14th, Daniel O'Connell, his son John, and five of his supporters were held to bail at the police court to answer charges brought against them by the Attorney-General. On November 8th, at the beginning of the Michaelmas term, a true bill was found against them. They were called upon to plead within four days; but before the term

\* The Duke of Wellington had poured 35,000 men into Ireland.

elapsed they put in a plea of abatement, and after much legal argument the Court decided against them. The trial of the traversers, as they were called, was fixed for January 15th.

"Great preparations were made for reporting the trial. Special corps of reporters were sent over by the leading London journals. The *Morning Herald* dispatched a clipper steam yacht to Kingstown; and the *Times* engaged the *Iron Duke*, a virgin steamer of the City of Dublin Company, of unequalled speed. Never was there a larger or longer display of black-letter learning than there was at these trials—arguments on 'captions of indictments,' '*respondeat ouster*,' etc.—and never perhaps were there more elaborate speeches. Two among them were probably as brilliant as any ever heard in any Court—Whiteside's and Sheil's. The first was the work of a great orator, delivered in the finest manner; it was sarcastic, witty, humorous, indignant and pathetic by turns, and having heard it, I never could understand how or why Whiteside failed in the House of Commons. Sheil's squeaky voice marred to a great extent the effect of his highly-wrought and rather poetical argument; but the fact that I had in my pocket the MS. of his speech, discounted greatly more than his shrill tones did, in my case, the force of his moving appeal, and spoiled the ornate peroration of which after all he forgot the best morsel.

"One of the few *bons mots* in connection with the trial, that I can remember, was made by William Keogh when there was some discussion respecting the chances the traversers had of getting a fair jury. 'I suppose,' said Robert Russell, 'there will be some colourable appearance of fairness on the panel; there must be some of the Catholic element on it.' 'Oh,' quoth Keogh, 'You may depend on it that it will all be dissolved in an Orange solution by the power of Chemistry.' Kemmis was the name of the Clerk of the Crown.

"The proceedings lasted three-and-twenty days. I am persuaded that there was no one in Court who had any doubt of the result. Nevertheless the jury did not by any means decide in haste. The judges

rose at five o'clock, leaving Mr. Justice Crampton to take the verdict. After the charge (one of the longest and ablest ever heard) was over, the jury retired, and remained out for hours, coming in occasionally to ask questions. I was very hungry and stole off to get something to eat at nine o'clock, leaving messengers to report any event in Court. The square and the quays outside the Four Courts were thronged with a multitude awaiting the verdict. Judges, counsel, reporters, audience, were making the best of their time to eat and drink, if not to be merry, and cars were in readiness to take them back from their houses or taverns the moment the jury sent to announce they were ready.

"The Court was nearly deserted. There were some men in the seats behind the bar, and groups of women who had never moved since the judges took their seats on the bench, a few of the junior bar were watching for their absent leaders, and one or two of the seniors nodding in the Queen's Counsel's row as if to keep in countenance the officers of the Court, who were dozing in their seats below the deserted bench, but in the great hall there was a crowd awaiting the decision. Many thought there would be no verdict. They were not aware that the jury was composed of men whose views were well known to Mr. Kemmis. Suddenly I was called into Court. The jury were coming in."

The verdict, of course, was "Guilty," but sentence was reserved, and it was not till May 30th that O'Connell was condemned to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £2,000.

"I was *in utrumque paratus*," continues Russell. "The special train was ready at Westland Row. The *Iron Duke* was lying at her buoy in Kingston Harbour, with steam up. At Holyhead the locomotive and carriage were prepared for the run to London. At Westland Row there was a delay. The stationmaster had given up any expectation of the train being needed. The steam was blown off, the engineer had gone off to sleep or beer, but at last the express rattled out of the

dirty suburb, and the whistles of the engine were soon disturbing the curlew on the shore at Booterstown. I stepped out on the platform at Kingstown with all my baggage, a large notebook full of caricatures and *facetiae*, notes and observations, and a light overcoat in my hand. There was no one to receive me at the station, and no boat at the stairs; but one of the police on the quay showed me the lights of the *Iron Duke*. The harbour was soon vocal with that name, '*Iron Duke*,' and many 'Ahoys!' till just as I sank into hoarse silence a lantern was waved over the counter and an 'Aye, aye' came shorewards over the water. Presently a boat came off for me, and as I stepped on the deck of the steamer I was received with the remark, 'We gave you up after midnight, and banked up, but will be off in less than half an hour.' One way or another an hour was lost ere we left Kingstown harbour; but the *Iron Duke* made a rapid run across the Channel, and in a few minutes after landing I was on my way to London, the bearer of exclusive news to Printing House Square.

"I had been sitting all day and night in boots inclined to tightness; I was very tired, and as I tried to get a little sleep in the train, I kicked them off with some difficulty. I was awakened by a voice in my ear. 'Jump out, sir! The cab is waiting—not a minute to lose.' We were at Euston. The man who spoke was the *Times* office messenger. He saw my boots on the floor of the carriage. 'You get in and put them on in the cab. They're in a dreadful state waiting at the office!' How I did struggle with those boots! It is a most difficult thing to put on a boot in a cab in motion, but I persevered, and got one on in less than half an hour. Then the vehicle stopped in a small square of houses, one side of which was a blaze of lights from top to bottom. The messenger opened the cab door. 'I'll tell the editor you've come,' said he, and vanished through the door, outside which stood some men in their shirt-sleeves. As I alighted one of them said in my ear, 'We are glad to hear they've found O'Connell guilty at last.' I did not reflect; I thought it was one of the office people, and answered, 'Oh, yes! All guilty, but on different

counts.' And then, with one boot under my arm and my coat over it, I entered the office.

There I was met by the messenger. 'This way, sir. Mr. Delane is waiting for you. This way.' There were printers at counters in the long room which I now entered, and as I hurried along I was aware that every one of them had his eye on my bootless foot and its white stocking. I passed out of the office through a short corridor. The door of the editor's room opened, and I made my bow to the man who had so much to say to the leaps and bounds by which the *Times* had become the leading journal of England. I remember him vividly as he sat there: a broad-shouldered man with a massive head and chin, square jaws, large full-lipped firm mouth, and keen, light, luminous eyes. He was shading his face with his hand from the lamp. His first words were, 'Not an accident, I hope?' as he glanced at the unfortunate foot. 'No, sir.' 'Is it all written out?' I handed him my narrative. 'Tell Mr. — to let me have the slips as fast as he can! Now tell me all about the verdict.' And he listened intently. The first slip interrupted us; then came a second, and a third, and so on, till I sank to sleep in my chair. I was awakened by a hand on my shoulder. The room was empty: only my friend the messenger. The clock marked 4.20. There was an hotel in Fleet Street to which my guardian messenger sent off a printer's devil to order a room, and to it I drove with my overcoat and boot *pour tout butin*, and slept till noon next day.

"My waking was not pleasant. A fiery note from the manager: 'You managed very badly. The *Morning Herald* has got the verdict! This must be inquired into!'

"It turned out that my pleasant interlocutor at the entrance to the office was an emissary of the enemy. By artful and audacious guesses, the hated rival was able to make a fair announcement on Monday morning of the result of the great O'Connell trials! It was very mortifying, for there was intense rivalry between the Montagues and Capulets of the Press. The *Morning Herald* had been running a hard race with the *Thunderer*, especially in the matter of Indian



expresses, and the rising flood of railway enterprise carried with it the golden sands of advertisement, for which there was keen competition. I went to Printing House Square as soon as I could repair damages, and was received by Delane *père*, the manager. I answered the questions he put—as to whom I had spoken with at Holyhead—as to whom I saw at the stations where we stopped, guards or porters, etc., till I arrived at the office. Then I related the little incident at the door. I could not describe the men in shirt-sleeves or say exactly how many they were, or be certain whether the owner of the voice was one of them, or if he was in his shirt-sleeves. Delane thumped the table. ‘The confounded miscreants! But it was sharp of them! And now, my young friend, let me give you a piece of advice. As you have very nearly severed your connection with us by your indiscretion, and as you are likely, if you never repeat it, to be in our service, let me warn you to keep your lips closed and your eyes open. Never speak about your business. Commit it to paper for the editor, and for him alone. We would have given hundreds of pounds to have stopped your few words last night.’”

Of course Russell was crestfallen, but a pretty note from the editor speedily restored his spirits. He returned to Dublin to be present in the Queen’s Bench Court on May 30th, when the conviction of O’Connell and his staff was confirmed and judgment was delivered. As he was leaving the Court Isaac Butt took him by the sleeve and said, “Mark my words. The House of Lords will reverse that decision. You know what my political opinions are, and so will do me the justice to believe that I have no forensic passion in the matter. But you must not quote me. Government will never quell the feeling of this people, and unless it kills them some concession must be made.” Russell adds in his diary :—

“I was greatly surprised. Up to that time I had always looked on Butt as a No Surrender man,

a Protestant champion, and believed that he carried a dagger up his sleeve to defend his life against his enemies."

Butt's prophecy was, of course, fulfilled. An appeal on a writ of error to the House of Lords succeeded, and on September 4th the Irish judgment was reversed.

Before leaving the subject of O'Connell it is right to look back a little and record a genial act of the Liberator towards Russell, who expresses his gratitude in these words:—

"On my way back from a monster meeting near Athlone to make my way to Dublin and catch the mail boat for London, the wretched old vehicle in which I was travelling broke down, and it was with difficulty I got as far as Ally Gray's Hotel, at Athlone. Whilst there, waiting for any coach or car that could be found, the Liberator, followed by a cheering crowd, made his appearance and walked into the room. 'What! Mr. Russell! The *Times* behindhand? That is terrible.' I told him what had happened, and without a moment's hesitation O'Connell said, 'I will give you a seat in my carriage—Tom Steele\* will go outside, though he is safer when I have my eye on him. What do you say?' It was my only chance. I accepted it, and in ten minutes more I was in the comfortable carriage seated side by side with the man of whose exceedingly vigorous vituperation against the Government in England and in Ireland, against the *Times* and all belonging to it, I had copious notes in my pocket. It was a very interesting journey; one perpetual hurray from the fields, from the streets mile after mile; men, women, and children cutting turf and digging potatoes—no matter what they were doing—rushed off to the roadside to see O'Connell and to cheer for Repeal; priests and farmers in every town

\* This Protestant landlord, who spent his fortune in the cause of Repeal, was appointed by O'Connell to the majestic position of "Head Pacificator." He was tried with O'Connell in 1844.

thronged round the coach if it halted for a moment to shake hands with him, and when we got to Dublin too late to think of getting to Kingstown for the mail boat, O'Connell said, 'Now, come in to dinner. You can do nothing more. You won't mind our coach-load sitting down without dressing for it after we have washed our hands.' And it was a very pleasant and excellent dinner, though I was a veritable fly in the amber to company. Two of them were sons of the Liberator, and there was Tom Steele, who made up for compulsory abstinence on the journey. More than once did I think of the effect a vision of my company, and of the locality where I was spending the evening, would have in Printing House Square!"

On his return to London after this mission Russell moved into chambers at No. 1, New Court, Middle Temple. The memories he associated with these chambers were chiefly of evening parties furnished by Prosser and enjoyed unreservedly. Oysters, he declares, were only eightpence a dozen, a giant crab cost one shilling, the most noble of lobsters could be had for twice as much. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, used to send him tickets for the theatres, and he also became a frequenter of the Opera House in the Haymarket. There, for three shillings, he heard the music very well and "saw a little of the singers." In old age he used to contrast the Opera House as it appeared then with the modern Opera in Covent Garden. He used to speak of Fop's Alley, with its "best men about Town"—Cantelupe, D'Orsay, Cecil Forester, Jim Macdonald, F. Gordon and their cohorts—and the Crush Room, "where," said the O'Mulligan to Thackeray, perceiving that there was a Neapolitan finality of splendour in the place, "I declare to mee goodness, I'd like to die on the spot." But of all his reminiscences of the Opera in the forties Russell

liked most to tell of his first and last performance as a musical critic :—

"One evening," he writes in his autobiography, "as I was walking back to my chambers from dinner, Francis, who was a well-known personage on the Press at the time, came across the court, and 'after compliments,' asked me if I could go to the opera for him the next night. 'For,' said he, 'I want very much to get out of town early to-morrow, and it will oblige me very much if you can take my box and write a small notice of a new opera by a composer named Verdi, quite unknown here, and very noisy and extravagant. I wonder how Lumley can be such a fool. The subject of the opera is Hernani, Victor Hugo's play. But you need not do more than give the plot and note the impression and——' 'But,' quoth I, interrupting, 'I don't understand one word of music.' 'My dear fellow, it's not necessary; I don't either. You must express no opinion. You will have the libretto, and you can mark what is applauded and what is not, and "reserve a detailed criticism for another occasion." Above all things avoid enthusiasm or praise.' It pleased and amused me to become a musical critic all at once; my scruples were easily allayed, and next night I found myself in the Francis box with my future brother-in-law, who had, if nothing else, a wonderful ear for music. The house was crammed, and when the orchestra began the overture I heard a critic in the next box say to his fellows, 'Now for the fiasco.' But it was no fiasco, though it was J. W. Davidson who spoke; and when the curtain drew up there were actually some slight sounds of applause in the pit and galleries, and these manifestations spread all over the house ere the "*tutto sprezzo che d'Ernani*" was reached and greeted with distinct enthusiasm. The "*vieni meco sol di rosa*" and "*involami Ernani*" were also much applauded, and the curtain fell in the last scene on an unmistakable success. The critics were taken aback. They talked of a claque, of a packed house, etc. All the way to the Temple my companion in rapture kept humming bits of the airs; talked of magnificent *ensemble* and

chords and so forth, and when we reached my rooms he seized the libretto profusely marked. As I wrote he whistled the airs, and I finished a highly eulogistic notice of 'Ernani' in an hour and hurried off to the *Observer* office with it.

"I read it next day (Sunday) with immense satisfaction and thought a good deal of myself, but my satisfaction only endured for the day and sorrow came in the morning. It was in the form of Francis, who rushed in on me on Monday just as I was turning out for a pull on the river from Temple Stairs. 'You have ruined me,' he gasped. 'How? What is the matter?' 'Matter! Have you seen the morning papers?' 'No, not yet. What is there in them?' 'Well, nothing but damnation for that rubbish that you have praised up hill and down dale. I entreated you not to express any opinion or indulge in musical criticism, and you promised you would not! The editor of the *Observer* has sent for me—of course to know how the thing occurred; and I shall probably lose my engagement. I really am surprised at you!' 'But,' said I, 'young Burrowes, who is a capital musician, thinks quite differently!' 'Young Burrowes be hanged!' And he bounded off in a rage. But the *Observer* was, as far as I know, the only London newspaper that had a word of praise—good and strong, too—for the first opera of Verdi performed in London; and it was with immense pride and exultation I marked the Press change to my side and, at last, with reason for the faith that was in them, give praise to 'Ernani' as a work of genius, admirable in melody, instrumentation and originality."

## CHAPTER V

### THE RAILWAY MANIA

AMONG the many friends Russell had made in Ireland was Mr. Peter Burrowes, who had been Purse-Bearer to Lord Plunket, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was the only son of an eminent lawyer, also named Peter Burrowes, whose eloquence and ability had placed him in the first rank of his time. Peter Burrowes *père* had been a staunch adherent of Grattan, and, being a member of the Irish Parliament, had opposed the Government whenever proposals for union were under consideration, with the utmost determination. After the last fatal division Burrowes posted off to Tinnehinch, where Grattan was lying ill from an attack of gout, and, dashing into his friend's room in the early morning, told him that all was over. "We shall be avenged, Peter," exclaimed Grattan, "and it will be a terrible vengeance. We shall send three hundred ruffians into their House of Commons, who will destroy their Parliament." Burrowes lived long enough to see the triumph of Catholic Emancipation, and when the measure for the relief of insolvent debtors for Ireland was passed, he and his old friend Parsons were the first judges appointed in Ireland. At the opening of the Court Burrowes said, "Brother Parsons, you and I are the first people to take the benefit of the Act in Ireland, at all events!"

"I became intimate," writes Russell, "with the family of this man's son, and at the charming house in Leeson Street I made the acquaintance of two daughters of

Judge Burrowes' nephew. I became engaged to one of these, Mary Burrowes, and the strangest thing of all was that the relations and friends of the lady who was willing to link her fate with mine did not set their faces resolutely against such a wild and ill-considered match. On the appearance of my name in association with that of Campbell Foster in the visit to Derrynane, O'Connell's estate, one of the relations of Mr. Peter Burrowes expressed great displeasure. He wrote to the *Liberator*, who was a friend of his, to assure him of his indignation that these mercenary correspondents were admitted into the society of respectable people."

"Mr. Burrowes," Russell goes on, "was one of the many members of the Irish Bar who resented as an outrage the appointment of Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Campbell, to be Lord Chancellor in succession to Lord Plunket.\* When Lord Campbell took his seat for the first time in the Four Courts he was received without any enthusiasm, and in the course of the ordinary business he said, addressing the counsel who was opening some case, 'I may remark that it is the custom in English Courts when counsel are addressing the judge to rise and to remain standing whilst they are doing so. The learned counsel seems to me to be sitting down.' The fact was that the gentleman who was speaking was of extraordinary shortness of limb and was generally known as 'Tom Tit.' A titter ran through the Court when the little barrister blurted out, 'I beg your lordship's pardon, I am standing as high as I can, and would not dare to address your lordship otherwise.'"

This was a reverse to the dignity of the new Lord Chancellor, but he was determined at all costs to enforce English practices in the Irish Courts. Not very long afterwards he was struck by the appearance of a barrister who was not addressing the Court, but was, nevertheless, standing up very much at his ease.

"Looking at the row of counsel among which the delinquent was standing," writes Russell, "Lord

\* In 1841. He held the Chancellorship about six weeks, and sat in Court only a few times.

Campbell remarked, 'I may observe that it is not usual for counsel to stand up in Court when he is not addressing the judge, and I see one learned counsel who is doing so. Perhaps he is about to speak?' Whereupon the counsel, who was singularly long in the back, exclaimed, 'If your lordship alludes to me I wish to say that I am not infringing the universal practice in Court, as I am sitting down.' At which Lord Campbell threw up his hands with an expression of surprise and remarked, 'I beg your pardon. I never thought it for a moment.'

Now that Russell was engaged to be married he had a greater incentive than ever to make his way at the Bar, or to find for himself a secure place in journalism. To quote his own words, "Twenty-three (myself) said to Nineteen (my *fiancée*), 'Had we not better wait?' And Nineteen answered, 'Yes, by all means, if we must.'" Hesitating caution of that kind is a sure sign that the young people will be incautious, after all. Russell liked reporting the debates in the House of Commons, but it was the only employment which he could look upon as at all regular. Sessions were not so long then as in these days, and the work was far from filling up all his time. In fine, his appointment did not provide him with a justification for marriage.

Describing his duties in the Press Gallery, he writes :—

"The gentlemen who reported for the principal London papers in Parliament were men of culture who were glad to devote part of their time to this service for the *Times*, *Morning Herald*, *Morning Chronicle*, and *Morning Post*, for they were thus enabled to keep their terms at the Inns of Court or study for some liberal profession. A good many of them were barristers in practice—when they could get it—and some newspaper offices could show the names of Lord Campbell, Serjeant Talfourd, Serjeant Shee, Dickens, and others



on the desks where they had sat when writing out their notes."

Fortunately in the next year, 1845, work not less important and certainly more exciting fell into Russell's hands when he assisted in the proceedings, stormy and, as he thought, often ungenerous, which led to the dethronement of George Hudson, the so-called Railway King. A few days before the sitting of the Sub-Committees to report on the preamble of the numerous railway bills, Delane sent for him to come to his room, and after a few questions as to his studies for the Bar, he said, "Now, Mr. Russell, I am going to put you at the head of the whole of our Railway Committees Staff of Reporters. You must look after the gentlemen and see they do their work. You will have only one Committee to attend personally. You are to read the copy of the other reporters and exercise unlimited and merciless power in dealing with it, suppressing all suspicious adjectives and all statements not connected with actual fact. Here is a list of your colleagues and their addresses. You will receive every evening a programme of the business before the Sub-Committees. The cashier has orders to pay you a suitable addition to your salary while you are charged with this work and you will have due notice of the meetings of your staff here so as to arrange with them before the Sub-Committees begin their sittings."

Russell writes :—

"I departed overwhelmed. There was happily a little breathing time before the Sub-Committees on standing orders were constituted, and I could arrange with my colleagues, one of whom was my dear and lamented friend John MacDonald, who succeeded Mowbray Morris many years afterwards as manager

of the *Times*. When the private bills business came on the work was awful. The representatives of the Press who now attend Parliament can have no idea of the inconvenience to which their predecessors were exposed in the temporary buildings erected while the Palace was in course of erection after the great fire. The members of the Sub-Committees were miserably accommodated. I have seen the rain streaming in on their honourable heads, and also on the tables at which they were seated in the wooden sheds told off for the sittings. The mania\* was at its height before Easter. The corridors, the lobbies, and approaches to the Committee rooms were thronged with a crowd of promoters, witnesses, parliamentary agents, solicitors, engineers, traffic takers. The sheds were packed to suffocation. Counsel who had reputation for skill in private bills business commanded whatever fees they or their clerks asked. 'Hurrah! We've got Hope,' shouted one agent. 'Very well, we've got Wrangham and Austin,' cried another. Smaller men than these, the Pagets, Kinglakes, Jameses, and so forth, made fortunes. The influence of the railway gamble was felt all over the country; none was too great to be indifferent. To me the whole of this railway world was new and strange. I had no knowledge of the nature of the operations of the brokers or of the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, nor for many a long day did I understand the working of the machine, though I heard little else talked of by those around me. What was true of the rest of the world applied to the Press. Proprietors, editors, and staff were dabbling in shares, letters of allotment, etc. The newspapers coined money from railway advertisements. I do not forget the look of incredulous surprise of Mr. Coates, a pleasant bustling Parliamentary agent, when, in answer to his enquiry, 'How do you feel?' after the decision of the House in Group X, I told him, 'I don't care twopence about it?' This Group X was my especial charge. There were days and days spent in discussing the banks of the River Witham—whether they would bear a rail or not. I said it was the rustic's stream, '*labitur*

\* There were over twelve hundred rival schemes, and attempts were made to raise over £500,000,000.

*ac labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.*' In sheer ennui I ridiculed witnesses and counsel without the least notion, till I heard it many months afterwards, that I was suspected by the other side of being paid and bought.

"There was a great battle in my room between various companies—a railway Armageddon—and for fourteen weeks, from April 28th to August 5th, hosts of counsel, agents, and witnesses strove before Lord Courtney and his fellows to prove their preambles and their *datum* lines. The *datum* referred to the heights, depths, cuttings, tunnels, and embankments, and the battle was fought on each with extraordinary ingenuity and skill. If an error could be established at any point in the survey of the line the *datum* was vitiated and the preamble was in danger. Then, again, there was the traffic question, as to which there were prolonged contests between traffic takers and counsel. Sometimes a witness would give figures as to men, carriages, and horses, cattle, etc., in a certain area showing that the proposed railway was of the first necessity. Then, haply, some learned gentleman would elicit the fact that the figures were taken on a fair or market day. One gentleman, then young, one of the great engineers of our day, was a terror to the best experts in wig and gown; he was never put out or flurried—always slow, always sure. He would meet some indignant interrogatory, 'You mean to tell the committee, Mr. Fowler, that you seriously say,' etc., with a quiet 'Certainly, and I will prove it, too.' He had a very disconcerting habit of looking in a half-pitying, half-triumphant manner at the chairman and members when counsel put questions to him as though he would say, 'You hear what he says, poor man? Now listen and hear how I will crush him.' When the bills were ripe for the Committee stage the war became political, and the second readings of them were events of importance in the eye of the Opposition and of Ministers. For myself, I was concerned chiefly with the handsome emoluments which depended on the duration of the business of which I had charge."

Russell's statement that Group X was his "especial charge" gives, it must be confessed, an especial

meaning to a letter from Delane from which it appears that Russell's arrangements were temporarily disapproved because he had at first delegated the reporting in Group X to another hand and brain. "You have been unfortunate," writes Delane, in his terse antithetic manner "in entrusting the most important of the Committees to the worst man. Pray attend it in future yourself, and let it have a larger report and closer attention than any of the others."

Russell was introduced by an old college friend to George Hudson, the Railway King, and soon afterwards he was invited to dine at Albert Gate at the house which is now the French Embassy.

"It was the year before the crash," he writes; "there was an immense party, royal personages, dukes and peers of lower degree, great ladies, statesmen, financiers, and a heavy tedious dinner. After that I dined several times within the year with Mr. Hudson and wondered why I was so much favoured. One night *en petit comité*, the Railway King said: 'Will you tell us why you were so down in the *Times* on the Cambridge and Lincoln in Group X? I was told you had a large interest to support there. Cusack Rowney was ready to bid.' I answered: 'If anyone told you I had an interest to the extent of one shilling in that or any other railway in Group X, he told you what was untrue.' 'Dear me,' he said, 'is that so! I am very sorry to hear it, for your sake.'"

All through his life, it may be said here, Russell perceived that the Press offered him a simple alternative between honesty and dishonesty. In the early part of his career he was irresponsible enough, to be sure, and his opinions were not fixed. He has spoken of himself as "a mercenary" at this time of his life. But even then he recognised that there is a very clear line beyond which an honest man cannot go in his compliance; he must never confuse public and private

interests. That is the essential condition of the reputable journalism of public affairs. One of the greatest sorrows of Russell's life, as we shall see later, was that he was once suspected by men whose good opinion he valued of having violated this salutary and indeed indispensable rule. The vulgarity of the Railway King and the Parliamentary agent mentioned before, and their ignorance of the motives of men outside their own world, would have been proved by their assumption of Russell's complicity (and much more by Hudson's gratuitous regret at finding that complicity did not exist) if it had never been proved by anything else.

The "railway mania" did not occupy Russell's time continuously nor, we may guess, did it ever wholly occupy his mind. A journalist has no manias. He did anything and everything which he was instructed to do; though he did everything well when he liked, there are signs that his high spirits sometimes got the better of his industry and discretion. Thus Delane wrote to him once on the occasion of an important bye-election :

"THE *TIMES* OFFICE.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with great regret that I have seen the very meagre report you have given of the Middlesex Election, and that I have heard of your absenting yourself on the most important day. No single contest has excited greater interest, and I thought that in assigning the duty of reporting it to you, I was providing for the paper the best account which could be obtained of the election and all its attendant circumstances. I grieve to add that I have been disappointed throughout. I enclose a card of admission to the hustings on Friday, and have to request that you will attend and prepare a full report.

"I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN T. DELANE."

Russell was returning from one of the anti-Hudson meetings at York when the train came into collision near Leicester, and he received a severe wound across the forehead, which was cut to the bone. Next day a surgeon, sent by the railway company, came to see him and instructed him to keep quiet. Soon afterwards another visitor on behalf of the company sent in his card. He was admitted and declared himself delighted at seeing Russell looking so well, as he had been told he was injured. 'Still, the company are distressed to know you have received any injury at all, and I have been sent round with a cheque for £75, useful I hope, for a little holiday.' The money was very welcome to Russell, and he signed the wordy receipt which his visitor produced as 'a mere matter of form.' The next day one of his friends, Durrant Cooper, came, and Russell told him what had occurred. He jumped off his chair: 'What, £75 for that injury! By Heavens, I would not have taken £500 or £750 for it! What an opportunity thrown away! The jurors are all giving it hot to these railway companies!'

As the work Russell did during the railway mania dwindled, a new ray of light fell on the engaged couple. It turned out to be rather an *ignis fatuus*, but they could not foresee that, and it was cheering enough to hearts which required small excuses for cheerfulness. Robert Russell wrote to say that a syndicate of rich men was about to start a daily paper to be edited by Charles Dickens. Robert Russell himself had already left the *Times* to join this new paper, the *Daily News*, and he asked Russell if he would accept an engagement. Almost at the same time a letter came from the manager of the *Morning Chronicle* to inquire if Russell would join his staff, and proposing

that if he cared to do so he should consider himself retained at a minimum of nine guineas a week. The *Daily News* offered only seven guineas a week. The higher bidder seemed the better, and the *Morning Chronicle* offer was accepted. "I was ready," writes Russell, "to fight for the side which paid me the highest salary." He does not, of course, refer here to politics; he was engaged as a reporter with no prospect of influencing or actively sharing the political opinions of the paper. He wrote to the *Times*, informing Delane of the step he was about to take, and pointing out that the salary he was offered would be much larger than any he had drawn or could expect from Printing House Square. To that the only answer was a short private note, in which Delane expressed a hope that Russell would not live to regret his decision. The hope was no doubt intended to convey a prediction in the contrary sense, and this was duly fulfilled.

Whether it would have affected his decision or not, Russell, as a matter of fact, was ignorant that the old Whig journal to which he was binding himself was contemplating a surrender of its name and fortune to a new party that was to appear in the political field. The progress made by the *Times* owing to its dashing adventures in the struggle for news, especially news from the Far East, was justly attracting more readers; and on the increased circulation followed the growing patronage of advertisers. At that time editors and leader-writers were coming forth into the daylight, or at least into the effulgence of drawing-rooms; they no longer hid their lights; even the names of writers who employed *noms de guerre* were scented out and spread abroad in polite society. Within a few years of this time "Historicus" (Sir William Harcourt), whose

letters to the *Times* were much praised by the discerning, was almost as well known as he was in the height of his political power thirty or forty years later. The Press, for all that, was held at arm's length, and it was a surprise when the summer-house in the garden of Buckingham Palace was thrown open to a select party of journalists. One daring representative of a daily paper, which was considered the organ of fashionable life, was notorious for the audacity with which he penetrated secrets held to be sacred by the official customs of the time, and it was reported that once he was detected on board the Royal yacht in disguise when the Queen and Prince Consort were on an excursion, and was obliged to continue his journey in a dinghey towed behind. Another story was that he had been recognised as one of the waiters at the King of the Belgians' dinner table when Queen Victoria was being entertained in Belgium. He was accustomed to relate how he baffled the precautions of the owner of Apsley House to prevent any newspaper report of a wedding there, by assuming the dress and functions of an "odd man" at the marriage feast. At every movement of the Queen by land or water, at every departure or arrival of a distinguished person, and at every ceremony, he was sure to be present, and in the long run he broke through the defences of official and fashionable life. Russell writes of this man :

"For all I know of him he was a kindly, obliging, and obsequious colleague when we ran now and then in couples ; he served the paper which paid him with the utmost devotion, and if he circulated small beer he pleased those for whom such records are prepared."

The newspaper world of London—and not only that world—was stirred to the depths by the rumours



of the extraordinary preparations made by the proprietors of the new journal, the *Daily News*, to crush competition. The secession from the established papers to Bouverie Street was large; every inducement was held out to critics, leader-writers, and reporters; and to retain their best men the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Herald*, the *Morning Post*, and other journals had to make a distinct advance in the rates of pay.

"The 21st of January, 1846, came at last," writes Russell, "and there was a wild rush for the first number. At the sight of the outer sheet, hope at once lighted up the gloom of Printing House Square, the Strand, and Shoe Lane. The *Daily News*, No. 1, was ill-printed on bad paper, and 'badly made up,' and, despite the brilliant picture from Italy by Dickens, was a fiasco. There were reports that there had been a Saturnalia among the printers. I am not sure that there were not social rejoicings that night in the editorial chambers which had been so long beset by dread. Dickens had gathered round him newspaper celebrities, critics in art, music and literature, correspondents, politicians, statistes. Yea, even the miscalled penny-a-liner was there. But Dickens was not a good editor; he was the best reporter in London, and as a journalist he was nothing more. He had no political instincts or knowledge, and was ignorant of and indifferent to what are called 'Foreign Affairs'; indeed, he told me himself that he never thought about them till the Revolution of 1848. He had appointed as manager his father, whom he is said to have immortalised in Micawber, and if his father was not really a Micawber, he was at all events destitute of the energy and experience of Delane, senior. Dickens having all the tools at his hand to turn out a splendid newspaper, failed to exhibit even moderate carpentry. What he did was to shake the old confidence in established relations, break up old associations and raise the cost of the *personnel* in all departments."

Such is Russell's account of the birth of the *Daily News*—an unfavourable start which was soon to be redeemed by brilliant progress. The energy and skill of certain representatives of the *Daily News* were to cause Russell many misgivings before the end of his life.

Russell's work for the *Morning Chronicle* kept him in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. This was the very work he had hoped to engage in permanently, for he was well pleased with the foretaste of it which the *Times* had given him. He tells us that in all other departments of journalism there was uncertainty of tenure ; differences of opinion were to be feared between editors and their leader-writers and reviewers ; but with all these things the Parliamentary reporter had no concern, and as long as he made no professional blunder, was diligent, exact and tolerably quick, he might rely on the continuance of his engagement.

## CHAPTER VI

### WORKING FOR THE MORNING CHRONICLE

AT the close of the first session's work for the *Morning Chronicle*, Russell went over to Ireland to be married. There were no settlements to be made, but his prospects seemed good enough; he had nine guineas a week regularly, and extra pay during the session, and, moreover, he relied on promises of work at the Bar.

"I was full of life and hope," he writes. "Sanguine and thoughtless, I revelled in the prospect of breasting the waves of the world."

But before the wedding day a letter came which might well have given him pause. The *Morning Chronicle* apparently could not live the pace, and the proprietors wrote to make a new offer of an annual engagement at six guineas a week. They added that if the offer were not accepted the letter was to be taken as a "notice of the termination of your engagement, which we should exceedingly regret." It occurred to Russell that he might bring a successful action, but, as he admits in his diary, he was too much in love to think seriously of anything but his marriage, and he therefore accepted the *Morning Chronicle* proposal. On September 16th, 1846, in the parish church of Howth he was married to Mary Burrowes.

While he was spending his honeymoon in Ireland famine was already stalking through the land; the misery and mortality were appalling. He was instructed by the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* to

study the land question and write some letters on the subject; but with a rashness and independence which are always expensive luxuries for journalists, he declared his ignorance of the intricate problem and eloquently (as he thought at the time) pleaded his right to a few weeks' rest. He was allowed to remain free for the time he demanded, but at his own expense and, as he afterwards learned, to the detriment of his reputation as "general utility man." At the end of this prolonged honeymoon he was summoned to London by his editor on important business.

On his arrival, the editor referred him to a certain politician who was anxious to engage him for a special purpose. That purpose was to return to Ireland and report the details of the famine which had already become a horrible spectre in men's eyes, notably owing to the letters of W. E. Forster. Russell, who had shrunk from discussing the land problem which was at the root of the trouble, was ready to describe, without prejudice, the sights of the famine.

"The interview with Sir J—— E—— was short," he writes.\* "In sufficiently indifferent grammar the great man indicated a disagreeable and difficult mission in the distressed districts in the West of Ireland. I was to write, dotting my (h) i's and crossing my t's, without fear, favour or affection, accounts of what I saw, paying particular attention to the working of the Relief Boards and the relations between them and the Government Inspectors. As to the question at the root of the controversy which was raging between the Government and the landlords about the 'Labouchere letter,'† I could say little, for I knew

\* This account of the Potato Famine, taken from Russell's autobiography, was published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, February 7th, 1891.

† This letter authorised a scheme for reproductive employment, which, however, failed to reduce the distress appreciably.

little. The political economists had it all their own way—and the people died like flies. The newspapers were full of articles and letters discussing remedies. Parliament devoted its best energies and its intellect to the solution of the terrible problems involved in dealing with the famine, in vain. The Corn Importation Bill was passed. The Peel Ministry fell. The Irish famine gave a death blow to the agricultural prosperity of England. The Russell Government mistrusted the magistrates, landlords, and poor law guardians in the distribution and appropriation of money levied for the relief of the swarming population afflicted by the famine. They had thrown up barricades of Poor Law Board circulars and regulations to resist jobbery and selfishness. Behind these they placed an army of paid officials whose duty it was to resist the assaults of the local authorities. Meantime, men, women and children were perishing of hunger from Cape Clear to Connemara. I travelled from Limerick through Kerry, Clare, Galway; visited Erris and Tyrawley in an agony of pain day after day, through that panorama of suffering and death. It was scarcely to be wondered at if illogical raging jurymen returned verdicts of 'wilful murder' against Lord John Russell in a country where the Government is supposed to be all-powerful for evil.

"In all my subsequent career—breakfasting, dining and supping full of horrors in full tide of war—I never beheld sights so shocking as those which met my eyes in that famine tour of mine in the West. They were beyond not merely description, but imagination. The effects of famine may be witnessed in isolated cases by travellers in distant lands, but here at our doors was a whole race, men, women and children, perishing round Christian chapels and churches, railways and steamers, and all the time generous England was ready to pour out her treasure to save these people. I was indignant at what I saw, but I could not say with whom the blame lay. The children digging up roots; the miserable crones and the scarecrow old men in the fields; the ghastly adults in the relief works—all were heartrending. One strange and fearful consequence was seen in the famished children: their faces,

limbs and bodies became covered with fine long hair; their arms and legs dwindled, and their bellies became enormously swollen. They were bestial to behold. Hunger changed their physical nature as it monopolised all they had of human thought: 'Give us something to eat!' I do not know if my letters, public or private, were agreeable reading; I think not.

"One day we got off our car to ease the horse up a steep hill, and we had nearly reached the top when I perceived a shapeless object on the road. There were two bare feet visible, and at first I thought it was some drunkard who had fallen asleep. It was the last sleep of a girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age. She was lying on her face stone dead with staring eyes and blood coming from her mouth. She had, as it turned out, been sent by her mother from a cottage near at hand, to buy a sack of meal at the Government store; as she was toiling up the hill her legs gave way and the poor starveling stumbled with the weight on her back, fell and died.

"It struck me as a remarkable illustration of the patience which is so acceptable to rulers, or of the submissiveness which is not the chief characteristic of freemen, that there was no general outbreak of violence, no bread-taking, housebreaking, or great uprising among the people. I saw and admired afterwards the fortitude with which the English working people in Lancashire and the cotton districts bore their privation during the great Civil War in America; but they endured only 'privations.' There were no widespread fields of death such as were to be seen in 1846—7 in Skibbereen and Connemara. Now and then were cases of disorder and violence, but they were sporadic, and they were made the most of even in the Queen's Speech. A visitor to Lord Clanricarde, who left Portumna Castle one morning to catch the mail coach for Dublin, returned in haste to the Castle to announce that the country was up in arms. The mail coaches were stopped. He related how he had come on a great crowd at the cross-roads, and asked 'if the mail had come up.' He was answered by a yell, 'It has, but we sent it back—bad luck to it! and to hell we'll send them that own it.' When Lord Clanricarde, who

at once started off with his terrified friend to see what was the matter, appeared at the spot, the crowd was still there, but in the best of humour. 'And so you've been stopping the mails, have you, my boys? You'll suffer for this, you know!' 'Oh, God forbid, your lordship, that we'd stop the mails.' 'But you told this gentleman you had sent the mail back.' 'We did, your honour's lordship. It was the yalla mail they sent for the Relief Works. It was that *mail* we would not take, your lordship!' By 'yalla' or yellow meal was meant Indian corn-flour, to which the peasantry had conceived a dislike, and they were awaiting the oatmeal which had been promised them in lieu of it. The matter was represented, I believe, in some of the papers as an actual act of rebellion."

In the same number of the *Anti-Jacobin* which contained these reminiscences of the great famine, Russell published a ghost story, also extracted from his autobiography, which is reproduced here because the telling of ghost stories was to his friends one of his most familiar accomplishments. He was a born *raconteur*, and later in life when his ability in this matter was established and his complaisance well known he was seldom long in any company without his services being laid under contribution. The gifts of the storyteller are notoriously gifts of manner and personality which appear in tone of voice, in expression of face, and in self-possession, and these things cannot be reproduced in print. But it will be admitted that the Hag's Head Ghost story as it is presented here, in its arrangement—the brief introduction of the reader to the scene—its simplicity, and its avoidance of apology, reservation or explanation, provides the genuine material of what is called a good ghost story. This is the story:—

"I had a singular experience in the course of my mission whilst I was in the South-West of Ireland.

Before I went to Ennistymon I was invited by 'Corney' O'Brien, M.P., to visit him. I readily accepted the invitation, especially as I would have an opportunity of seeing, close to his residence, the famous cliffs of Moher. I need not describe a scene not yet known to tourists who wander thousands of miles away to gaze on objects of far less interest and beauty. As I was standing at the edge of the cliffs, at the base of which the Atlantic was breaking in thunder and clouds of spray, some 700 feet below me, one of the self-constituted guides who frequent such places ranged up alongside, and after volunteering information about the 'Hag's Head' and the 'Blowing Hole,' the islands in Galway Bay, etc., said: 'It's a wonder now, yer honner, isn't it—and it's yerself is a sthrong gintleman, I'll warrant—that you couldn't throw a shtone into the say there below.' There were stones large and small on the edge of the cliff, so to dispose of his assertion I took a piece of basalt about the size of a penny roll, and flung it away from me seawards. I saw the stone curve inwards and strike the cliff high above the surf. 'Oh, that won't do at all,' he said. Again and again I tried, and the result was always the same. 'I'll bet yer honner a shilling or half-a-crown I'll do it.' He was a withered little man. I smiled contemptuously. He picked up a flat stone and threw it, not as I had done, straight out as far as I could, but at an angle of 45 degrees downwards, and I saw the stone clear the cliff and drop into the surf.

"As we were at dinner that night I expressed my admiration of the scenery of the Hag's Head, but my host did not seem to share my feelings. When the company (the parish priest and his coadjutor, and a couple of county neighbours) had departed, Mr. O'Brien, having told the piper—the only one I ever heard in an Irish house (though I have been less fortunate in Scotland)—to retire, attended to some hot water, sugar and lemons, and observed, 'And you like the Hag's Head? Well! I would not go there now if you were to give me a hundred pounds, and it's not but I want the money.' 'Why, there can be no danger. There's an iron railing at the edge.' 'Yes, but I put that rail



up after what happened to me. I would not go to the place, not if the Bank of Ireland railings were there.'

"Presently he told me this story. The narrator was a white-headed, ruddy-faced man with a massive brow, keen grey eyes, and resolute mouth and chin. 'When I came into this property,' he said, 'I was away abroad, and it was some time before the agent wrote to tell me the house was ready for me. I did not know the country at all, and, like yourself, I had never seen the cliffs of Moher. The day I arrived I took a look at this house, and then walked to the cliffs with the priest with whom I was going to dine at Ennistymon. I was astonished and delighted at the spectacle, the ocean rolling in from the west, "the next parish church in America," as his reverence said. I had always heard there was some tradition about the Hag's Head and my family—how some old lady who was walking near the cliff with her grandson and heir was whisked into the sea by a sudden puff of wind. And there are such puffs, and they're very dangerous. Anyway, the grandson succeeded, and they say the ghost of the old woman began to haunt the cliffs. As I was looking down on the waves I felt as if I was going over too. I gave a shout, and Father Michael caught me or I'd have been in the sea !

" 'Well, as I was driving home I thought that as it was a beautiful moonlight night and a good breeze was blowing from the west, I would take a look at the breakers ; they were roaring like artillery. So I got out of the gig and told the boy to go home and bid a servant to wait up for me. I struck across the sward straight for the Hag's Head. I had got within seventy or eighty yards of it when I saw on the very edge of the cliff a white figure. It was moving ; alive and no mistake. At first I thought it was a sheep, but getting nearer I perceived that it was a woman in a white dress with a white cap on her head. Then I remembered there was some talk at dinner of a lunatic girl who had escaped out of the asylum at Ennistymon. I made sure that it was she, and I thought that I had just arrived in time to save her life, poor creature ! My plan was to creep quietly behind her, seize her in my arms, drag her as far as I could from the edge,

then secure her and haul her somehow to the road. I had got close and was just about to lay hold of her, when "the thing" turned on me such a face as no human being ever had—a death's head, with eyes glaring out of the sockets, through tangled masses of snow-white hair! In an instant, with a screech that rang through my brain, "the thing" fell or threw itself over the face of the cliff.

"It was some seconds before I recovered the shock and horror. Then trembling I crept on my hands and knees to the verge of the cliff. I looked down on the raging sea. As I was peering down over the Hag's Head I saw in the moonlight some white object coming up the face of the cliff straight towards me! I am not superstitious or a coward. I tried to persuade myself it was a seal or a great sea-gull, but presently arms and hands were visible—it was crawling hand over hand up the cliff. I jumped to my feet and ran for my life towards the house. As I ran the yell the thing gave when it disappeared over the cliff was repeated. Looking back, there was the dreadful sight. It came over the green meadow in pursuit of me, came nearer, nearer, not two hundred yards behind. I bounded like a deer up the avenue and the door was opened by my man. Again the fearful sound close at hand. "Shut! Shut the door! Do you hear that?" The man heard nothing. I went up to my room, looked at my face in the glass; it was pale, but it was not that of a madman.

"The windows of my bedroom looked on a large walled garden; the blinds were drawn and the light of the moon fell through them. I was nearly undressed when a shadow was thrown on the counterpane of the bed from one of the windows. There was someone on the sill! The scream was repeated. A brace of double-barrel pistols lay on the table by my pillow. I fired the barrels, bang! bang! bang! at the window as fast as I could pull the trigger. I ran downstairs to the hall. We called up every soul in the house, searched every inch of the garden—there was soft soil under my window—not a trace of a footstep or a ladder. I had my horse saddled at once, and rode to Ennistymon, and knocked up the priest. The first

question I asked his astonished reverence was, "Tell me, was I drunk when I left you?" "No, you were as sober as you are now, Mr. O'Brien!" And then I told him what I have told you. "I never," said his reverence, "heard of anyone but the O'Briens hearing or seeing *her*, and they have her all to themselves. I can't make it out." Nor can I either, Mr. Russell. I had a rail put up at the edge of the cliff where you get the best view of the cliffs. I have been there, now and then, on a fine day with people—but after sunset—never! never!

"No wonder I had a bad night of it after the story. I slept but little till morning, and then, as I was dozing off, I was startled by an awful cry. It proved to be the preliminary of a flourish by the piper for the skid before breakfast."

Russell continued to serve the *Morning Chronicle* till 1847. One day in that year a meeting of the staff was held at the office, and a change of proprietors was announced. Those who did not wish to accept further reductions in their salaries, and consent to various economies, such as the abolition of "cab money," were informed that they could resign. Doyle, the editor, was to retire, and Cook was to reign in his stead, and the elder Delane, who had seceded from the *Times*, was to be the manager. Under its new management the *Morning Chronicle* was to preach the doctrine of the New England party. Russell's departure from the paper took place in a curious manner, which will presently be related, not many months after this change of ownership. In its new hands it did not prosper, although Russell writes that it was managed with an energy which at first promised success. Its chief *coup* was the publication, in January, 1848, of the famous Burgoyne letter, which had been written by the Duke of Wellington to Sir John Burgoyne in January, 1847.

"The letter," says Russell, "was not intended for the public. It was said that some relation or friend of Burgoyne's found the letter on a table, had appreciated the value of its contents, and had communicated it to one of the Young Englanders."

It might be inferred from these words that the action of the *Morning Chronicle* in publishing the letter was merely disreputable. It should be said, therefore, that the contents of the letter had been known and discussed by the "ruling classes" for nearly a year before it was shown to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and there were many notable persons who thought the publication of it a desirable act of policy. The letter was written by the Duke of Wellington at the time when Sir John Burgoyne was urging upon Lord Palmerston the better defence of the country. In the course of it the Duke said:—

"It is perfectly true that as we stand at present, with our naval arsenals and dockyards not half garrisoned, 5,000 men of all arms could not be put under arms if required for any service whatever, without leaving standing without relief all employed on any duty, not excepting the guards over the palaces and person of the Sovereign."

The Duke himself was at first apparently well pleased that the country should know what had long caused him deep anxiety. Indeed, it is impossible to read a letter written by Sir John Burgoyne in December, 1847, without concluding that Ministers themselves had determined to quote the Duke's opinions in Parliament as their authority for improving the national defences. But the letter did not have the desired result. The public treated the idea of a French army landing in England as preposterous, and when criticism of the letter took the form of indulgent yet galling

reflections on the Duke's old age and dwindling mental powers, the Duke became offended, and then increasingly indignant. Cobden, in one of his Free Trade speeches at Manchester, remarked of the letter, "when I first read it, and came to its conclusion, where he says:—'I am in my seventy-seventh year'—I said, 'That explains it all, and excuses it.'" (Great applause.) Lady Shelley implicitly claimed the credit of having procured the publication of the letter (such was the first attitude of those who looked upon publication as a desirable act of policy); but Sir John Burgoyne never regarded her behaviour as anything but an unpardonable indiscretion. Russell's statement that "some relation or friend" of Sir John Burgoyne communicated the letter to a Young Englander is, of course, less definite than our later information. Sir John Burgoyne explained in a letter to Lord FitzRoy Somerset that it was Lady Burgoyne who showed the letter to Lady Shelley.

In 1847 Russell went for the *Morning Chronicle* to Oxford, to attend Commemoration, and while sitting in the Sheldonian, which was hot and crowded, he fainted. A local practitioner bled him freely, and when he returned to London, Todd, the surgeon, who was a sworn enemy of phlebotomy, declared that Russell must take a holiday. "If ever you see a scoundrel approach you with a lancet again," he exclaimed, "knock him down. He has a design on your life." Needing little persuasion that he required a rest, Russell applied for a holiday, sending a medical certificate with his letter. Having thus made the matter perfectly regular in advance, to his own mind, he went to Ireland, where his wife was staying. But the official mind thought otherwise. The answer to his

letter informed him that he must resume his work at once or consider his engagement ended. This peremptory letter brought him back to London, to consult his cousin Robert Russell. He found him for the first time utterly indifferent to a tale of wrong. Robert was in love. Instead of considering Russell's position he grew expansive upon his own, and instead of examining Russell's important correspondence he produced letters from his *fiancée*, and read and re-read aloud the more striking passages. Hurrying to the *Morning Chronicle* office in the Strand, Russell was informed that Mr. Delane, senior, was "out," and it was impossible to say when he would be "in." Russell understood what that meant and did not press the matter. Mr. Cook, however, was "in," and he informed Russell immediately he entered the room that the editor himself was obliged to work whether he was well or ill, and that the staff was not an invalid corps. He was sure the illness was real, but, nevertheless, he did not want to examine doctors' certificates.

Russell considered himself genuinely unable to work, and had no alternative but to consider his engagement at an end. On the same evening he returned to Dublin, to think over the situation, which was by no means encouraging. Owing to his wife's health he was obliged to conceal from her the failure of his mission to London. To London, however, they both returned, where he took lodgings at 7, China Terrace, Kensington, and set to work to read for the Bar, as well as to do such literary work as his head would permit. He attended the Courts and Appeal Cases in the House of Lords whilst waiting for something to turn up. Meanwhile he had two curious

experiences of the way in which some people make money :—

“ My landlord, a retired naval officer, asked me one day for a private interview. ‘ Probably about the rent,’ I thought. Captain L——, however, did not allude to that subject. ‘ You know Mr. H——, I believe,’ he began, naming a well-known member of Parliament to whom indeed I had applied for an official appointment. ‘ Yes, I do.’ ‘ Very well, if you can interest him in getting such-and-such a post for my friend Mr. ——, who is in every way eligible, I promise you on the day he is named £500. There!’ I explained that I was a candidate for a far smaller place myself, and that I feared I could be of no use. But Captain L—— was not by any means done with me. He had somehow or other ascertained the names of people with whom I was acquainted, and he read out from his pocket-book a list of rewards as from a police register—a tide-waitership in the gift of So-and-so, £300; stipendiary magistrate, £700, and so on. ‘ Lady ——, if you can get at her, is invaluable. I have done a good deal of business with her, but we had a quarrel and she won’t deal directly with me now.’ I could not ‘ get at ’ her ladyship, even if I would, and Captain L—— having advised me solemnly to think over the matter, gave me a little memorandum and so departed. I believe he really made what is called a good thing out of his business. I often saw him in the Lobby of the House or waiting about Committee-rooms.

“ The other experience was of a different kind. One of my Temple comrades came to me with a bundle of papers. ‘ My uncle,’ said he, ‘ is a doctor at M——, which is a very rising place; there are plenty of rivals, but if he gets his name known it will enable him to beat the lot of them. He has asked me to write an account of the place, and here are all the facts. Never was such a place!—natives live for ever; gravel soil, pure water, highest temperature in winter, lowest in summer, air finer than anywhere else. Suited for every kind of invalid. Other health resorts simply nowhere. If you will dress these facts up, throw in some quotations, and describe the routes, showing how

M—— is the centre of the civilized world, and all roads lead to it, say a hundred and fifty pages, Nunky will pay you a hundred pounds. But it must be ready by the beginning of the season.' I accepted. Was I a base hireling? I only know that Dr. ——'s work was noticed and praised, that he flourished exceedingly, and so did the seaside town of M——. Probably no one ever troubled to analyse the statistical and hydro-metrical tables and mean averages. I suspect that M—— was as healthy as most places of the kind, and that Dr. —— was a trustworthy medical officer."

Russell's first child was born in 1847 while he was living at China Terrace, and justice may most easily be done to his pride and satisfaction by quoting from a letter, written a short time afterwards to a relation, in which he described the singular qualities of the baby. The letter is addressed from "Our Palace at Kensington, Terrace of China, 7th edifice," and goes on:—

"I must tell you of everything wonderful and strange that has happened since last I wrote. Among these, the chief is that little Alice never stops sleeping, feeding, or crying, all day and all night, and that she is growing very big and strong, and so fast as she gets big, Mary and I get little. She is very fair, and on the whole, not a bad sort of little thing. Big blue eyes, larger and darker than Mary's, with very long eyelashes, a very pretty mouth, dark hair, a bullet head, rather snub nose in its present development, and to complete all is as fat as butter, and no wonder, for she never stops tormenting her mother to feed her. And Mary is a regular slavey to it, and hides herself in dark and out-of-the-way corners with it from morning to night and cares for no earthly thing in this world beside, so that I begin to get jealous of my own little baby."



## CHAPTER VII

### BACK TO THE *TIMES*

UNEXPECTEDLY, and without solicitation on his part, Russell was invited in the autumn of 1848 to renew his connection with the *Times*. There was a tradition in the *Times* office that anyone who left the standard of Printing House Square to fight under another should be held an outlaw. Russell was aware of this, and was both surprised and flattered by the new offer. Delane, it seems, had thought that Russell ought to have been retained by a permanent engagement at the time when he was captured by the *Morning Chronicle*. The letter from the manager of the *Times* asked Russell if he was willing to be a representative of the paper till the meeting of Parliament, when a post would be reserved for him as a reporter in the gallery of the House.

A few days afterwards, Russell was invited to dinner with Delane at Serjeants' Inn, and before the party went down to the dining-room Delane informed him that he was to have an annual engagement.

"I remember," says Russell, "that in the conversation, someone stated that Captain Shandon was intended by Thackeray for Stirling. But Thackeray afterwards told me that Shandon was intended for half a dozen Irishmen rolled into one." \*

Almost as soon as he re-joined the *Times*, Russell was sent to Ireland to report the State Trials of 1848. He

\* It is generally believed that Captain Shandon was drawn from Maginn.

had already watched the Chartist demonstrations in London, and these and the State Trials were the particular phenomena which fell under his observation of that wonderful year of political portents, when a tide of mingled revolution and democracy swept across Europe. Here is the narrative of the State Trials in his own words\* :—

“On the 20th of September I left Dublin for Clonmel. The State Trials (never ending, still beginning, these State Trials) of the chief of the confederates in ‘The Rising’ which subsided in the Widow McCormack’s cabbage garden, were about to open. The *Times* sent with me Mr. Nicholls, of the Chancery Bar, a precise, stiff, dry but kindhearted man, whose short visit to Ireland filled him with anger—now against the people, now against the priests, anon against the Government (he was not quite sure who was to blame) for the misery he beheld. We had comfortable lodgings in the house of a respectable cutler named Holmes, in Dublin Street, and Delane, who had been on a visit to Bernal Osborne at Newton Anner, came into Clonmel to see us on his way to London. He was impressed with the gravity of the situation. ‘It’s useless talking of the loyalty or disloyalty of the people! They are all against us! They do not like our laws, our ways, or anything that is ours! But the Government and landowners, supported by the police and the army, can always deal with insurrection, and the jury to-morrow will be quite safe.’

“It was a very remarkable scene next morning. We made our way with difficulty through a dense crowd to the court-house, which was guarded by a large body of police with fixed bayonets. Horse, foot, and artillery were close at hand in readiness to support them. We passed between a line of police to our places, reserved by the High Sheriff. The court was crowded from floor to ceiling: on the bench, arrayed in their scarlet and ermine robes, and in

\* Published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, January 31st, 1891.

flowing wigs, were the four judges—the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Blackburne, Mr. Justice Crompton, Mr. Justice Perrin—who were sent down under a special commission to try the prisoners. There was a great ‘Bar’ retained for the Crown on the one side, and for the prisoners on the other. The proceedings began with the skirmishing between counsel which usually precedes the battle, giving ample room for the display of the ingenuity and *finesse* which are supposed to characterise the Irish Bar. There were dramatic scenes and moving incidents from day to day. I may be under the influence of impressions formed at a time when I was what is called emotional if I now express the opinion that on no occasion in any court of law was there a more brilliant example of learning, argument, passion, and wit, than that by which counsel for the prisoners, in the long course of this trial, moved the audience, even though they failed to convince the jury or to divert the attention of the judges from the essential issues before them. From the gallery at times burst forth wailing cries or suppressed groans as the witnesses forged link after link of the chain which bound the accused to their fate. The dignity of the Court was exemplary, and it was with difficulty we could believe our eyes, or rather our ears, when, one night, after dinner, to which we were invited by the judges, we heard Mr. Justice Blackburne trolling an Irish melody, with exquisite pathos, in a rich mellow voice. I found that my colleague Nicholls was by degrees touched with something like sympathy for the prisoners. ‘Smith O’Brien,’ he said, ‘after all, conducts himself like a gentleman, and that Mr. McManus is a fine honest fellow. I pity him! I daresay if one knew Meagher he would turn out to be a pleasant, agreeable man, full of enthusiasm and poetry, but he is without judgment.’

“The end came at last. On October 8th, the jury came into court with a verdict of ‘guilty’ against William Smith O’Brien for high treason and for levying war against the Queen, with a recommendation to the merciful consideration of the Crown. He heard the words unmoved, with his arms folded, his head thrown back, and a scornful smile upon his lips. He

listened to the judge with the utmost calmness, and when called upon to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he spoke in measured accents, declaring that he had done what was right as he believed, and that he had nothing to repent but his failure. On the 9th he was brought up and placed in the dock to receive the sentence of the Court, which was 'that you, William Smith O'Brien, be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and hanged by the neck until you be dead; and that you then shall be disembowelled and your body divided into four quarters, to be disposed as Her Majesty shall direct.' It was said at the time that his composure was due to an assurance the night before that he would not be executed, but I do not believe that he was influenced in his defiant attitude by the knowledge that he would only be condemned to exile for life. McManus, who was next put on his trial, a man of action, no orator, or phrasemonger, conducted himself with perfect propriety. A resolute revolutionist, he had renounced a competence and placed his life on the hazard of the die in that miserable rising. Even the judges (I say 'even' because they were bound to look at the great gravity of the offence) were moved by the honesty and earnestness of the man. He was found guilty on the 12th. After him, on the 15th, came O'Donoghue, then Meagher on the 21st, each to be found guilty and be sentenced to a traitor's doom, on the 23rd of October.

"The Special Commission having done their work, rose and adjourned to December. I am ashamed to confess that I varied the monotony of attendance at court by an episode which, under the circumstances, was rather hazardous. A local gentleman, not unconnected with the administration of the law, at daybreak one morning drove me out of Clonmel, and marched me up a hill to the edge of a plateau covered with heather. Two very ragged peasants and a dog of an indescribable species were awaiting us in a cutting in the turf; under a piece of bog oak were secreted three fowling-pieces. And then poaching began! The dog hunted everything, larks and small birds, and looked upon grouse coursing as a rare sport. The grouse were numerous, and so were the misses, but we

managed to get 11½ brace, one hare, and two golden plovers. One of our attendants was always on the *qui vive* watching the slope of the hill, and looking out for Dwyer, 'the keeper,' or the 'polis,' but we were undisturbed. At the end of the day's sport the guns were secreted; we descended the hill, and drove into the town as if nothing had happened.

"I left Clonmel on the day after the rising of the Court, carrying with me as a souvenir a book in which Smith O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue signed their names 'in remembrance,' and very sad and distressed I was at the fate of these miserable men.

"The scene was changed to Dublin—the play was the same. On October 26th I attended the Court of Queen's Bench to hear a long argument on a law point in demurrer raised by his counsel for C. Gavan Duffy. There I saw in the dock arraigned as a traitorous felon the man who afterwards became a Minister of the Crown, the Premier of Victoria, and a Knight of St. Michael and St. George, and who continued to hold, I believe, the same opinions—their expression a little dulcified, perhaps, — which he propounded in the *Nation*. More fortunate than his confederates, he escaped the meshes of the law, and defeated the Government in two prosecutions against him for treason. These sittings lasted for several weeks. The judges now and then gave judgment against the Crown, and as the Crown lawyers were bound to justify their opinions, each adverse judgment was a basis for a new phase of legal action.

"There was an incident one day which illustrated the composure and readiness of Judge Blackburne, though words could scarcely give an idea of his dignity in court. He had just risen at the close of a long argument when a red-headed man got up in the body of the court and exclaimed in a loud voice, 'My lord! My lord!' Blackburne turned and asked severely, 'Who are you, sir?' 'My lord, my name is J. O'Brien; I am an attorney of this honourable court.' The judge exchanged a word with the officer below him. 'Proceed, Mr. O'Brien. What have you to say?' 'My lord, I am requested by several respectable

citizens of Dublin to ask your lordship when this honourable Court means to give judgment in the case of "Smith O'Brien and others *versus* the Queen in error?" Blackburne looked at the attorney, and then with great solemnity, pausing on every word, said: 'Mr. O'Brien! Tell the respectable citizens of Dublin who requested you to put that question to the Court that you did put it to the Court, and that the Court gave you no reply.' His lordship retired, and Mr. O'Brien collapsed."

Russell returned to London early in 1849. Unfortunately for his legal studies, as distinguished from legal reporting, Delane had formed a high opinion of his ability in the latter respect. He had not been back very long before he was requested to attend the trial of Rush for the murder of Mr. Jermy and his son at Stansfield Hall—a crime which created an extraordinary sensation at the time, as well it might.

"Rush was tried at Norwich," Russell writes in his autobiography,\* "before Baron Rolfe. I was accompanied by my old friend and colleague, J. C. MacDonald, and from the 29th March till April 4th we were in court occupied with the trial. We sat nearly immediately behind the dock in which Rush stood. I could have placed my hand on the man's back—a broad lumpy back with round shoulders which seemed to grow out of a huge bulbous head—no trace of neck. On one occasion when I laid down my penknife on the ledge of the bench, the warder behind him whispered, 'Put up that knife, I beg you, sir! He has caught sight of it already.'

"The night he was found guilty a cattle salesman told the company in the coffee-room of the hotel where we were staying that he had known Rush for many years, and had transacted a good deal of business with him. On returning one night from London he was astonished to see his wife standing at the door of his house in a state of great agitation. A man she did not

\* Published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, January 31st, 1891.

know, she said, had called and told her he was going to stop for the night, as he was an old friend of her husband. She had given him his dinner and had tried to converse with him, 'but he had such a frightful look' that an undefinable dread came over her. She told her guest she had a headache, and locked herself in till her husband came home. As she was whispering to him the parlour-door was opened and the grazier saw his friend Rush! Rush went next morning, and the grazier, in accordance with a promise of long standing, accepted an invitation for a few days' rabbit shooting at Rush's farm. The night of his visit he was awakened by a woman's screams. Getting up to ascertain the cause, he was met by Rush, who told him to 'go back to his room, it was only his wife in her tantrums.' The woman, who was locked in her room, said she was bleeding to death; the grazier appealed to Rush to send for a doctor, and offered to drive to the nearest town for one. There was an altercation, the grazier packed up his things, got out his trap, and drove to the railway. 'I never saw Rush again until I came to see him in the dock. I shall wait to see him hanged.'

"My colleague, who remained to describe the last moments of the murderer, had a good view of the last scene, which he never forgot. A well-known press-man, great in descriptions of hangings, was less favourably situated, being in the moat of the prison; but he established an understanding with someone who was on the top of the wall, and as the work of the hangman was taking its course he called out from time to time, 'Is he struggling much? How is he doing now?' and recorded the answers."

During the Rush trial Delane wrote a letter to Russell, which may be quoted as one of the innumerable minor proofs that he was a great editor because he was always open to new ideas—new ideas, it should be admitted, usually presented to him in the first place by himself. Newspapers are conservative institutions—even the most Radical of them—and rules and traditions are hard to change. It has often happened

that the only way of changing trifling and unessential customs in the production of a newspaper has been to change the editor. Delane, who respected the business management of a newspaper as a permanent institution, permitting of few variations, had no rules for the literary work of a paper. Each event had its own rule invented for it on its merits.

"I should be obliged," he wrote to Russell, "by your giving a very full report of Rolfe's charge in Rush's case. It is generally a fashion in circuit reports to pay very little attention to this part of the proceedings; but it is really of the utmost importance to the results of the trial, and in this case, from the extraordinary course taken by the prisoner, it will possess peculiar interest. Of course, I do not wish to have the mere repetitions of evidence, but Rolfe's opinion upon the relative value of testimonies will be well worth having."

In June of this year, 1849, Russell heard with sincere regret of Lady Blessington's death in Paris.

"She had been gracious to me at her receptions at Kensington Gore," he writes, "where I met Prince Louis Napoleon and was presented to him. I was standing at the door waiting for a cab one wet night when the Prince's brougham was announced. As he passed out he said very courteously, 'Can I offer you a seat into town?' I gladly accepted it, and on our way the Prince asked me questions about the *Times*, editor, writers, etc., which I was little able to answer. The next time I saw Prince Louis Napoleon he was President of the French Republic; the next time again he was Emperor. I attended an Imperial reception at the Tuileries. I assisted at the entry of the Imperial Guard after the Crimea. I saw Louis Napoleon at the great review at Longchamp with Emperors and Kings by his side; and I saw him after Sedan, driving through the street, a prisoner, on his way to Germany. The story went that he had not been amiable to Lady Blessington, who had been devoted to him when he



was in London. When she went to Paris the President received her with coldness. He asked her, 'Do you intend to stay long in Paris?' 'No, Prince,' she answered; 'do you?' It was averred by her friends that her sudden illness was caused by the shock she received at the Tuileries."

In the anxious time when Russell scarcely yet knew whether he was ultimately to be a journalist or a barrister, he burned the candle at both ends, as though that would make his way plainer. Early in 1850 he came to the conclusion, like many young men who have over-taxed themselves, that he had heart disease. On the advice of his cousin he went to consult Dr. Marshall Hall. No sooner had he described his symptoms than the doctor astonished him by walking out of the room. Commanding Russell to follow him, he ran as fast as he could upstairs.

"When we got to the second landing," writes Russell, "he stopped short, put my back against the wall and put his ear against my waistcoat. 'Nothing organically wrong,' he explained; 'nervous trouble, too much work, too little play.' His prescription was simple—eat roasted apples."

In June Russell was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. Instead of giving his call party in hall according to custom, he had a dinner at the London Tavern, which was attended by Delane and about a dozen of his friends. There was much "speechifying," and of course a great career was predicted for him. The immediate and most contradictory sequel is described in his autobiography.

"Two days afterwards a disastrous *début* in Court before Mr. Justice Patteson covered me with confusion. I held a brief for an attorney who had been struck off the rolls, and who, fortified by many affidavits, made

application to be re-admitted. He was opposed by the Incorporated Law Society, represented by several counsel. The Society opposed his re-admission on the grounds that he had practised as an attorney in the County Courts. I had constructed an ingenious and able argument on the subtle but solid distinction between agent and attorney which seemed to me irresistible. As I entered the Court I was met by my client, his wife, and several children, who clustered round me while their poor father refreshed my memory with points and by repetition of the justice of his cause. The family took their seats in the place reserved for the public, but my client planted himself below me and never took his eyes off me for a moment as I scanned my voluminous notes. I was informed that my case would probably come on in an hour, and it was with something like an electric shock benumbing me for the time, that I heard it called in what seemed to be five minutes. 'My Lord,' I began—and then I stopped, for I observed growing out of the learned judge's wig something like a small proboscis. 'What do you say? I can't hear you.' 'My Lord,' I resumed, 'I appear in this case to make an application on behalf of John Jones——' Here I was stopped again. 'Not a word can I hear. Why can't you speak out, sir? Come nearer.' I gathered up my brief and my notes, letting some of them fall on the way, and, aided by kindly seniors, made my way to a seat nearer the judge. I was utterly demoralised. Still I stood up to that terrible trumpet, and was getting on pretty well, when I used an unfortunate expression. 'My client, my lord, is not a rich man.' 'What do you mean? If he is a rich man and had acted as is alleged, it is all the worse, but the question has nothing to do with the matter before the Court.' 'I did not say, my Lord, that my client is a rich man. I meant to say that he is not rich—that he is a poor man.' 'Oh, not rich? Then why did you say he was, eh?' I lost my voice, my memory; I could hear orders to speak up. I could see my client making mute but frantic appeals to me with a face of despair, but the thread of my ideas was broken; I sat down before my learned brother below uttered his preliminary

‘My Lud.’ I was aware I represented a lost cause, and when Mr. Justice Patteson, in refusing the roll, said *obiter*, ‘The argument of the learned counsel, as far as I could understand it, and with the utmost attention in my power I am not sure that I do,’ I was sure he did not. I rushed out of the Court and got into a cab, with the ex-attorney and all his family at my heels.”

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE DANISH WAR OF 1850

IN July, 1850, Russell had his first experience as a special correspondent with an army in the field. He has been called the "father of war correspondents," but he disapproved of the title "war correspondent," which he thought rather absurd. The time he spent with the Danish Army in the Schleswig-Holstein War was so brief that it would be wrong to say that he perceived there the opportunities of a war correspondent (the established word cannot now be avoided), as he afterwards recognised and seized them in the Crimea. In a sense there had been war correspondents even before the Schleswig-Holstein War. As Mr. S. T. Sheppard pointed out in an article called "The Genesis of a Profession," in the *United Service Magazine* of March, 1907, there was a precedent for the work of war correspondents in the old Swedish Intelligence, which contained an entertaining correspondence about the army of Gustavus Adolphus. But a more deliberate and definite war correspondence began in 1807, when the *Times* commissioned Henry Crabb Robinson to go to Altona.\*

\* Mr. Sheppard might have mentioned among those whose work resembled that of a modern war correspondent a writer named Finnerty. This man, on behalf of the *Morning Chronicle*, tried to accompany Lord Chatham's expedition against Antwerp in 1809, which ended so pitifully in the swamps of Walcheren. In July, 1809, Bagot wrote to the Admiralty: "Mr. Finnerty, so well known by his violent and factious writings, and by his connection with the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, has quitted London, and is now actually on board one of H.M.'s ships (preparing to sail with the

Robinson, celebrated, of course, as a diarist, was a friend of Madame de Staël, Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley, and one of the founders of the Athenæum Club and of University College, London.

"Robinson's knowledge of German," says Mr. Sheppard, "was his chief qualification for this undertaking of 1807, which resulted in a series of letters 'from the banks of the Elbe,' published between March and August. The possibilities of such a commission were shown, not so much by those letters, as by one which he wrote after his return to England in justification of the seizure of the Danish fleet by the British. The letter was quoted in the House of Lords, and was, according to its author, more to the purpose than any fact alleged by Government speakers. The idea was followed up in the following year, when, he writes, 'the Spanish revolution had broken out, and as soon as it was likely to acquire so much consistency as to become a national concern, the *Times* of course must have its correspondent in Spain.' He adds, in all modesty, that he had not the qualifications to be desired. In July he went to Corunna, with instructions to collect news and forward it by every vessel that left the port. 'I spent the time,' he wrote in his diary, 'between the reception and transmission of intelligence, in translating the public documents and in writing comments. I was anxious to conceal the nature of my occupation, but I found it necessary from time to time to take some friends into my confidence.' He does not appear to have seen any fighting, but his letters were interesting, even if his military judgment was not great. . . . Crabb Robinson's method of obtaining 'information from the seat of war' may not at the present time seem adequate, but in those days even the dangers of publishing war news were clearly perceived. The Duke of Wellington's despatches are full of allusion to the subject, and show how the English papers unintentionally erred in trying to do

expedition) in the capacity of private secretary to one of the captains of the fleet." Finnerty was brought back by Lord Castlereagh, and subsequently abused the expedition and Lord Castlereagh in such terms that he was convicted of libel and imprisoned for a year.

their duty to the public. Writing from Badajos on November 21st, 1809, to Lord Liverpool, he said, 'I beg to draw your Lordship's attention to the frequent paragraphs in the English newspapers describing the position, the numbers, the objects, and the means of attaining them, possessed by the armies in Spain and Portugal. In some instances the English newspapers have accurately stated, not only the regiments occupying a position, but the number of men fit for duty of which each regiment was composed; and this intelligence must have reached the enemy at the same time as it did me, at a moment at which it was most important that he should not receive it.' About a year later the Duke had to issue an order on the subject of the private correspondence of officers, as important information about some batteries at Cadiz had found its way into an English paper. Had war correspondents in the modern sense existed then, the Duke would probably have treated them with more Japanese severity. . . . It may possibly have been owing to the Duke's strenuous and repeated warnings that no special correspondent appears to have been in the later Peninsular campaigns or in the Waterloo campaign. In 1837, however, the tribe reappeared, when C. L. Gruneisen, better known as a musical critic, was sent to Spain by the *Morning Post*. He went to St. Sebastian to report upon the condition of the British Legion, and then accompanied the Royal Expedition of 1837. He certainly saw fighting, and at the battle of Villar le los Navarros he managed to prevent the massacre of some of the Christian prisoners by the Carlist conquerors. For this act of humanity he received the order created by Don Carlos to celebrate the victory. The war correspondent was not yet, however, recognised as an institution, as is shown by the fact that Mr. Gruneisen on being taken prisoner only escaped being shot, at General Espartero's orders, by the timely intervention of the British Ambassador at Madrid. The fierce general explained afterwards that his prisoner had done more harm with his pen than any sword of the Carlist generals, and gave notice that he would shoot all Carlist correspondents. A Captain Henningsen, who was acting as the *Times*

correspondent, was also taken prisoner, and the two were only liberated on condition that they gave their parole not to enter Spain again during the war."

George Borrow praised in "The Bible in Spain" the work of such men as Gruneisen.

"What extraordinary men," he writes, "are these reporters of English newspapers! Surely if there be any class of individuals entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites it is these men, who pursue their avocation in all countries and under all hardships, and accommodate themselves to the manners of all classes. Their fluency of style as writers is only surpassed by their facility in conversation, and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world. The activity, energy, and courage they display are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days in Paris mingle with the *canaille* and the rabble behind the barriers, while the *mitraille* was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against the feeble bulwarks. There they stood, dotting down what they saw in their note-books, as unconcernedly as if reporting a Reform meeting in Finsbury Square or Covent Garden, while in Spain they accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate expeditions, sleeping on the ground, exposing themselves fearlessly to hostile bullets, to the inclemency of winter, and the fierce rays of summer's burning sun."

Russell says so little of the Schleswig-Holstein War in his diary that it is evident he looked upon the experience as scarcely different from what he had been going through for over eight years; for him it marked no new era in journalism, and there is no reason why we should claim for him what he did not claim himself. He took this small Danish war, so to speak, in his stride, reporting it in the ordinary course of his business, as he would have reported one of O'Connell's meetings. Most war correspondents,

indeed, are war correspondents by accident. They become war correspondents because they are, or are thought to be, competent journalists, not necessarily because they understand war. One is not to conceive a war correspondent as a sort of grown-up boy scout. The chief desideratum is the ability to describe clearly what one sees. That ability which postulates a trained sense of proportion does not necessarily belong to soldiers, nor does the aptitude to set civil or political considerations in the scale with purely military exigencies; if it were otherwise, it would be ridiculous to employ anyone but a soldier as a war correspondent. In his preface to his reminiscences of the Crimean War, called "The Great War with Russia,"\* Russell wrote many years afterwards:—

"Though I had always been fond of military matters I knew nothing of what is called by soldiers soldiering. My early ambition to wear a uniform could not be gratified. I tried to get into the Spanish Legion,† but I was too young. When I became an ensign in the Enfield Militia I was too old, and I had little taste and less leisure for the training. So Colonel Mark Wood cut short my inglorious career on account of absence and neglect of duty."

The events which led up to the Schleswig-Holstein War may be summarised here. The Treaty of Peace between the King of Prussia, on behalf of the Germanic Confederation, and Denmark was signed on July 5th, 1850. Nothing in this Treaty changed the relation of the Duchy of Holstein to the Germanic States; it remained as before a member of the

\* "The Great War with Russia. The Invasion of the Crimea. A Personal Retrospect of the Battles of the Alma, Balaclava and Inkerman, and of the Winter, 1854—55." George Routledge & Sons, Limited.

† The extraordinary corps of Englishmen which fought, under the command of De Lacy Evans, against the Carlists in Spain.



Confederation ; but Schleswig was to be considered a part of Denmark, and as such might be immediately occupied by that Power. The Prussian force was to be withdrawn. Holstein had during the years 1848—1849 organised an army of 30,000 men—four times larger than any force it was required to contribute to the Federation. This army was now to be put to the test. The Treaty satisfied hardly anyone ; the Germans considered that Schleswig had been abandoned and the German cause there betrayed ; on the other hand, the Danes were relieved from the possible hostility of Prussia only to find themselves in the presence of an excited people in the Duchies, an insurgent and determined Government in Holstein, and an army if not equal in numbers to their own, large enough to be formidable.

The Holstein Government declared in a Proclamation that the Treaty left it to the Duchies to defend their rights unhindered.

“The heavily-oppressed Schleswigers,” it said, “shall not be deprived of our protection. We are opposed to a peaceful settlement, but if the Danish forces invade Schleswig under any pretext whatever, measures of resistance will be adopted ; our *enemy* is well-armed and fully prepared. The Staathalterschaft adheres firmly and faithfully to the rights of the land and its natural and hereditary Sovereign.”

On July 15th the Prussian troops began their retirement, and the Holstein infantry, under General Willisen and Colonel von der Tann, Chief of his Staff, began their entry into Schleswig. Eckenforde was garrisoned, and war might be said to have begun. Within two days a corps of 2,000 Danes entered Flensburg, and on the morning of the 18th a skirmish took place between the outposts near Bilschau.

By this time Russell had arrived at the theatre of war. He was invited to accompany General Willisen when he inspected the positions of the Schleswig-Holstein brigades.

"The heat was excessive," he wrote, "but not half so oppressive as the dust; the by-roads are fetlock deep, composed of the finest sand, and between the high hedges the passage of some thirty horsemen at full gallop raises a cloud so dense that one can scarcely see his immediate predecessor. . . . Once a rush was made at what appeared to be a roadside public-house, but either the host was not to be found or the barrels were dry, or something wrong in the household, and as there was no time for explanation we pushed forward again, having effected nothing but frightening a lot of geese into a pond, not without some envy of their cool and comfortable appearance in the element. There were rumours afterwards of some bowls of milk captured and emptied, but I did not see the operation."

Russell found General Willisen "a hale and hearty figure, though nearly sixty, rapid in speech and quicker in movement than many younger men." Of the second in command, Colonel von der Tann, he says:—

"He has the reputation of being the most daring soldier in the army; in the last campaign he attempted things that had they not succeeded would have been called rash, and they succeeded simply because, according to all ordinary rules, they ought to have been impossible."

On July 25th the decisive action of Idstedt, which lasted eleven hours, was fought between the Danish Army and the insurgent forces.

"It was attended by great loss on both sides," wrote Russell, "and terminated with the total defeat of the Holstein army, under General Willisen, which is at

this moment, 3 o'clock p.m., retreating through the town in tolerably good order, to take up a position between here and Rensburg. It was known that the Danes would begin the attack at daybreak, or soon after, but they harassed the posts to the right of the Holsteiners by an irregular fire soon after midnight, which kept the men under arms, and in some degree fatigued them before the battle itself commenced."

It is unnecessary to reproduce here Russell's narrative of the battle. But it is worth while to remark that probably because he was conscious that he was expressing himself in unfamiliar terms, he allowed himself less freedom in his writing than he had allowed himself in much of his previous work. We miss the flexibility, the audacity, and the warm touches of enthusiasm or indignation which glowed later in his Crimean pages. At one point in the battle a sudden and unexpected movement brought him under a hot fire, and he received a slight flesh wound, which, however, caused him no serious inconvenience. He was particularly interested in the aspect and behaviour of men in the rear of the defeated army:—

"Groups of men carrying or supporting a wounded comrade, scarcely able to drag himself along; others carrying the dead, and laying them down with singular care, as if they were only asleep, and might be awakened by too rough a motion. The thought crossed the mind involuntarily that the attention had been better bestowed on the living, of whom too many were in sore need of it. There was a deficiency of wagons to carry the wounded back to Schleswig, and, moreover, the peasants did not relish the task of driving so close to the firing. It required something like threats from the soldiers to get the bauer, as they call him, who in any circumstances moves but slowly, under the present ones to move at all. . . . Danish prisoners began to be brought to the rear, most of them wounded. In the latter case they were treated

as well by their opponents as any of their own comrades would have been. They were sent on to Schleswig as quickly as possible, and often side by side on the same bundle of straw with a German. In the midst of national hatred displayed in its fiercest form there was no trace of individual animosity to be discovered, nor did a word of insult or reproach pass between any of the hundreds of the rival races thus brought into contact. It seemed as if they both submitted silently to some overwhelming destiny."

Russell ends his description with these words:—

"The members of the Holstein Government who were in Schleswig fled immediately to Kiel. On hearing that the battle was lost, all the officials also left the town; the post-office was shut, the doors locked, and all business suspended. A train of carts, wagons, tumbrils, and cannon passed slowly through the town from three till five o'clock, the inhabitants brought out refreshments for the troops, which they distributed as they went along. The victory that may be called the Battle of Idstedt is decisive for the present of the fate of the Duchies."

When General Willisen fell back on Rensburg Russell returned to England. The insurgents spoke buoyantly of another trial of strength, but Russell had made no mistake in calling the Battle of Idstedt decisive. They had been under-officered from the start, and they had no means of repairing their losses. A few volunteers from Germany came, and the vacancies could have been filled in a day if the Prussian Government had supported the movement; but the German States were more inclined to send lint and oranges than officers. Germans would willingly dance at a ball of which the profits were to be given to the Schleswig-Holstein military hospitals, or take a ticket in a lottery for the same purpose, but they would not make good in any other way their unwise and

misleading denunciation of Denmark before the war. The "first, fine careless rapture" had passed and was never to be recaptured. Jacob Grimm might denounce his countrymen for spending money freely to see Rachel act while they could not find a groschen for the Schleswig-Holsteiners, but the truth was that the cause of the insurgents was never strictly a German national cause.

## CHAPTER IX

### EXPERIENCES OF A DESCRIPTIVE REPORTER

At the beginning of September, 1850, Russell was instructed by Delane to go to Cherbourg for a great French naval review before the President, Louis Napoleon. On arriving there he put off to the Admiralty yacht *Lightning*, where he was kindly received by Sir Thomas Cochrane, Sir Charles Napier, Captain Hall, Captain Rodney Mundy and Captain Seymour.

"The docks," he writes, "astonished my friends, and the fleet and the fortifications made them uneasy. They were surprised at the size and power of the steam battleships, and the appearance of the crews and armaments. Mundy was the only one, I think, who deprecated in a very stately manner the idea of any French armament being formidable. The President reviewed the troops, who seemed as good as any I had ever seen. A banquet followed in the evening, very ill-managed, immense confusion, little attendance, and less to eat. I was very glad to get some bread and cheese on board the *Lightning* late at night."

Two days later, after breakfast, Russell went on board the *Portsmouth*, which seemed, he tells us, as though she would be blown out of the water with the salutes when the President boarded the Admiral's flagship. The ships burst into an uproar of a hundred guns apiece fired as fast as the gunners could serve them. Glasses were smashed in the cabins, earth and sea shook; but there turned out to be no justification

of Napier's warning to "look out for tompions" which were said to be frequently fired off by French sailors in a hurry.

For the ball that evening Russell's name had been included in the list of guests sent in to the *mairie*, but when the invitations arrived on board the *Lightning* there was none for him. The secretary wrote that anyone with the Admiral whose name was not included would only have to go in uniform and in company with one of the officers. But Russell had no uniform. He went ashore, however, under the wing of Sir Charles Napier, and the sequel must be given in his own words:—

"As the tide had fallen the boat could not get to the stairs; the sailors jumped out and took Sir Charles on their shoulders, and he was carried ignominiously to shore, his trousers half-way up his legs displaying white socks and ankle jacks. Nor was his appearance improved by a fall on the causeway. I was landed next and made my way between a double row of infantry. At the pavilion an officer stepped forward and took from me Sir Charles Napier's visiting card, which had been given to me in case of an emergency. Then in a stentorian voice he announced 'Le contre-Amiral Sir Charles Naypee!' 'Non, Monsieur,' said I; 'je suis seulement l'ami du contre-Amiral,' and in a second I heard myself proclaimed as 'L'ami du contre-Amiral Sir Charles Naypee.' Voice after voice repeated it; the sound seemed to fill the welkin, and as I entered the grand hall with every desire to sink through the floor, or fly through the roof, every eye turned on the visitor so strangely heralded. But l'ami du contre-Amiral passed a very pleasant night among most agreeable people whom I never met again, and who were very anxious to see 'votre ami le contre-Amiral.'"

Next day the French fleet manœuvred, and again the English officers were by no means set at ease by

what they saw ; but they consoled themselves by discussing possible plans for the attack of Cherbourg. In the evening they dined with the President on board the *Valmy*. Russell, who was left to dine quietly with one officer on board the *Lightning*, appears to have been so much absorbed by the illuminations that he forgot to bring off some of his clothes which he had left at the hotel on shore. No sooner had the Admirals returned than orders were given to start for Portsmouth, and Russell had to abandon his property—not the only time in his career when he betrayed an aptitude for becoming separated from his kit. Sir Thomas Cochrane and Sir Charles Napier carried on an ardent discussion late into the night, in which Sir Charles Napier, we learn, was “always the aggressor or rather persecutor.”

“He always,” says Russell, “addressed Sir Thomas Cochrane as ‘Your Excellency,’ and was very provoking, like a Dandy Dinmont attacking a St. Bernard.”

When the yacht was steaming to her moorings at Portsmouth early the next morning, Admiral Napier was still as vivacious as ever in disputation, engaging Seymour and others, but Russell observed that Sir Thomas Cochrane, feeling unequal to the contest, gave him a wide berth.

“Cochrane, however, had a delicious moment of revenge ; Napier was dilating on the merits of the *Sidon*, which he had designed, and was pointing out her superior capacity as a fighting ship to anything they had seen, when Captain Petley indiscreetly broke in with ‘I beg your pardon, sir ; that is not the *Sidon*, that is the *Retribution*.’ The idea of the Admiral not knowing his own ship was very agreeable to the company.”



On Russell's return to London he was greeted with the news that the *Sunday Chronicle*, in which he had embarked a little of his very little fortune, was in a desperate condition. Bankruptcy was inevitable. One of the proprietors indeed tried to make a bankrupt of the other, and when the case came into Court a casual observation by the defendant that he was placed in that predicament because he would not listen to the attempts of Mr. George Hudson to bribe the paper, produced a most unexpected effect. The Railway King had been dethroned; he stood in a modern pillory exposed to the jeers of those whom his former bounty had fed. The *Times* came out with a leading article against the practices which were laid to his charge, in bribing the Press to conceal his evil deeds. Russell says that to the best of his belief there was not the smallest ground for the accusation against the *Sunday Chronicle*. But the *Times* article provoked still further the dissensions of the partners, and threats of corporal chastisement and cartels of defiance eventually ended in proceedings at Bow Street, where the partners were bound over to keep the peace. Thus was heralded the crash of the unfortunate journal which at one time had every appearance of a prosperous career.

The indignation against Hudson was overwhelmed only by the rising tide of indignation against the Pope's aggression. The *odium theologicum* was unusually bitter, and the war between Low Church, Broad Church, and Ritualists was conducted with unrelenting severity. In December, 1850, Russell accompanied a deputation from the Universities to present a no-Popery address to the Queen at Windsor.

Thackeray at this time used to repeat to Russell with great delight Hook's lines:—

“ See what a pretty public stir, they're making down at Exeter  
About this surplice fashion.

For me, I little know nor care, whether a parson ought to wear  
A black dress or a white dress.

Plagued with a trouble of my own, a wife who preaches in  
her gown,  
And lectures in her nightdress.”

Soon afterwards Russell seriously turned his attention to the founding of a new newspaper in Dublin.

“The want of a sound Conservative organ,” he writes, “had struck me when last in Ireland. The *Dublin Evening Mail*, the great Orange champion, had ceased to fight. There had already been some correspondence with paper-makers and steam-press manufacturers and *quasi*-capitalists, but there was no result till very late in the year.”

Early in December Mr. Grierson, the Queen's printer, had written to Russell that he would like to see him. Mr. Grierson had said that he had been induced to entertain the idea of a new newspaper because he had heard that Russell would edit it. Russell had explained that he could not mortgage his future without some guarantee. “Will you take £500 a year?” “Certainly not.” After these opening strokes the greater part of the night had been spent in talk. Several interviews followed, and at last the elements of an agreement were found. Russell suggested that the paper be called the *Daily Express*, and proposed Francis as editor. Francis was to have £800 a year, and he himself, as London correspondent, £400. A good staff of correspondents was collected, and the final arrangements were made before the year closed. Francis had some difficulty in leaving Cook,

of the *Morning Chronicle*, but eventually all difficulties disappeared, and with rather a modest capital the *Daily Express* was launched in February, 1851.

"The work of the new newspaper," Russell writes in his autobiography, "taxed me very heavily. I was obliged in the morning to wait till the first papers were brought to my chambers, go through them, write my letter, and have it delivered at a quarter to eight at W. H. Smith's in the Strand, and then I had to look over parliamentary papers, blue books and the like, and prepare another letter to post in the evening. And in addition to all this I was charged with watching over the rise and progress of the Crystal Palace and the Great Exhibition of 1851."

All this time he certainly applied his mind much more seriously to journalism than to the Bar, yet if he had been asked he would probably have said that journalism was not his end but his means. Beetham, his best attorney friend, as he calls him, had given him a brief in the Common Pleas, "*Bird v. Bennett* and others." The case was fixed for a certain day in February, 1851; Russell went down to Court a little late, in the conviction that his senior would be there. His senior had been under exactly the same impression as regards Russell. The case had already been called when Russell arrived, and judgment had gone against him. An angry letter from Beetham gave him to understand that it was not likely he would be entrusted with more business.

Two or three months later the disaster of "*Bird v. Bennett*" had apparently soaked into his mind, and he assured himself that though he could make a living either as a barrister or a journalist, he could not continue to be both. As though to burn his boats he returned a thirty-guinea brief to its sender, and

applied himself to the work which the *Times* was giving him in an ever-increasing quantity. He notes in his diary that an account of Greenwich Fair as seen in a rainstorm procured him a line of praise from Dickens, who later repeated the encouragement when he read the account of a masque ball at Vauxhall on Derby day.

Among the hotchpotch of experiences he had at this time he was specially interested in a visit to Lord Ranelagh's at Fulham, where a party assembled to watch some experiments with firearms. Amongst these was a needle gun exhibited by a Prussian named Dreyse.\* It was fired with great rapidity, but it was considered too clumsy and even dangerous. Russell, however, directed particular attention to it in the *Times*, and several years later, in the Austro-Prussian War, had the gratification of remembering that he had predicted that in every sense the weapon would make some noise in the world.

In July there was a ball at the Guildhall, at which the Queen was present and for which the *Times* was refused a ticket. A personal invitation was sent to Russell, however, who wrote an account of the ball; but he mentions in his diary as an instance of Delane standing on his dignity that the account was not published in the *Times*.

In the autumn Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited England, and Delane informed Russell that he wished him to be his guardian, so to speak, on behalf of the *Times* and accompany him wherever he went. Russell made several vain visits to Southampton before Kossuth appeared, but he had the advantage meanwhile of making the acquaintance of

\* Dreyse had invented his muzzle-loading needle gun in 1827, and the breech-loader in 1836.

Pulszky\* and his wife and learning something of the struggle of which Kossuth, if not the hero, was the Demosthenes and the victim. The *Times* did not bid Kossuth welcome, but the heart of the people seemed to go out to him, and the reception at Southampton on October 22nd was enthusiastic. Russell remarks that "all the waifs and strays of the world appeared to be there." He did not include under that title, however, Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Wikoff, who begged Russell to describe him in his report to the *Times* as a "Publicist." The publicist (afterwards well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the "Chevalier," a most industrious emissary of the *New York Herald*) introduced Russell to Mr. Walker, Secretary of State for the United States, "whom," said he in a loud whisper, "you should know, as he is certain to be President," and to other distinguished Americans who had come to Southampton to do honour to a Republican who was also a rebel.

The sight of Kossuth in his picturesque clothing—albeit he wore a simple tunic and cloak, by no means glittering with the lace which Hungarian magnates affect in full dress—his graceful bearing and gestures, took London by storm, and he pressed his conquest home with his wonderful gift of speech. It was with a sense of singular freshness and quaintness that men heard him urge passionately the principles of political freedom in the language of Shakespeare and the Authorised Version of the Bible.

"I confess," writes Russell, "that Kossuth quite fascinated me personally, and he was exceedingly

\* Pulszky was one of the patriots of 1848. He had been sent by Kossuth on a confidential mission to England. Afterwards he lived in England and became a popular writer.

gracious in his conversation. In order to establish a community of feeling between us, he told me that he had been engaged on the Press and that he had made strenuous efforts to earn his own living as a reporter. From the outset the *Times* discredited him, but the Patriot showed no animosity."

The English people, on the other hand, were exceedingly indignant, and Russell was obliged to see the *Times* burned in effigy before his eyes.

Kossuth used to tell Russell how, when he was in exile and resolved on coming to England, he began in an original way to learn English. He provided himself with a dictionary and Shakespeare and set to work.

"I got on all right as far as the appearance of the master in the first scene of 'The Tempest,' and spent almost a day over the stage directions, 'a ship-master and a boatswain severally.' How could that be? But a few lines further on I was still more puzzled by 'yarely.' I could not find it in my dictionary, any more than I could find 'yare.' It was a terrible ordeal, but I worked away and guessed the sense of the words. Nevertheless I was a fortnight before I turned over that page and got to the end of the first short scene in 'The Tempest.'"

He told Cobden that English lent itself to his thoughts with great readiness. He never trusted himself, however, to make an extempore speech, but always wrote out what he had to say in a close, angular hand. His visit meant particularly heavy work for Russell. There was wild enough enthusiasm when Kossuth visited Manchester, but even that was exceeded at Birmingham, and Russell always remembered the strain of describing those great gatherings and dinners, reporting the immensely long speeches and writing in special trains what would nowadays be sent by telegraph.

"Kossuth," he writes, "was much disappointed; he believed that Palmerston would take him up, and it was only due to the protests of his colleagues that Palmerston did not do so. It seemed to Kossuth the most reasonable course in the world for England to declare war on Austria and on Russia, which had stepped in to save the Austrian Monarchy and to crush a dangerous insurrection on her own frontier; and he was chagrined to find that the popular excitement had little reflection in the political world. In fact, he could not reconcile himself to the indifference of politicians generally, and could not credit the degree of their ignorance of the quarrel between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg."

Russell suggested to Kossuth that he should give in his speeches some account of the military operations. Kossuth, however, seemed to know but little of the fighting, or perhaps he was averse from speaking of it. Even Cobden, who approved of Russell's suggestion, was rather astonished at Kossuth's want of enthusiasm about the Hungarians who had made so gallant a fight.

"I believe," says Russell, "there was general relief among the leaders of both political parties when Kossuth went away."

Russell never knew in these days what Delane might require him to undertake next. One day it was a trial trip in a new steamer, on another it was a law report, on another a theatrical criticism; and all the time he had to keep going his London correspondence for the *Dublin Daily Express* and, temporarily at all events, contributions to the *Indépendance Belge* and the *Edinburgh Witness*.

## CHAPTER X

### THE FIELDING AND THE GARRICK

IN those days of busy life in London before Russell arrived at the turning point in his life, which was the Crimean War, he relied much for his recreation on the Fielding and Garrick Clubs. As the Fielding Club is now no more than a name, it may be as well to explain its nature. In a long room on the first floor of a house in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, the Club held its sittings—very late sittings—till the seat of revelry was transferred to the "Coalhole" in Maiden Lane. There the Club dwindled and died.

"It was very pleasant in its lifetime," writes Russell, "with just a suspicion of the sea-coast of Bohemia among the *habitués*—artists, actors, guardsmen, men about town, and journalists. I forget all about the committee, entrance, and the subscriptions, but I know there was a set dinner at some moderate price at six o'clock, and there was a supper, boundless as to time, limited as to oysters, grills, lamb's head, cow heel and tripe, kidney *à la* Massol (so called from a Belgian singer), and other subtleties of devilry. Supper would last commonly till the early milkman cast long shadows on the pavement and the thrush in the public-house at the corner began to trill its early lay. Each M. F. C. could take in a friend, and when the opera was over the room was crowded, every seat at the long table filled, and amid the noise of glasses, knives, forks, and tongues, clouds of tobacco smoke poured out from every window. The existence of the Fielding, like that of some other clubs, was due to the conservatism of the dear old Garrick.

"No more delightful club was ever invented or maintained for the intercourse of moderately intellectual, entirely convivial, beings than the old Garrick.



It was Tory of Tory; there was no comfort for strangers; they were admitted, indeed, to dine to a limited number in the parlour, but they were not permitted to smoke: at least, that was an illicit act only done by stealth in an obscure hiding of the bar by special favour of the inimitable Hamblett and Miss —. Miss — was really Mrs. Hamblett, but for some State reasons and Club considerations the fact was kept dark. But, *per contra*, the guests enjoyed the best dinner that could be cooked of the kind, and admirable wine. There was on the ground floor a smoking-room which at the time deserved to be called famous, for before the schism of 1853-54, one might meet there Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Talfourd, Kemble, Samuel Lover, and Macready."

To Russell's list of famous names one might add at least Millais, Trollope, and, of course, Albert Smith and Jerrold, about both of whom something will be said presently.

It was at the Garrick that Russell first met Charles Reade.

"After making his acquaintance," Russell writes, "I met him very often, day and night, year after year, for a long time, till he gave up his whist and his dinners, and secluded himself in his 'Naboth's Vineyard,' in Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge. But though we were always very good friends we never got any 'forrarder.' I remember that when I met him first, I was introduced by Thackeray in one of the dressing-rooms. Thackeray described me as one of the Lord Chamberlains of Jupiter Tonans. Reade, who was brushing his hair, even then rather scanty, dropped his brush and held out his hand, saying: 'A political, legal, or critical thunderbolt? If the latter, I hope Mr. Russell will knock that infernal T—— off his perch and send him to Tartarus.' I soon found he had many antipathies—before we left the room, indeed. Titmarsh had left us and gone downstairs. Reade asked me 'Are you a great friend of Thackeray's?' 'I suppose so,' said I; 'I am very

much attached to him, and he is very kind to me.' 'You have not known him very long?' he asked. It is impossible to give an idea of the delicacy of the insinuation, and yet Reade was not in the least ill-natured. But he was jealous—or may it not be said envious? He had an unappeasable appetite for praise. Every fragment of praise that was not offered to him he regarded as a lost quantity—offered to another it was a robbery. He had a cheerful, robust and simple confidence in his supremacy as master novelist of the age. 'I paint men and women,' he said, 'as they are, and as I know them to be; all my stories are real because they are based on reality, and those who work them out are flesh and blood of whose existence I have actual proof.' He dined with me several times, and I met him over and over again at little Garrick dinners, but if he indulged in return banquets I was not among the elect. His meals were extraordinary; I have seen him at the Club eating a cauliflower flanked by a jug of cream as first course, and a great salad to follow washed down by curious drinks of the shandygaff order. He would drink coffee associated with sweets, black puddings, and toasted cheese, to the wonder of any spectators. His dress was peculiar; he affected large loose vestments and cravatting of the piratical order—knots and loose ends—and his trousers were balloons of cloth of the most exuberant proportions. Charles Synge called him 'the ruthless ruffian of the boundless breeks,' and spread the report that his clothes were made out of whole cloth by a sailmaker of his yacht. But nevertheless he always looked like a gentleman who had a strange turn in tailoring. His devotion to whist was absorbing, and as he was not so strong a player as he supposed and did not like losing, it is a proof of the force of his passion that he continued for many years to drop in at the Garrick in the afternoon for his rubber and to go on again after dinner.

"He once appeared with a great quarto volume under his arm as a present to the Club-room. Members were to record in it remarkable cases of whist, but it was not much used except for the insertion of chaff. Reade had no pretensions to be considered a *raconteur* or a wit; indeed he was rather

prosy. Latterly his eccentricity in dress was accentuated ; he wore large flabby, flappy bandit hats and curious cloaks or capes, even in hot weather ; and he allowed his beard to grow, and to fall in a whitish mass over his coat. He indulged in enormous, quaintly-cut shoes, and portentous clubs of wood as walking-sticks.

“One day passers-by were attracted by the words, ‘Naboth’s Vineyard,’ painted in large letters on the walls in front of his house at Albert Gate. The writing was startling in its size and boldness, and the meaning was rendered clear by a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* which set forth the wickedness of some Board or other which coveted Charles Reade’s house and desired to buy him out of it for improvements. He resisted by every means in his power, but it was many months before the disappearance of the words from the little wall before his garden plot indicated that he had prevailed against the aggressor. The thoroughness of his work resulted very much from a lack of imagination ; he was an intense realist. It is a bad word to use, but it is the antithesis of the idealist, and Reade, though he was incapable of invention, could take up incidents and situations which he came across in newspapers and construct a wonderful framework of words for them ; and he could and would travel far and wide to test statements, examine authorities, and substantiate incidents of his stories. He would make a long journey to gain knowledge of life at sea, of the economy of an emigrant ship, or of Colonial life, just as he would apply himself to study diligently the discipline of prisons and the administration of the lunacy laws. The mechanical industry of his work was exemplified by the enormous collection of cuttings he made from newspapers, periodicals and books, classed under proper headings. As a playwright he was more careful of finish than he was as a novelist. There is no harm in saying that the experience of the lady to whom he attributed so much of his happiness, and whose death plunged him in a depth of sorrow from which he never emerged, was exceedingly valuable in producing the strong dramatic situations which

gained the eye and ear of the public in his best dramas."

Russell wrote in his autobiography the following account of Douglas Jerrold, which it is convenient to place here, although some of the incidents referred to in it happened later than the year which we have reached in the story of Russell's life.

"I have in my time met many wits—Bernal Osborne, Shirley Brooks, Quin, Percy Doyle, Mark Lemon, Bayliss, Mayhew, Albert Smith, Whitmore, Johnny Jones, Lever, Tom Moore, Hicks of Cornwall, Russel of the *Scotsman*, as well as celebrities who were the bright stars of their own particular hemispheres—but I never knew anyone who fulfilled my idea of a wit pure and simple, save Douglas Jerrold. In many respects Shirley Brooks was very near—in some he excelled Jerrold—but for quickness, terseness, and 'unexpectedness' the latter was never approached. He never watched for an opportunity or lay low lurking for puns, though he was not above making them, but outside the conversation of the moment—below or above or around it—his wit played like summer lightning, incessant and various. And yet so purely 'incidental' was it that next morning it was quite impossible to give shape or form to the memories of the brilliant flashes, or to recollect the points which he had tipped with fire. In fact, you could no more remember what had provoked delight or mirth every minute than you could describe the aurora borealis or transfer its colour to canvas. 'How wonderful Jerrold was last night!' 'Yes, I never heard him in such form!' 'Do you remember what he said when Mark Lemon complained of John Leech's throwing him over?' 'No, I can't quite. But I know it was capital.' 'That's just my case. How very stupid, to be sure!' I have heard something like that over and over again; I have tried to recall the phrase or word which convulsed all who heard it, but in vain. Nothing of his worthy of repeating, or very little, survives, and that little is so entirely topical that the reproduction of the bare words has no effect—it is like the

remains of a bottle of champagne. He was rarely cruel, but it is not in the nature of a wit to be magnanimous; the archer cannot resist a butt; no master of the toxophilite's art, except Shirley Brooks, could ever refrain from lodging an arrow in the inner red. But I am bound to say Jerrold was quick to pluck out the dart and ease the hurt if he could.

"George Hodder came to him one day. 'I want your advice, Douglas—I'm in trouble. The *Morning* — has dismissed me!' 'You don't say, my dear George, they've had a gleam of intelligence at last?' 'Don't joke, my dear Jerrold, I really want your advice. I am thinking of going into the coal trade.' 'Capital! You see you've got the sack to begin with.' And then Jerrold went off and procured an engagement for Hodder, who was a very quaint specimen of what is called a literary gentleman—or was called so in 1848.

"I may give as an instance of Jerrold's readiness, a little quip of his at a dinner I gave soon after my return from the Crimea. We were waiting for Albert Smith, and were about to go into dinner without him, when someone said, 'There he is at last! Here comes the Monarch of Mountains!' 'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'Albert half crowned him long ago.'\*

"He was not well that night, but he was bright, witty, and delightful as he usually was when the wine cups were flowing and he was among his friends; but there was one pet aversion of his present whom out of regard and friendship I was obliged to ask—Andrew Archdeckne, 'Archy' as he was generally called, the original of Thackeray's 'Foker.' Jerrold raged against him and at last exclaimed, 'The heehaws of that ass with the golden hoofs make me ill; I must go,' and off he went. Two or three days after I had an apology from him for leaving so abruptly; he really had an attack of 'Archyphobia,' which was subsiding into bronchitis, and was in the doctor's hands. Next day I drove out to inquire how he was—a long way off, somewhere on the Finchley Road, I think—and I was

\* Albert Smith climbed Mont Blanc, the "Monarch of Mountains," at a time when mountaineering was a less skilful science than now. He lectured on his climb afterwards in London at the Egyptian Hall, using pictures painted by Telbin, and made much money by the enterprise. Half-a-crown was the price of admittance.

told he was better, and was then asleep. That night I started for Edinburgh, to deliver a lecture on the Crimean War, and a day or two after I was shocked and grieved to see the news of his death.

"I have never seen a good likeness of Jerrold. Perhaps a good miniature painter could have caught the expression of his eyes and fixed the outlines of his quivering, mobile mouth, but the photographers were helpless. They gave indeed a mass of hair ramped over the brow and turned back in a stream to the nape of the neck, the shaggy brow, the fine arched nose, open nostril, the curved thin lips, but the man Jerrold who coruscated like a firework was not to be traced on pasteboard.

"Archdeckne was one of the few men who ventured to stand up to Thackeray. Thackeray was a sort of Dictator in the Garrick. Archdeckne was not pleased with the alleged portrait of him as Foker in 'Pendennis,' and he made it his business to 'get back' on Thackeray when he could. His answer, when Thackeray asked him what he thought of his lecture on 'The Four Georges,' is familiar—'Capital, Thack, but it would be improved by a piano.' When Archdeckne became High Sheriff of Suffolk it was his duty to provide for the reception of Cockburn, who came to Ipswich to preside at the Assizes. Instead of sending the usual judge's coach to the station Archdeckne sent a cab, and Cockburn (who, by the way, knew Archdeckne fairly well) solemnly fined him £500."

Of Albert Smith, Russell writes :—

"Albert Smith and Arthur his brother (a much more original, quaint and pleasant companion) were members of the Garrick, the former very well known all over London, if not very popular with the dons of the Club. About the time of the success of 'Mont Blanc' at the Egyptian Hall, I became almost, although not quite, one of his set, which was very pleasant if a little noisy and nearly 'rowdy.' I was speedily aware that Albert was not regarded by the *dei majores* of the morning room as quite the thing. Sir H. Webb alluded to him as 'that bawster—no, shawman—doocid noisy fellow,'

and Tenterden would not look at his table. But for all that he was 'great fun,' very genial, of infinite humour, if not of wit, and of amazing energy and good nature. His voice was strident and high pitched, and his laugh rang like the clatter of a steam shuttle. Educated and qualified as a surgeon, he had studied in Paris and diverted himself in the Quartier Latin, but he was more apt at making a joke than a pill. He joined in the rush into literature which the writings of Dickens, the success of *Punch*, and the great rage for 'funniness,' created and sustained on the stage and in serial literature. He made a reputation among the vast crowd of his competitors—the Angus Reachs, Mayhews, Jerrolds, and Planchés—by his story of medical student life, 'The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury.' He had a very pleasant house at Chertsey, where his mother, and I think his aunt, lived, and there he entertained his friends at intervals with great hospitality. Generally for the convenience of his many theatrical intimates, male and female, a tent was erected on the lawn on Sundays, and this was devoted to an interminable luncheon-dinner-supper—oysters, lobster salad, cold fowl, lamb and peas—till it was time to rush for the last train to Waterloo. But his headquarters were in an old-fashioned residence in Percy Street off Tottenham Court Road, and there in a back parlour he had what was indeed his workshop, in which he read the papers for the purpose of finding new material for a line in his patter-song 'Galignani Messenger,' or for a fresh joke in the text of 'Mont Blanc.'"

The little house in King Street, where the old Garrick Club used to be, was a nest of distinguished minds gathered from all the arts, sciences and professions. It is doubtful whether there has ever been a group of men to compare with it in the clubs of London, though we do not forget the small Society of Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick. It combined to a singular degree humour and learning in conversation, and was in its various ways a real ornament to an age of great human advancement—an age too often

ridiculed on account of certain qualities of dowdiness and primness which lay on its surface. Thackeray's word was generally final in the club. But neither he nor Dickens was quick in the play of light conversation. Jerrold's eminence in this respect was probably the virtue of his defect, for his spoken word, like Dr. Johnson's, was more striking than his written word. Thackeray's influence was proved chiefly on the memorable occasion in 1858, when he induced the club to expel Edmund Yates on the ground that he had abused his membership in publishing in a newspaper a personal description of Thackeray. Yates, in fact, referred to the broken nose which all Thackeray's life remained as the mark of his boyish encounter with his friend Venables. But the subject of the old Garrick must be left here for the moment; the sayings and doings of certain of its members will be mentioned more suitably at other stages in Russell's life.

Russell's diary of April, 1852, contains a diverting glimpse of a day's sport which might have taken place on "the sea coast of Bohemia," but which, as a matter of fact, took place at Watford. Russell writes:—

"X. asked a party to Watford to shoot. There were only hares and rabbits to be sure, but what more could be expected in April? The sportsmen among whom I had the honour to be numbered were of the Winkle order: Thackeray, Dickens, John Leech, Jerrold, Lemon, Ibbotson, and others were invited and carriages were reserved to Watford. As we were starting, a written excuse was brought from Dickens to be conveyed to Mrs. X. by Thackeray. The party drove up to the house, and, after compliments, Thackeray delivered the billet. The effect was unpleasant. Mrs. X. fled along the hall, and the guests heard her calling to the cook, 'Martin, don't roast the ortolans; Mr. Dickens isn't coming.' Thackeray said he never felt so small. 'There's a test of popularity



for you! No ortolans for Pendennis!’ The shooting! A dozen rabbits and half-a-dozen hares, bagged and let out one after the other, to be hit or missed; several of the miserables dragged their well-peppered hinder parts into the coverts.”

On May 1st Russell attended the Royal Academy dinner. He writes:—

“The card was sent to me personally, and I was greatly pleased to be the first of my order ever admitted. It was a most interesting occasion: the Duke of Wellington, Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grey, Lord Palmerston, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray. The Duke’s speech made a sensation. The hearts of the people had been greatly moved by the heroism of the officers and men in the shipwreck of the *Birkenhead*. When the Duke rose to return thanks for the Army, all eyes observed how deeply he was moved. He spoke in measured sentences. ‘Both services,’ said he, ‘but particularly the Army, have been involved in great disasters, but I don’t doubt, gentlemen, but it will turn out that the approbation of this company is founded upon a just estimate of the manner in which the troops in the *Birkenhead* have performed their duty, that the utmost order, subordination and discipline prevailed, which has been as satisfactory to me as it must have been to you.’ After the cheering which followed the Duke’s words respecting the safety of the women and children on board, and the noble attitude of the soldiers who kept their ranks whilst the *Birkenhead* was slowly sinking, the Duke concluded: ‘This, gentlemen, is a proud fact for the Services of this country.’” Many years afterwards Russell wrote:—“Those who heard the Duke that evening little thought that the great soldier, whose words elevated his hearers’ hearts with pride and confidence, would have passed into the Valhalla of British History ere a year was out, and that the Army of which he uttered such a noble eulogy would be called upon less than three years afterwards to justify his words in the ordeal of a stormy winter in open trenches before the great Russian fortress of Sebastopol.”

## CHAPTER XI

### MORE EXPERIENCES OF A REPORTER

ABOUT this time a ukase went forth from Delane's room, which condemned the staff of the *Times* to late hours.

"From ten o'clock," says Russell, "one must be there, awaiting orders and looking out for squalls till such time as the order of release is delivered. No one has seen so many sunrises in London as Delane; he takes a pure delight in walking out of Printing House Square to Blackfriars Bridge and looking at London in the early morning. Then he saunters to his house in Serjeants' Inn and settles down to rest, having first sent off all the necessary letters to leader writers and reporters."

Russell was fond of telling a story that "once while Serjeants' Inn was in the hands of the painters Delane took lodgings in a quiet street, and presently attracted the notice of an old lady who lived opposite and was fond of early rising. She watched morning after morning the mysterious lodger arrive regularly while the street was still and let himself in with a latch-key. About midday people of suspicious appearance with strange-looking parcels began to call; they were shown in, and after a few minutes departed. They came in cabs and on foot. After a week or ten days the old lady had accumulated overwhelming evidence, and proposed an interview with a detective. He came, and she laid before him her observations in detail. The detective agreed with her that there was need for investigation. The next day he appeared with the information that the gentleman she suspected as an accomplished criminal was the editor of the *Times*."\*

\* It is only right that the editor of the *Times* should appear as the original of a story which has since been told of other journalists.

In the summer of 1852 an episode, in which J. M. Langford, very much against his will, was the principal figure, was stage-managed in the Garrick Club, and may be given as characteristic of the more practical, rather the more violent, humour of Bohemian life. We have the narrative in Russell's own words:—\*

"J. M. Langford, commonly known as Joe, was, among other things, the theatrical critic of the *Observer*—a kindly, ill-informed, dullish man, full of affections and aspirations, which he in some wise fulfilled; certainly happy in the attachment of his own set. He was sometimes 'haughty.' To him in the Garrick comes Albert Smith one afternoon. 'Hallo, Joe, who has cut your hair?' Joe was in a dignified mood; there was an Honourable and Reverend Fitzroy Stanhope reading the paper near at hand; my Lord Tenterden was airing his handkerchief at the window. Langford replied, 'I really don't see how it can interest you who cut my hair.' Albert went downstairs and stood in the hall. The next member who came up to the morning-room sauntered up to Langford with: 'How do you do? I see you've been having your hair cut! Who did it?' Joe very sternly replied, 'I really can't imagine why you ask me.' Then he ordered a glass of sherry and bitters. The waiter brought it and gave a little start of surprise as he presented it with a 'Beg pardon, sir!' which provoked Joe to ask, 'What do you mean?' 'It's along of your 'air, sir. It looks unusual.' Joe went to the glass and could see nothing remarkable, but as he was considering his face Charles Taylor burst upon him with 'Where on earth did you get your hair cut, my dear Langford?' Joe could stand it no longer. He went off to his chambers in Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn.

"Next morning he saw an advertisement in the *Times*: 'J. M. L. Say who cut it. Was it your own hand or the deed of another? Confess ere it be too late.' It was only the first of a series of similar announcements, and the ingenuity of his tormentors

\* The incident, described a little differently, also appears in Sir J. Crowe's "Reminiscences."

devised continual surprises for him. On the day he went down to Chertsey Races he saw the walls placarded with enormous posters, yellow and black: 'J. M. L. Once more, who cut it? You must speak!' A band of Ethiopian minstrels was furnished with a melody to sing outside Raymond Buildings to the air of 'What are the wild waves saying?' then very popular. And the refrain was—

'What are de wild waves saying as dey lap de Waterloo stair?

What are dem wild waves saying?—Dey say who cut Joe's hair?'

He was persecuted with diabolical persistence, and as the time of his annual Continental tour came near he sullenly retired from the club and was seen no more.

"Just before he left, a friend, of whose name I am not sure, called on him and asked him to take charge of a small parcel for Jean Tairraz, the guide at Chamounix, where he had announced his intention of going. Joe agreed willingly, and on arriving at the Hôtel de Londres sent for Tairraz and gave him the parcel. Next day he set out on one of the usual excursions and toiled up to the Cascade des Pélerin. As he reached the little plateau he saw an enormous yellow poster with black letters plastered on the rock in front of him. 'J. M. L. Confess! Reveal! Or be for ever lost! Who cut it?' He was furious. But wherever he turned day after day the legend was before him. The parcel he had taken consisted of posters, with a note from Albert Smith to Tairraz requesting him to have them put at every *Schauplatz* around Chamounix. Joe's spirit was broken. He sat down and wrote an humble letter to Albert Smith. 'I yield. Spare me. My hair was cut in St. Martin's Court, at the barber's on the left hand side. His charge was 3d. I am quite beaten.'"

Every generation has its standard of humour, influenced as much, perhaps, by reaction as by any original theory. At all events, there was the voice of authority in the middle of the last century for holding the practical joke to be the pure metal of fun.

If that point be conceded, a high tribute must necessarily follow to the perfect elaboration with which the joke at Langford's expense was carried out.

When Russell was able to get away for a holiday in this summer of 1852, he went to the Alps with Albert Smith. Albert Smith would not have proposed to climb Mont Blanc again if a guide had not informed him that two Englishmen were forming parties for the ascent, and it would be a good opportunity, for reasons of comfort and economy, if he and Russell joined one of these parties. The two Englishmen were Rob Roy MacGregor\* and Mr. Leopold Shuldham, each of whom had a retinue of porters, the first a small and the latter a large one. On the day of the start both parties climbed to the Grands Mulets, where they were to sleep till it was light enough to go on. Russell and Albert Smith did not reach the summit, but descending to the Grands Mulets, they heard that Shuldham and MacGregor had done so. When the victorious tourists returned from their climb, they were received with salutes of cannon and with cheers from the people and the visitors at the hotels.

"Shuldham," says Russell, "was the first to reach the summit, and he was in the act of drinking a glass of champagne, which the guide had brought, when Rob Roy, who had followed in his tracks, arrived without great difficulty and with only a couple of porters. Much elated, Rob Roy exclaimed: 'Here we are at last! I shall be very grateful for a glass of champagne if you have any to spare.' Shuldham, irritated by the familiar manner of his competitor, bowed stiffly and said: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance.' This became a pet phrase with us for the rest of the journey.

\* John MacGregor, philanthropist, and the hero of many adventurous journeys in a "Rob Roy" canoe.

A more generous, kindly, and companionable man than Leopold Shuldham never existed, but he had then a high Eton and Christchurch manner upon him, and could not put up with familiarity, even on the top of Mont Blanc."

At the end of a day's tramp in this holiday, Russell received a letter from London requesting his immediate return to write an account of the public funeral of the man whom Queen Victoria described as "Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she has ever produced."

"Often and often," writes Russell, "had I stopped in the street and taken off my hat as the well-known figure of the Duke of Wellington caught the eye as he rode from the Horse Guards to the House of Lords; the thin form in the plain blue frock coat, with white stock and buckle showing above the neck, and white duck trousers strapped over the boots which bore his name. Never, as far as I could see, did he omit to raise his right hand to the brim of his hat as a return to the salutations of the people."

The day before the funeral Russell went to St. Paul's, and was shown his seat by Dean Milman, but his principal concern was how he was to get there from Bedford Row, where he was then living. Thinking did not increase his confidence. He was alarmed at the possibility of failing to arrive upon such an occasion.

"I had a sleepless night," he writes, "and before dawn a dull noise, like that of the surf beating on a distant shore, came through the night air; it was the tramp of feet in the direction of St. Paul's. The job-master in the neighbouring mews had asked £8 for a brougham or a cab, and he had come to me later to say that he could not drive me for less than £10 and compensation for damages to horse or vehicle."

Russell preferred to go on foot, and crossing Lincoln's Inn Fields, came into Fleet Street, where

he joined the main current flowing towards St. Paul's.

In his own words, "it was full, it was strong, but it was not rapid. As the boom of the guns, fired to mark the progress of the funeral car, reached the ears of the vast mass that filled the streets, there was a movement as though the multitude had become a living entity, with every muscle vibrating, as though it formed a great python."

Twelve days after the conqueror of Waterloo was laid in his grave, as Russell does not fail to remark in his diary, all the churches in Paris were ringing for the new Napoleon who was proclaimed Emperor.

Only one other memory of this famous occasion need be abstracted from Russell's diaries :—

"Before the funeral procession entered the Cathedral, a Russian general separated himself from the ambassadors, diplomatists and generals, who represented the Great Powers, stalked down the nave between the lines of the Guards, examining the men, their accoutrements, the fittings of their belts and pouches, and even their boots; and once he stood alongside a Grenadier, who was like himself, a man of great stature, and having made the inspection up and down, he returned to his place smiling and nodding. The next time I saw General Prince Gortschakoff was at the great ball in the Kremlin, in September, 1856, after the coronation of the Czar. He it was who commanded the army that marched out of Sebastopol."

Varied as were the experiences into which reporting had brought him,\* Russell added quite a new one to his list in 1853. A reporter may indeed regard himself as a collector, and Russell must have been proud of placing in his collection so singular a specimen as

\* Sir Joseph Crowe, in his "Reminiscences," says that Russell had only one rival "as a descriptive reporter," and that was Angus Reach.

the following episode. He attended a dinner of the "Alleged Lunatics' Friends Society" at the Freemasons' Tavern, at which a well-known philanthropist, Mr. Hansard, was in the chair. Russell's right-hand neighbour was "a silent, gentlemanlike man," while on his left was a voluble person who struck up acquaintance with him immediately. During the dinner the left-hand man whispered, "Look out for that fellow on the right, I know him well, he is as mad as a March hare, and would stick a knife into you in a moment." All went well until the gentleman immediately opposite Russell took an *épergne* filled with fruit and put it on his plate. This created a little disturbance between him and his neighbour. When the chairman stood up to give the first toast, he was rather thrown off his balance by the crowing of a cock amidst the general cheers.

With the concert which followed the speeches came the climax. Henry Russell, the composer, made an unhappily appropriate selection in giving as his song "The Maniac." The first verse was interrupted by confused outcries, but when he came to the pitiful refrain of the maniac, "Oh, release me! Oh, release me! By Heavens! I am not mad," Russell's left-hand neighbour with surprising agility jumped on the table flourishing a dessert-knife and shouting, "No, by Heavens! No, by Heavens! We are not mad!" His example was followed by several others, who, in spite of the expostulations of the chairman and the soothing effects of the less mad to restrain them, sang "We are not mad." Russell's right-hand neighbour looked at him in an unfriendly way because he had laid hold of the leg of the man who was dancing in front of him and kicking over the glasses.



"In the midst of the confusion," says Russell, "I glided to the door, got my hat and coat, and went to the office, where Delane was exceedingly amused by my adventure. I learned that after I had left, the police had to be called in, and Hansard and the Committee escaped with difficulty."

In his diary of 1853 Russell communes with himself severely on the subject of his income, which was not increasing in proportion as the demands upon it unquestionably were. Looking with a scrutinising eye upon the facts, he had to confess that when he had allowed for the necessary expenses of his work—he had to delegate some of his correspondence—his income from the *Times*, the *Dublin Daily Express*, and the *Indépendance Belge* together was barely £600 a year. He was performing the feat known as out-running the constable. For the part of the house in Bedford Row, which was occupied by himself and his family, he paid £100 a year, and he had further to pay something to the friendly barrister who allowed him to write his name on the door.

"Mr. W——," writes Russell, "the senior of a firm of solicitors in Bedford Row, was an amiable gentleman who had a handsome house in Regent's Park, and horses and carriages, and such other luxuries as a flourishing attorney would desire. But he had one drop in his cup: he had no children, and after I had been a few days in residence, he made friends with my children who lived over his head, and very soon he had a speaking acquaintance with their parents. There were now two boys and two girls who had come in regular succession a year and ten months after each other, and it was difficult to say which engaged Mr. W——'s attention more, the elder girl or the younger boy. A substantial advantage, as the result of our intimacy, was the reduction of my rent from £100 to £80 a year. When I passed his door about ten o'clock in the day I saw placed on the

table a decanter of water and a tumbler, a brown roll on a plate and a small pat of butter. That was his luncheon year after year, and when he had eaten it he read for ten minutes something from Herbert's poems or a chapter in the Bible; and he died very much lamented, with thousands of pounds in the bank, leaving a most amiable widow and a multitude of friends to mourn him.

"Imagine my astonishment, one day after I left Bedford Row, to see him in an unexpected place. I was staying with a friend at Aldershot, when I heard a commotion in the camp, and presently a young fellow dashed into the tent saying: 'Sayers and Heenan are fighting not far from here. If you come at once you will be in time.' I saw the end of the famous encounter which my colleague Woods made immortal in the *Times*. Among those who hurried along with the crowd that escorted the two battered boxers to the railway, I saw my former landlord, with glowing cheeks and eyes bright with excitement."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE CRIMEAN WAR: PRELIMINARIES

At the beginning of 1854, which was to be perhaps the most eventful year in his life, Russell had no more idea of seeing a war of the first magnitude and being once again, and in a much more important sense than before, a war correspondent, than the British Government had that war was at hand when they began to interest themselves in the dispute between Louis Napoleon and the Czar Nicholas concerning the Holy Places. As he was sitting at his desk in the *Times* office one evening in February, he was informed that Delane wished to see him, and on entering the room was astonished by the announcement that a very agreeable excursion to Malta with the Guards had been arranged for him. The Government had resolved to show Russia that England was in earnest in supporting the Sultan against aggression, and that if necessary she would send an expedition to the East. Lord Hardinge had promised an order for Russell's passage with the Guards from Southampton, and everything would be made as easy and as comfortable for him as possible. Handsome pay and allowances would be given. When Russell offered some objection to losing his practice at the Bar—for after all, he had not brought himself to the point of refusing occasional briefs when he had time for them—Delane said, "There is not the least chance of that; you will be back at Easter, depend upon it, and you will have a pleasant trip."

Russell let himself be persuaded. Thus he expresses it in his diary; but the words are to be read, one fancies, in the diplomatic sense in which he probably spoke to Delane. Absence abroad is no doubt a sacrifice in several ways, yet it cannot be supposed that it would have been worth Russell's while seriously to postpone an important commission in journalism to his rare legal engagements.

On the eve of his departure, on February 19th, 1854, several of his friends gave him a farewell supper at the Albion. Among the company were Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Thackeray, James O'Dowd and Albert Smith. Some verses composed in his honour were sung amid the enthusiasm which is indulgently accorded to doggerel in such circumstances; and these particular verses fell below even the standard observed by the warm-hearted but inefficient rhymesters who generally step in on valedictory occasions.

The Guards left London on February 22nd. Russell's permission to sail with them had not arrived when he went on board the transport *Ripon* at Southampton, although he had a letter of introduction from Lord Hardinge. Brigadier Bentinck was not there, and Russell was directed to an officer who was superintending the skinning of a sheep. Russell declared himself. Colonel Codrington, for he it was, answered, "Orders are orders, but the Brigadier must settle this business. I tell you candidly, Mr. Russell, you will find it very crowded on board. Cannot you go some other way?"

The official permission to sail in the *Ripon* did not arrive, and Russell accordingly decided to travel by a different route to Valetta. Arriving there on March 2nd


he presented Lord Hardinge's letter to the Brigadier of the Guards, and struck up a useful acquaintance with his aide-de-camp, Byng.

From Valetta he wrote gossiping letters to London, passing the time pleasantly enough and being still unapprehensive of the *Sturm und Drang* which lay ahead of him. Readers of Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" may remember how the feeling of those days is reflected in Lord Scoutbush's words, "I'd get out to the East away from this depôt work, and if there is no fighting there, as everyone says there will not be, I'd go into a marching regiment and see service." Russell did not dissociate himself from the easy optimism of everyone else. In a letter to his wife (who had settled in Guernsey with her children) he said:—

"I am glad to tell you it is generally believed that our troops will never see a shot fired, and that the war, or whatever it is, will be over by the summer."

One morning, however, a letter from the *Times* office agitated him considerably. It informed him that the Government had determined, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, to send a strong force to Turkey, and that an expeditionary army of the two allies would advance to aid the Turks on the Danube unless the Czar retired from the Principalities. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg would assuredly give way when France and England put forth their power in defence of the Sultan.

"The editor," writes Russell slyly, "was much gratified with what I had done, and hoped I would take such a delightful opportunity of spending a few more weeks in the East."



Russell at once visited several officers, who knew nothing of any forward movement. The Admiral knew only that the baking ovens at the arsenal were busy night and day, and that "something is up." Soon it became known that Lord Raglan was on his way to command the army in the field, and that a move might be made at any moment. Russell's puzzle now was how he was to move with the rest; they were provided for, but it was quite another matter for him. All the ships were in the Government service, and he had no right to go on board any one of them. In his bewilderment he went to a friend who held a high place in the dockyard and told him his difficulties. The friend said, "I'll manage a passage for you all right, but you must be ready to start at a moment's notice, for I can't tell when the first transport will go to the Dardanelles." Russell packed his kit, engaged a Maltese bodyservant, and rode at single anchor.

"French men-of-war," he writes,\* "towing sailing vessels full of Zouaves and Turcos from Algiers, and infantry from Marseilles, came into port, and Valetta was crowded with red-breeched infantry and bearded and turbanned Zouaves."

"I would not trust these fellows an inch," growled Waddy of the 50th, an old school friend of Russell's, as the two looked down on the harbour full of ships flying the tricolour. "By Jove! they are quite capable of a surprise. It's a shame to let them go about the place

\* From papers containing Russell's reminiscences of the Crimean War, published in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and afterwards re-published by Messrs. Routledge, in 1895, under the title of "The Great War with Russia." In order to pursue the plan, mentioned at the beginning, of making Russell's biography as far as possible autobiographical, it has been thought proper to use these papers freely, often reproducing their exact language.

in this way!" "But they are our allies," said Russell. "That doesn't signify," quoth Waddy.

On the night of March 30th, Russell was at the Lodge of St. Peter and St. Paul preparing for initiation, when an orderly thundered at the door and handed in a slip of paper. "The *Golden Fleece* will be off at midnight. Your berth is all right. Get your things on board at once." In an hour Russell was on board the steamer, which was crowded with the Rifle Brigade. He had no time to look after his baggage. His Maltese servant looked after it, and himself. The man had made a piteous appeal for a small advance of wages to leave "with his wife and tree little children." Russell had given it and the man went ashore, and Russell never saw him again. Thus Russell started on the morning of March 31st for Gallipoli without servant or horse, and with a most exiguous kit.

In addition to these obvious causes of anxiety, he was perplexed by a misunderstanding between himself and Mowbray Morris, the manager of the *Times*, as to the amount of his salary. He had understood that he was to receive twelve guineas a week in addition to his expenses, but his wife had since his departure been receiving only six guineas a week—a sum which did not compensate him for the losses he incurred by giving up his other work. It was not till some weeks afterwards that he learned that his own interpretation of the agreement with Mowbray Morris had been unreservedly and cordially accepted by the *Times*.

General Sir George Brown, in command of the Light Division, and his staff were on board, and Russell's presence was very trying to them. At first "they could not make it out," and the captain could

only say that Russell had an order for a passage from "the proper authorities."

"Sir George Brown," says Russell, "was an exceedingly handsome man in uniform fitting like a skin, with well-cut features, closely shaven, and tightly stocked. He had a shrewd but not unkindly look, a hot temper and a Scotch accent. People said that in mind, manner and person he resembled Sir John Moore."

Russell knew no one when he went on board the *Golden Fleece*; later at Gallipoli he had a bowing acquaintance with Sir George Brown and was on admirable terms with the Riflemen, to whom he was indebted for much advice and many services. One lent him a servant, another gave him books, a third stationery, and so on. Thinking of them all some forty years afterwards, he was inclined to doubt whether the same battalion, "despite cramming and special classes and examinations," could turn out a set of officers more fit for work or better instructed in their business.

At Gallipoli, where he landed with the Light Division on April 5th, Russell stayed for some time amid all the noise and excitement of preparations for war, seeing a stream of ships, great and little, arriving and departing, and French and English generals coming and going. The need to write frequent letters to the *Times*, both from Malta and Gallipoli, was a considerable test of his qualities as a correspondent. Many journalists in such circumstances would have felt that they were out for a war or nothing; that so long as war did not begin there was "nothing to write about." Russell perceived that not only was everything interesting, but everything was relevant. Nothing was too small for him



to notice; the incidents of the streets, the conversations of the soldiers, the appearance of the amazingly mixed population, the scenery, the agriculture, the *flora* and *fauna*. All these things were made the background of a running narrative of extraordinary ease and vivacity. This result was not produced, of course, by mere industry in retailing what he saw; he had a scholarly mind, and humour; the one saved him from treating small matters without dignity, and the other made his choice of material perfectly appropriate and well proportioned. It is not pretended that his letters had the magic and romance of, say, Kinglake's history of the Crimean War. But Kinglake set out to write an epic with Lord Raglan for his Achilles. This admirable work of art would have been ill-placed indeed in a newspaper which required a kind of log-book of the doings of the Army day by day—a narrative in which criticism tended to conceal itself, betraying itself to a watchful eye chiefly in the significance of its selective processes. Lord Morley of Blackburn has used the phrase "the irony of literal statement," and that was the sort of irony commonly launched by Russell against the infamous mismanagement which became only too familiar later in the Crimea. He "reported" the war, yet in a very genuine sense he was a critic of astonishing acumen and efficiency. In encompassing this combination of values, his letters were a new thing in journalism. They were a model of what such letters should be. Every reader of them in the *Times* felt that he had the movements, the sufferings, the aspirations of the Army—nay, the very ground on which the troops were camped, presented before his eyes. The young "special correspondent" of to-day could not do better than read these letters

written over half a century ago, and ask himself whether the first of special correspondents has not some title to be called also the best.

Russell did not leave Gallipoli without having observed the beginnings of chaos in the British commissariat and medical arrangements. On April 8th, 1854, he wrote to Delane:—

"The management is infamous, and the contrast offered by our proceedings to the conduct of the French most painful. Could you believe it—the sick have not a bed to lie upon? They are landed and thrown into a rickety house without a chair or a table in it. The French with their ambulances, excellent commissariat staff and boulangerie, etc., in every respect are immeasurably our superiors. While these things go on, Sir George Brown only seems anxious about the men being clean-shaved, their necks well stiffened, and waist belts tight. He insists on officers and men being in full fig; no loose coats, jackets, etc. His wonderful pack kills the men, as the weight is so disposed as to hang from, instead of resting on, the shoulders. I was not introduced to Sir George, and he took no notice of me the whole time I was on board except one time to take wine with me, and to say, 'Well, sir, I'm off now,' the day he went on shore. He offered me no facilities, and I did not ask for any, and his staff, of course, are afraid of acting when they see their chief so taciturn. I run a good chance of starving if the army takes the field. . . . I have no tent, nor can I get one without an order, and even if I had one I doubt very much whether Sir George Brown would allow me to pitch it within the camp. All my efforts to get a horse have been unsuccessful. I cannot get out to the camp, for 17 miles a day with a letter to write would soon knock up Hercules. I am living in a pig-stye, without chair, table, stool, or window glass, and an old hag of sixty to attend to me who doesn't understand a word I say. I live on eggs and brown bread, sour Tenedos wine, and onions and rice. The French have got the place to themselves."

Exactly a month later, writing again to Delane, he was able to report no improvement at Gallipoli.

"Unless you were here you never could understand the wretchedness of this place and the helplessness to which one is reduced by the sullenness of the Greeks and the apathy of the Turks."

In a letter to his wife at the same time, he wrote:—

"You would laugh yourself sick if you saw my room, how much more if you beheld me with a sheep's liver on a stick going home from market, and then trying to cook it. Only for Alexander, the senior Staff Surgeon here, who is a great chum of mine, I should have been starved several times. He divides his rations with me. My room has mud walls; all the windows are broken, and I can see everything that goes on through the chinks in the floor. The Turkish officer has given me a field officer's tent, but it is too cold in the camp to go out there for another month, and then I hope to be somewhere else. If we were to take the field now, I should run every risk of being starved."

Russell had made good his right to criticise the commissariat and medical services by the warning he had offered in a letter sent from Malta weeks before a sign of disorganisation had appeared or he had conceived that such disorganisation as was already apparent could be possible. He wrote then:—

"With our men well clothed, well fed, well housed (whether in camp or town does not much matter), and well attended to, there is little to fear. They are all in the best possible spirits, and fit to go anywhere, and perhaps to do anything. But inaction might bring listlessness and despondency, and in their train follows disease. What is most to be feared in an encampment is an enemy that musket and bayonet cannot meet or repel. Of this the records of the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1828-9, in which 80,000 men perished by 'plague, pestilence, and famine,' afford

a fearful lesson, and let those who have the interests of the army at heart just turn to Moltke's history of that miserable invasion, and they will grudge no expense, and spare no precaution to avoid, as far as human skill can do it, a repetition of such horrors. Let us have plenty of doctors. Let us have an overwhelming army of medical men to combat disease. Let us have a staff, full and strong, of young and active and experienced men. Do not suffer our soldiers to be killed by antiquated imbecility. Do not hand them over to the mercies of ignorant etiquette and effete seniority, but give the sick every chance which skill, energy and abundance of the best specifics can afford them. The heads of departments may rest assured that the country will grudge no expense on this point, nor any other connected with the interest and efficiency of the *corps d'élite* which England has sent from her shores."

While the Light Division was still at Gallipoli, Delane was promised at the Horse Guards that Russell should be allowed to accompany the Army and to draw rations. Russell's name had even been mentioned to Lord Raglan, but Russell says in a letter from Gallipoli:—

"I did not see Lord Raglan or Lord de Ros when they were here, as I had no idea my name had been mentioned to them. Sir George Brown has been civil; asked me to dinner, etc., but has done nothing really useful, and is too stiff-necked a veteran not to regard my presence here as revolutionary and distasteful. Not an order of the day, not an intimation of a review, of an inspection, or of a movement of any kind have I ever received from him or his staff, though I am on good terms with the latter."

From Gallipoli Russell, heartily glad to leave the miserable, dirty little town, took steamer to Constantinople, and thence crossed to Scutari, where the Guards were encamped.

"There," he says, "I pitched my little tent *permissu superiorum* on the left flank of the Coldstream. A

servant whom I had engaged, Angelo Gennaro, ex-brigadier of the Papal Dragoons, began to look after me."

At Scutari he could buy what he wanted and was comfortable, but not for very long. One evening, returning from a ride, he discovered his tent as flat as a pancake about four hundred yards from camp, and Angelo, Marius-like, sitting on it. "Un ufficiale brutale" said the ex-brigadier, had ordered the tent to be removed at once. On inquiry Russell found that the Commander-in-Chief and his staff had been inspecting the camp; someone noticed the tent, a non-regulation ridge-pole thing. "Whose is it?" "The *Times* correspondent's." Brigadier Bentinck at once fulminated: "What the, etc., is he doing here?" And the tent came down.

Now, it so happened that when Russell was at Malta, the Brigadier had specially invited him to accompany the Guards; but many things had happened since then. In his first letter from Gallipoli, Russell had related how the sick were landed without blankets or necessities. A question was asked in the House of Lords.

"And the Duke of Newcastle," writes Russell, "was put up as an official mortar to discharge a paper shell (full of figures and of everything but facts) to blow me to pieces, and to prove that every comfort was provided for the sick. It would have been well for his own sake and that of the Army if that salutary warning had been taken by the Duke of Newcastle. I had given praise to the French arrangements. That had excited the anger of the Headquarters' Staff, influenced by the Gallophobia of Peninsular and Waterloo days among their seniors, to whom I—possible father of all 'the curses which afflict modern armies'—was a 'Gorgon and Hydra and Chimæra dire.'"

After this Russell could get nothing in camp for himself or for those he employed.

One day, in consequence of a letter from Printing House Square which informed him that the Government had ordered that "facilities should be afforded" to him, he went to the quarters of Lord Raglan, a pleasant house on the seashore near Scutari. Lord Raglan was "very much engaged," but Russell was received by Colonel Steele, who listened to his request for transport with an expression half of amazement and half of amusement, and in the end informed him most courteously that there was not the smallest chance of his obtaining it.

Russell remarks on this that "perhaps, after all, the state of correspondents who were treated in this way was the more gracious; they were freer agents than they have become since under military censorship with tickets and badges."

These words, of course, are not intended to deny that the control and supervision of correspondents in war is absolutely necessary. He bowed to his fate at Scutari, crossed the water to Pera, and put up at Missirie's Hotel.

"There were many double-bedded rooms in the hotel," he writes, "and the custom of the house was to charge a guest in one of these rooms for the board of two persons, *i.e.*, 32s. a day. Sir Colin Campbell at the end of a week called for his bill. 'What is this! I am only one, and you charge me for two!' 'But General,' explained Missirie, 'you have duuple bedroom, and we must charge you for two.' Next day there was a prodigious tumult in the hotel at dinner. A hideous mendicant from the Galata Bridge made his appearance with Sir Colin Campbell's card, and resisted the attempts of the waiters to remove him. 'Yes, certainly,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'that gentleman is coming to dine with me, and to sleep here, as I pay for

his board and bed.' Missirie was beaten. The Greek was no match for the Scotsman."

After another week's delay at Pera, Russell embarked with an expeditionary flotilla to Varna. An extract from a letter in which he described the Bosphorus as he saw it from the deck of the *Vesuvius* is given here as a specimen of his manner. Many "special correspondents" have described the Bosphorus since then; some of them with the rather overwrought skill which the competition in distinguishing styles has imposed upon them; but Russell's method will always remain an unexceptionable model for the school. It is flowing, but not flowery; it is a perfect stranger to affectation; and it is, above all, informing. In a newspaper affectation is one of the vilest of faults, because it springs from a fundamental misconception of what is appropriate. Sometimes Russell's feelings expressed themselves in torrential passages which approach grandeur, and these have the peculiar grace of sincerity, because it is obvious that they were not more deliberately manipulated than the sentences in which he records the change of a camping ground or the arrival of new troops. The description of the Bosphorus is not one of these passages; it is chosen for its typical, its average, qualities; but surely no one who has looked upon that wonderful water where West gazes across at East, and where too late in life the Romans discovered the finest seat of Empire in the world, will deny that Russell absorbed and could convey the very spirit of the place.

"No voyager or artist can do justice to the scenery of the Bosphorus. It has much the character of a Norwegian fiord. Perhaps the rounded outline of the

hills, the light rich green of the vegetation, the luxuriance of tree and flower and herbage, made it resemble more closely the banks of Killarney or Windermere. The waters escaping from the Black Sea, in one part compressed by swelling hillocks to a breadth of little more than a mile, at another expanding into a sheet of more than four times that breadth, run for thirteen miles in a blue flood, like the Rhone as it issues from the Lake of Geneva, till they mingle with the Sea of Marmora, passing in their course beautiful groupings of wood and dale, ravine and hillside, covered with the profusest carpeting of leaf and blade. Kiosk and pleasure-ground, embrasured bastion and loopholed curtain, gay garden, villa, mosque, and mansion decorate the banks in unbroken lines from the foot of the forts which command the entrance up to the crowning glory of the scene, where the imperial city of Constantine, rising in many-coloured terraces from the verge of the Golden Horn, confuses the eye with masses of foliage, red roofs, divers-hued walls, and gables, surmounted by a frieze of snow-white minarets with golden summits, and by the symmetrical sweep of St. Sophia. The hills strike abruptly upwards to heights varying from 200 feet to 600 feet, and are bounded at the foot by quays, which run along the European side, almost without interruption, from Pera to Bujukderé, about five miles from the Black Sea. These quays are also very numerous on the Asiatic side.

“The villages by the water-side are so close together that Pera may be said to extend from Tophané to the forts beyond Bujukderé. The residences of the pashas, the imperial palaces of the Sultan, and the retreats of opulence line these favoured shores; and as the stranger passes on, in steamer or caique, he may catch a view of some hoary pasha or ex-governor sitting cross-legged in his garden or verandah, smoking away, and each looking so like the other that they might all pass for brothers. The windows of one portion of these houses are mostly closely latticed and fastened, but here and there a bright flash of a yellow or red robe shows the harem is not untenanted. These dwellings succeed each other the whole length of the



Bosphorus, quite as numerous as the houses on the road from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith ; and at places such as Therapia and Bujukderé they are dense enough to form large villages, provided with hotels, shops, cafés, and lodging-houses. The Turks delight in going up in their calques to some of these places, and sitting out on the platforms over the water, while the chibouque or narghilé confers on them a zoophytic happiness, and the greatest object of Turkish ambition is to enjoy the pleasures of a kiosk on the Bosphorus. The waters abound in fish, and droves of porpoises and dolphins disport in myriads on its surface, plashing and playing about, as with easy roll they cleave their way against its rapid flood, or gambolling about in the plenitude of their strength and security, till a sword-fish takes a dig at them, and sets them off curvetting and snorting like sea-horses. Hawks, kites, buzzards, and sea-eagles are numerous, and large flocks of a kind of gregarious petrel of a dusky hue, with whitish breasts, called by the French *âmes damnées*, which are believed never to rest, keep flying up and down close to the water. Amidst such scenery the expeditionary flotilla began its voyage at eleven o'clock."

## CHAPTER XIII

### AT VARNA

AT Varna Russell came no nearer having his position recognised. He wrote to Delane :—

“I have just been informed on good authority that Lord Raglan has determined not to recognise the Press in any way, or to give them rations or assistance, and worse than all, it is too probable that he will forbid our accompanying the troops. I have only time to say so much to show you that the promises made in London have not been carried out here. Part of one Division, Brigadier Adams', has got no tents. There is no beef for the men for the last three days, only mutton which the doctors say will bring on dysentery. Just imagine this: the sappers and miners sent out to Bajuk to survey do so in full dress, as their undress clothes were not ready when they left. Am I to tell these things or to hold my tongue?”

It is clear from Russell's correspondence to the *Times* that he did not wait for Delane's answer. Indeed, the question was probably meant to be rhetorical; it required no answer. In any case Russell would have accepted only one. “Am I to tell these things, or hold my tongue?”—it is one of those casual exclamations which mark a crisis in a man's life. For a plain choice was now open to Russell: on the one hand lay complaisance—a casuistical indulgence towards errors which he might have told himself are inseparable from all campaigns—and with it the comparative comfort of being tolerated by the military authorities; on the other hand lay the ways of truth and conscience and a painful enmity with powerful officers

who might be able to make his life a hell upon earth. There is not a sign, or a shadow of a sign, that Russell hesitated. He was within sight of the great occasion of his career; and out of the problem the man of resolution and honesty emerged. We have seen him in flippant days speaking of himself as a mercenary ready to take service with the side which paid him the better; we have heard him acknowledge that he had no urgent political convictions except such as had been given to him by his relations, together with his clothes and education. But now the test which comes sooner or later to every man, came to him. In a few weeks he was to be a man of public affairs, engaged no longer with descriptions of incidents which were of no great importance one way or the other, but concerned in the lives of thousands of human beings, supplying the facts which shook the Horse Guards and the Cabinet to their base, and eventually brought the Aberdeen Ministry crashing down to ruin. The office of the "special correspondent" was truly created at this time. Those who hold the office to-day are legion; some stoop to smallness and vulgarity, others rise to the performance of services as useful in their different degrees to their country and to human advancement as the services of him whose life is here recorded.

One characteristic scrap may be taken from the sketches of camp life which Russell wrote at Varna. The quotation is from "The British Expedition to the Crimea."\*

"There was one phrase which served as the universal exponent of peace, goodwill, praise, and

\* The edition of 1858, published by Messrs. Routledge—a revised form of the original letters, the present tenses having been converted into past tenses.



Officer : " Got any eggs, Johnny ? "  
 Bulgarian : " Yok, Johnny ; yok, yok. "  
 Officer : " Got any geese ? Bonogeesees, Johnny ? "  
 Bulgarian : " Yok, yok, yok ; yok ; no bongo, Johnny. "



ON, BRAVE HORSE !!

" Our own Correspondent, on his gallant charger ' Dareall. ' "

satisfaction between the natives and the soldiery. Its origin cannot be exactly determined, but it probably arose from the habit of our men at Malta addressing every native as 'Johnny.' At Gallipoli the soldiers persisted in applying the same word to Turk and Greek, and at length Turk and Greek began to apply it to ourselves so that stately generals and pompous colonels, as they stalked down the bazaar, heard themselves addressed by the proprietors as 'Johnny'; and to this appellation 'bono' was added, to signify the excellence of the wares offered for public competition. It became the established cry of the Army. The natives walked through the camp calling out, 'Bono Johnny! sood, sood' (milk)! 'Bono Johnny! Yoomoortler' (eggs)! or 'Bono Johnny! Kasler' (geese)! as the case might be; and the dislike of the contracting parties to the terms offered on either side was expressed by the simple phrase of 'No bono, Johnny.' As you rode along the road friendly natives grinned at you, and thought, no matter what your rank, that they had set themselves right with you and paid a graceful compliment by a shout of 'Bono Johnny.'

"Even the dignified reserve of the Royal Dukes and Generals of Division had to undergo the ordeal of this salutation from Pashas and other dignitaries. If a benighted Turk, riding homewards, was encountered by a picquet of the Light Division, he answered the challenge of 'Who goes there?' with a 'Bono Johnny,' and was immediately invited to 'Advance, friend, and all's well!' and the native servants sometimes used the same phrase to disarm the anger of their masters. It was really a most wonderful form of speech, and, judiciously applied, it might, at that time, have 'worked' a man from one end of Turkey in Europe to the other."

At Varna there was still a general disbelief in the possibility of war, in spite of the orders received by Lord Raglan for an expedition to the Crimea. One remembers Lord Scoutbush, again, in "Two Years Ago":—

"'I should have liked a fortnight's fishing so,' " said he in a dolorous voice, "'before going to be eaten

up with fleas at Varna—for this Crimean expedition is all moonshine.' ”

At Varna, and in the camp near it, Russell met with all his old difficulties ; he was a “camp-follower” without even an ordinary camp-follower’s sanctions, and he was treated accordingly. In June he wrote to Delane from a spot outside the camp of the Light Division at Aladyn :—

“I found that my tent had been removed and put outside the lines of the camp, and when I went up to Colonel Lawrence he informed me in the kindest and gentlest manner possible, that he had been told when at Scutari not to remove my tent then (it was inside the lines) but that if I pitched it inside the lines subsequently, to have it removed. The only ‘disagreement’ of this is that I am liable to robbery when away, and have no protection except what I can afford myself. Moreover, it has also the effect of putting me outside the army—making the officers fight shy and the men think me an outcast.”

The letter goes on to recount a meeting with Sir George Brown :—

“I happened to be speaking to one of his aide-de-camps the other day outside his house when he came out and said, ‘Oh, here you are, Mr. Russell! Are you come to take my portrait?’ ‘I am not an artist, Sir George,’ said I, ‘and your face is too well known to need my pencil if I were.’ ‘You never came to see me in Scutari, though you found out I had boils on my face.’ ‘I beg your pardon,’ said I, ‘I called twice and you were out on both occasions.’ ‘Oh, did you? Well, whenever you come I shall be glad to see you,’ and off he rode, never having looked at me the whole time. After a time he shouted, ‘You saw your Gallipoli letters and the Russian speech in Parliament were the only English extracts quoted in Russian newspapers?’ and went off grumbling. He said the other day, ‘Those d——d Colonels don’t curse enough. They’ll never be any

good till they curse. The Brigadiers must curse them, and they must curse their captains.' Altogether he is a strange man. Because he never had fever in Spain he thinks no one should have it here. He says a white cap is as hot as a black one. As he was thrown into a cart on some straw when shot through the legs in Spain, he thinks the same conveyance admirable now, and hates ambulances as the inventions of the evil one. He is a splendid old fellow as a soldier; he spares himself least of all, and he spares none in his zeal for the Service."

When the Duke of Cambridge came to Aladyn, some weeks later, with the Guards, he saw a solitary little blue-striped tent on the camping ground which had just been deserted by the Light Division. The Duke sent an officer to inquire whose tent it was. He was told, "It belongs to Mr. Russell, of the *Times*." The Duke was vastly astonished and perplexed—"What is he doing there?" The tent was left, however, in proud isolation unassailed, till Russell's bullock transport arrived from Varna in the evening and took him and his belongings to Devna. It turned out to be a poor escape for the troops from the unwholesomeness and the pests of Varna to the radiant but poisonous meadows of Aladyn and Devna.

During all this time the anxiety of Mrs. Russell for her husband had deepened daily as the talk of war had become more precise. Her letters, no doubt, were such as thousands of affectionate wives have written to husbands in peril, yet the familiarity of the anxiety does not, after all, reduce its poignancy to a single soul. An illustration of the pathetic anxiety with which she followed her husband's progress may be seen in her request that he should say what he was doing at particular moments when she had been writing to him, or particularly thinking of him.

"You ask me," he says, in a letter written early in June, when he was staying in Constantinople for two or three days, "to tell you what I was doing at half-past six o'clock on Sunday night when your letter was written. But, dear old Dot, you never imagined that your letter would come so long after it was written."

He nevertheless turned to his diary and transcribed what he found under the required date. Here is the unsatisfying and unromantic entry :—

"Dodged about the town. Met all kinds of queer people, and finally Alexander and Ince. They dined with me at Paola's. After they left I went to Missirie's. No news. Chenery\* sick. There is but little hope of my getting assistance from Lord Raglan."

In the camps at Aladyn and Devna Russell watched, appalled, the spread of the cholera which visited first the French expedition to the Danube, smiting down thousands with its invisible hand. The angel of death was at work, and "the beating of his wings" could be heard everywhere. Before the Army moved to the Crimea in September, 1854, Russell had to record that there were more than six hundred sick in the Brigade of Guards alone. When the Guards moved camp they were not allowed to march more than five miles a day, and their packs were carried for them. Russell lost many good friends thus early in the campaign. Yet war, as every soldier knows, has its own standard of emotion; men behold death with what might seem to be callousness were it not known to be a providential adjustment of the senses. In the camp there were "sing-songs" such as there have been in every modern camp, even the most stricken and exhausted. Russell's scrap books contain one topical song of these days which referred to Sir George Brown's passion

\* Chenery was the *Times* correspondent at Constantinople, of whom more will be said later.



for having his officers cleaned-shaved and tight-stocked. The song went to the popular tune of "And all to astonish the Browns."

"The fast English Ensign he went forth to fight  
Against the tyrannical Czar ;  
So he sought for a dress not too hideous to sight,  
And convenient to wear in the war.  
He studied in what he could be most at ease,  
When one of his friends about town,  
Said, 'Of course, my good fellow, you'll dress as you please,  
But, by George ! you'll astonish old Brown.'

"He can't bear the old regulations to brave,  
And if you would spare him a shock,  
Every hair on your face you will carefully shave  
And appear in a tight-fitting stock.  
You may think in hot weather with this to dispense,  
But such thoughts are received with a frown ;  
If your dress were according to good common sense,  
You would really astonish old Brown.

"The fast English Ensign this good advice spurned :  
The comforts of life well he knew ;  
Aware that in Turkey the sun and wind burned,  
A beard and moustachios he grew.  
A handkerchief loosely he tied his neck round,  
His shirt collar nicely turned down ;  
Round his forage cap next a white turban he bound,  
And all to astonish old Brown.

"But when he appeared in the sight of the Chief  
Whose orders he ventured to brave,  
The rage of Sir George quite exceeded belief,  
As he roared out 'Go home, Sir, and shave !  
A true English soldier in comfort be dressed ?  
New fangled ideas I'll put down !  
In my younger days I knew no peace nor rest,  
And my soldiers shan't now !' cried old Brown."

Early in August Russell received the following letter from Delane :—

"SERJEANTS' INN,

"*July 20th, 1854*

"DEAR RUSSELL,—I am very sorry you should have fancied yourself neglected, or been under any anxiety

as to the entire success of your letters. They could not have been more complete; they have been universally read and universally admired. Even the official people have confined themselves to deprecating 'hasty judgments,' but the public has sided with you completely, and everything since written has corroborated your Gallipoli letters so entirely that even the [word illegible] are driven into sulky acquiescence. I have remonstrated strongly against the petty vexations you have been exposed to, and your private letters to me have made the round of the Cabinet. Your last is now with the Duke of Newcastle, and he tells me that he has written again by this post to Lord Raglan on your behalf. I need not tell you that the Duke\* is now supreme, and I hope one consequence of his advancement will be that the Army will be put in motion and that some feat of arms worthy of the nation and the Army will be performed. I hope and believe that a blow will be struck against the Crimea, and am very glad to observe that in your letter of the 8th you advocate such a step. I fear that if you advance into the plains of the Danube nothing but 'Wardrop's Drops' will save you from fevers. We know happily that you are all well provided, but the Army, without resource, will lose more men from disease than would take Sebastopol.

"I am vexed to hear that you have not yet got your saddle and other things which have long been dispatched. I am coming out myself on the French boat from Marseilles on August 16th, and will bring with me whatever I can think of likely to be useful. I shall go first, of course, to Mr. Chenery, but after a very few days at Constantinople shall push on to the Army. If there is time pray write me a few lines under cover to Mr. Chenery; then I may bring on with me whatever you want that can be got at Constantinople, and give me also some advice as to my route.

"There is nothing new here—a very dull but very laborious Session of which everybody is heartily tired, and an increasing impatience that something should be done either by Fleet or Army which may reconcile

\* The Secretaryship of State for War was created in June, 1854, and the Duke of Newcastle was the first to hold the office.

us to double taxes and similiar inconveniences. Troops are being sent off every day as fast as they can be got ready, and before Michaelmas you will probably have nearly 50,000 men in Turkey. If a great blow is struck no one will complain, but we shall soon have a strong outburst of murmurs if it should turn out that nothing is to be done.

"Believe me, with very kind regards and in prospect of a speedy meeting.

"Yours ever faithfully,

"JOHN T. DELANE."

According to the arrangements made so far by Delane for reporting the war, Chenery was to remain at Constantinople, W. H. Stowe was to come to Varna in order to leave Russell free to "ride to the sound of the guns," and Charles Nasmyth, a young officer of the East India Company, was already gone to Silistria. Delane's original plans were, of course, laid on the expectation that there would be a campaign on the Danube. When the attitude of Austria compelled Russia to leave the Principalities, everything was changed, and the movements of the various correspondents had to be adapted frequently and quickly to the circumstances. Russell was bound to take some responsibility upon himself in meeting emergencies when there was no time to communicate with Delane. For example, during the fighting at Silistria, he wrote home that he had virtually decided to go there temporarily in order to join the Turkish Army, although there were two correspondents acting for the *Times* with it already. As the fighting at Silistria was the only important event at the moment when Russell took his decision, there seems to have been at least a plausible case for concentrating the forces of the *Times* in that direction. Circumstances, however, changed this plan. A letter written by Mowbray Morris, the

manager of the *Times*, on August 8th, 1854, shows that such a decision as Russell's, obviously taken out of zeal though it was, may expose the unhappy war correspondent to a rather chilling disfavour.

"I don't think you adopted a prudent resolution," Mowbray Morris wrote. "A third correspondent could hardly have been necessary; and considering the superior attractions to the British public of the doings, however insignificant, of its own soldiers, I doubt if you ought to leave them under any circumstances. As the matter now stands, we take it for granted you are in the Crimea with the allied forces, and we look anxiously for a letter from you describing their embarkations and disembarkations and subsequent proceedings. Your letters attract a good deal of attention, and all your statements are fully corroborated by the letters of officers to their friends at home."

The letter incidentally illustrates the slowness and inadequacy of communication in those days; at the beginning of August Mowbray Morris is under the impression that the Allied Armies are already in the Crimea! The British fleet of transports did not sail from Varna till the first week in September.

A few words should be said here of the distinction of the correspondents employed by the *Times*. Thomas Chenery was a singularly accomplished Arabic and Hebrew scholar, and he became Professor of Arabic at Oxford.\* When ultimately he succeeded Delane as editor of the *Times*, he could not match Delane's genius for maintaining a constant *rapprochement* between editorial opinion and public opinion, for discerning political signs, and for screwing up to its highest legitimate point the whole "business of publicity." In other words, he was not an efficient successor to Delane;

\* The "Dictionary of National Biography."

but only an exceptional man could have been. As an Orientalist he had few rivals; he is said to have spoken like a native those languages which he professed to know.

Charles Nasmyth reached Silistria as *Times* correspondent before it was invested by the Russians.\* He and another young Englishman, Captain J. H. Butler, won the confidence of the Turks, and became the organisers of the defence. So successful was Nasmyth's leadership that the Russians were compelled to raise the siege on June 22nd, 1854, and he well earned his title of "Defender of Silistria." His opposition to the forces of the Czar probably saved the Allies a Danubian campaign. Nasmyth was thanked by the British and Turkish Governments, and was given a commission in the British Army. Kinglake, who met him in the Crimea, described him as "a man of quiet and gentle manners, and so free from vanity—so free from all idea of self-gratulation—that it seemed as though he were unconscious of having stood as he did in the path of the Czar, and had really omitted to think of the share he had had in changing the face of events."

William Henry Stowe was the intimate friend at Oxford of Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, and of Conington, and was placed first in the first class of the final classical school with Stubbs and Edward Parry.\* After winning an open fellowship at Oriel, he became a regular contributor to the *Times* on literary subjects. While acting as *Times* correspondent and as almoner of the *Times* fund for the relief of the soldiers, he died at Balaclava in June, 1855, as will be recorded later. A cenotaph to his memory is in the chapel at Oriel.

\* The "Dictionary of National Biography."

One cannot contemplate the names of Chenery and Stowe without reflecting on the curious turn of fortune—inevitable in the circumstances, yet deeply ironical — which exposed men of their intellectual dignity to the capricious treatment of camp-followers. As camp-followers they had to make up their minds to submit themselves, if necessary, to the most arbitrary treatment by the most irrational subaltern.

When the order was given at Varna to embark for the Crimea, Russell was amused by the contrast between the *Ordre Général* of St. Arnaud and the memorandum of Lord Raglan. The French order ran :—

“Soldats,—Vous venez de donner de beaux spectacles de persévérance, de calme, et d’énergie, au milieu de circonstances douloureuses qu’il faut oublier. L’heure est venue de combattre, et de vaincre.

“L’ennemi ne nous a pas attendu sur le Danube. Ses colonnes démoralisées, détruites par la maladie, s’en éloignent péniblement. C’est la Providence, peut-être, qui a voulu nous épargner l’épreuve de ces contrées malsaines. C’est elle, aussi, qui nous appelé en Crimée, pays salubre comme le notre, et à Sebastopol, siège de la puissance Russe, dans ces murs où nous allons chercher ensemble le gage de la paix et de notre retour dans nos foyers.

“L’entreprise est grande, et digne de vous vous la réaliserez à l’aide du plus formidable appareil militaire et maritime qui se vit jamais. Les flottes alliées, avec leur trois mille canons et leurs vingt-cinq mille brave matelots, vos émules et vos compagnons d’armes, porteront sur la terre de Crimée une armée Anglaise, dont vos pères ont appris à respecter la haute valeur, une division choisie de ces soldats Ottomans qui viennent de faire leurs preuves sous vos yeux, et une armée Françaises que j’ai le droit et l’orgueil d’appeler l’élite de notre armée toute entière.

“Je vois là plus que des gages de succès ; J’y vois le succès lui-même. Généraux, Chefs de Corps,

Officiers de toutes armes, vous partagerez, et vous ferez passer dans l'âme de vos soldats la confiance dont la mienne est remplie. Bientôt, nous saluerons ensemble les trois drapeaux réunis flottant sur les ramparts de Sebastopol de notre cri national, 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"Au Quartier-général de Varna, Août 25, 1854.

(Signée) "Le Maréchal de France,

"Comm.-en-Chef L'Armée d'Orient,

"A. ST. ARNAUD."

Lord Raglan in his memorandum requested "Mr. Commissary-General Filder to take steps to insure that the troops should all be provided with a ration of porter for the next few days." Russell was reminded of "the bathos of the Scottish colonel's address to his men before the Pyramids compared to Napoleon's high-flown appeal." But may we not suppose that Russell also had some secret liking and respect for the imperturbability of his countrymen? It was ever thus. Napier, in his history of the Peninsular War, remarks that Napoleon always spoke to his men of "glory," but Wellington simply of "duty."

## CHAPTER XIV

### AT THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA

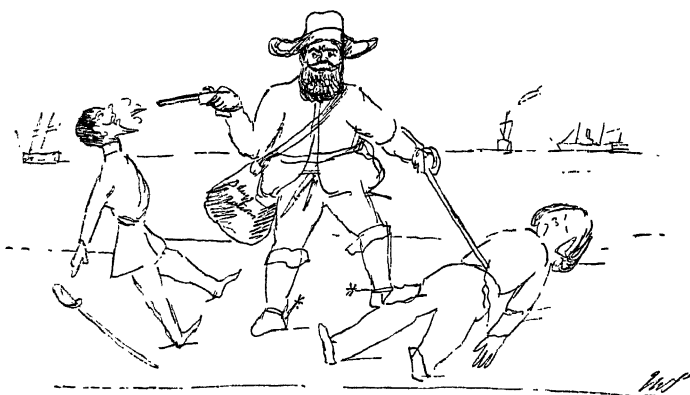
RUSSELL was given a berth in the *City of London* by Sir De Lacy Evans, commanding the Second Division, who afterwards became his very firm friend. He was wonderfully impressed by the spectacle of the six hundred transports protected by the fleet, and he wrote with admiration of the security with which the Army was convoyed to the Crimea. Yet he travelled in conditions miserable enough. He arrived in the Crimea without baggage, man, or horse, and was thus set down desolate upon the beach at Old Fort.

"When after some days and nights on the beach," he writes, "I set out on September 19th, on my eventful campaign, I had only one wretched Tartar horse, borrowed clothes, and a small bag with a change of linen, etc., *pour tout potage*; I was completely unattached, with no base of operations but myself, and the vaguest possible idea of what I was going to do."

But to return to the landing. In a letter to the *Times* he told how each soldier came creeping down the ship's ladder while "Jack helped him tenderly from rung to rung," took his firelock and stowed it away, packed his knapsack under the seat, patted him on the back and told him not to be "affeerd on the water." The sailor treated the "sojer," in fact, in a very kind and gentle way as though he were a large but not very sagacious pet who was not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account.

After wandering about for a long time in the





Landing of our own *Times* Correspondent and destruction of the other Correspondents.

(A sketch by Captain Swaebey )



Returning from Picket.

(A sketch by Col. W. J. Colville.)

confused scene on the beach, "curious, exciting, but not exhilarating," Russell tried to return to the *City of London*, for the night. The wind had risen, the surf was breaking heavily, the night fell suddenly, and, with his first experience of that Cimmerian darkness with which he was to become familiar, down came thick, pitiless rain.

"The watch-fires threw out more smoke than heat, the firewood hissed spitefully in its fight for life, the men lay huddled together on the beach in their great-coats like glistening furrows fresh turned by the plough."

Russell asked an officer where the Rifle Brigade was. "Gone to Jericho, I think," was the answer. "This is the 33rd, the Duke of Wellington's lot, and a very pleasant set of fellows we are, as you may see." "Sennacherib's host were just as lively after the departure of their visitor," comments Russell. Abandoning all hope of returning to the ship, or of finding his friends in the Rifle Brigade, Russell crept under a cart and spent the night listening to the splash of the rain, the thunder of the surf, and the striking of the ship's bells. He slept but intermittently, and when he finally awoke before the dawn he saw in the direction of Sebastopol a red glow in the sky where the Cossacks were burning on the Steppe houses that might afford any shelter to the enemy.

That day he became the lucky possessor of a horse, "a fiddle-headed, ewe-necked beast with great bone and not much else," for which he paid £20. He rode out some six miles to the front, saw his friend Norcott, of the Rifle Brigade, who was occupying a village, and watched the Cossacks still burning houses. On September 19th, the Allied Armies left their bivouac

on the beach, and moved in the direction of Sebastopol.

Russell thought at once that the Turks were misused by St. Arnaud, under whose command General Suleiman Pasha was placed.

"The soldiers who defended Silistria, Eupatoria, and Kars," he wrote afterwards, "were not, forsooth, fit food for cannon; they were beasts of burthen, hewers of wood and drawers of water, carriers of shot and shell—pack animals, starved, abused and neglected."

This is a characteristic outburst of generous indignation, but we have to recognise that nearly all armies which are drilled with great precision are intolerant of more irregular allies who have as little military science as the Turks had then. Officers can hardly be induced to admit that such troops may be profitably employed. In the Spanish-American War of 1898 the American officers were shocked to discover that the Cubans, in whose cause they were fighting, knew terribly little of drill or tactics. They did not concern themselves with the question whether men who did happen to know their own country like the palms of their hands, and who had an exquisite degree of bushcraft, could be used in services which are necessarily not provided for in the manuals of great armies.

During the march to the Alma, Russell felt that his inspection of the Army might be interrupted at any moment. He was equipped in a manner that was suitable neither for the invasion of the Crimea nor for proclaiming the reason of his presence. He wore a Commissariat officer's cap with a broad gold band, a rifleman's patrol jacket, cord breeches, butcher boots,

and huge spurs. The boxes containing a more carefully thought-out kit sent from London were somewhere on the sea.

The day before the Battle of the Alma he was riding near Pennefather's Brigade when an officer came out from a group and said, "General Pennefather wants to know who you are, sir, and what you are doing here?" Russell explained, but the aide-de-camp said, "I think you had better come and see the General yourself." Russell did so. "By —, sir," exclaimed the General, when Russell had told him all he could about himself, "I had as soon see the devil! What do you know about this kind of work, and what will you do when we get into action?" "Well, sir," answered Russell, "it is quite true I have very little acquaintance with the business, but I suspect there are a great many here with no greater knowledge than myself." Pennefather laughed, "Begad, you're right. You're an Irishman, I'll be bound, and what's your name, sir?" Russell told him. "Are you from Limerick?" "No, sir; but my family are." "Well, good-bye; go to the rear, I tell you now. There will be wigs on the green to-day, my boy, so keep away from the front if you don't want to have your nose cut short." Years afterwards Russell reminded Pennefather of their first interview. "Do you know," said Pennefather, "I often thought afterwards what a comfort it would have been to the Government if I had put you in charge of the provost, and sent you on board ship. Mind, I'm glad I didn't do it, anyway."

As the Army moved on it suddenly struck Russell as quite a new idea that he had to go with it wherever it went. How and where in the event of a battle was he to take up a position? The thought troubled him,

but he could come to no conclusion; and even those supports on which he had relied in his difficulties seemed to be falling away. Sir De Lacy Evans, thanks to whom he was in the Crimea at all, rode up and asked, "What arrangements have you made to accompany the Army?" "None, sir." The stern face of the old soldier became sterner. "You do not know what you are about. Nor do those who sent you understand what they are doing. Do get attached to something or other. You must go to the Commissary-General, to the Chaplain-in-Chief—to anyone you know. Get attached to something. Go at once." Russell understood from those words that Evans could do nothing more to help him.

On September 20th, the Battle of the Alma was fought. Russell tacked himself on to the large cavalcade which followed Lord Raglan—Kinglake was among them—but presently an officer, a countryman of Russell's, who was A.D.C. to Sir John Burgoyne, came up. "You mustn't stay here, I tell you. There are orders for everyone to get out of this." Russell entreated him in vain. "I'll send Sir John to you, I will, if you don't go."

"I never," says Russell, "was in a more unpleasant position. Everyone else on the field had some *raison d'être*. I had none. They were on recognised business. It could scarcely be a recognised or legitimate business for any man to ride in front of the Army in order that he might be able to write an account of a battle for a newspaper. I was a very fly in amber."

During a halt about eleven o'clock Russell came across an officer of his acquaintance who was reading a letter from "my dear old wife." Said he, "Well, thank God, she'll have something more than her widow's pension if I am knocked on the head to-day."

"No pension for *my* widow if *I* fall," thought Russell, "and for myself the motto, 'Served him right.' Very true, but very late to occur to me!"

At half-past one the battle began. Russell made his way to Sir De Lacy Evans, who informed him that he was likely to see a great battle if he wanted to—a piece of information that was scarcely necessary, as the shells were bursting and the round shot were thumping the ground where the British were awaiting the order to advance. Soon Russell came in sight of Sir George Brown, who addressed him by name, and was good enough to remark, "It's a very fine day." "And then," adds Russell, "he waved his hand as if to brush me away."

The Battle of the Alma belongs to history, and it would be quite superfluous and improper to describe it here; we are concerned with the fighting only as it affected Russell himself.

Russell did not cease to be troubled by the question, which will always perplex correspondents, whether he was standing in the best place to see the battle. It is a question which becomes increasingly difficult as the range of fire increases. To-day no man who applies himself to get what people call a "realistic" impression of fighting can hope to have an accurate or even a coherent idea of the tactical handling of troops along a wide front. In modern warfare the employment of many correspondents is necessary to enable a newspaper to produce a connected account of a single battle. The only correspondent who can acquaint himself with the general issue is he who stays in the rear, where the field telegraph and telephone wires converge upon headquarters. Although it was more nearly possible for Russell to follow

simultaneously both the particular and the general issue than it is to-day, his immediate vision was often obscured by the smoke. What he did see he saw at a comparatively short distance. Our Army in South Africa, when fighting against an invisible enemy, would indeed have been diverted and relieved by some such incident as Russell described on November 30th, 1854:—

“The Grand Duke Michael and a very large staff were seen making a reconnaissance in front of the British lines. Persons on the British side said that they could see Prince Menchikoff with the party. The Grand Duke was recognisable by the profound respect paid to him, hats being taken off wherever he went, and by the presence of a white dog which always accompanied him. While he made his inspection his telescope was propped upon muskets and bayonets, and he referred to a very large chart on a portable table.”

No one who has attempted in recent times to describe a battle with no evidence to go upon except that which has fallen under his own eyes can have been a stranger to the despair which overtakes him when he reflects that he has undertaken to supply his readers with a coherent narrative. Of all the impossible things in the world that seems the most impossible. He would pay a large sum for the last edition of a London evening newspaper. Every Londoner with a halfpenny to spare knows more than he does; for the paper at all events contains some official information from the General in the field, who, having command of all the wires, is bound to be the best war correspondent. Yet even the General himself does not learn many of the smaller incidents of the day till months afterwards, and some of them may remain in doubt for years. It is not perhaps till

generations have passed that the description of a battle becomes stereotyped, and schoolboys who draw plans of it can be solemnly rapped on the knuckles for putting the cavalry or the guns a few yards out of position.

Kinglake's glowing history of the Crimean War is accepted as the first authority, yet Russell tells us that there were conflicting statements as to what took place in the attack on the great twelve-gun battery at the Alma, even before the smoke had cleared away. Sir George Brown and Codrington each had his story, and Kinglake followed Codrington's. Very likely it was the true version; certainly Codrington would rather have died on the spot than say anything he did not believe to be true. But at least there was another story which was not accepted, but which had a degree of credibility.

"Nothing," says Russell, "irritated Sir George Brown more than Kinglake's criticisms of the Light Division. He was especially angry at the remarks on his shortsightedness. 'The man is as blind as a bat himself! Though I am not very long-sighted, I can shoot tolerably well and stalk a stag without spectacles! He describes me as dashing on with plumes in my cocked hat and appalling the Russians by my sanctified appearance! In fact, I left my plume behind me in Varna, and I never wore one while I was in the Crimea! As for the Russians, they showed their respect and consideration for me by hitting my horse in five places.'"

In a footnote to his account of the Battle of the Alma in "The British Expedition to the Crimea," Russell writes:—

"As an instance of the difficulty of obtaining information respecting the incidents of a general action, I may state that Captain Henry, an officer



promoted from the ranks for his distinguished bravery, told me that the guns were taken over a bridge and not over a ford—that he was with the first gun, that no wheeler was killed, and that he fired only on Russian infantry, and never directed a round against the Russian guns. In most of these statements it is probable the gallant officer was mistaken, although actually present.”

As a final example, let us take an incident later in the war. Russell writes in his account of the attack on the Redan in “The British Expedition to the Crimea”:—

“The difficulty of obtaining accurate information of the progress of the action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at three o’clock one of our Generals of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not.” The British attack ceased at 1.48 p.m.

Such were the difficulties which assailed Russell with an overwhelming sense of their magnitude during and after the Battle of the Alma.

“How was I to describe what I had not seen? Where learn the facts for which they were waiting at home? My eyes swam as I tried to make notes of what I heard. I was worn out with excitement, fatigue, and want of food. I had been more than ten hours in the saddle; my wretched horse, bleeding badly from a cut in the leg, was unable to carry me. My head throbbed, my heart beat as though it would burst. I suppose I was unnerved by want of food and rest, but I was so much overcome by what I saw that I could not remain where the fight had been closest and deadliest. I longed to get away from it—from the exultation of others in which thought for the dead was forgotten or unexpressed. It was now that the weight of the task I had accepted fell on my soul like lead.”

He did not attempt to write his account of the battle that night. He slept fitfully and feverishly, lying on the ground under a commissariat tent, and awoke in the morning with a maddening headache. The tent

was filled with noisy fellows, the heat was suffocating, and the smell outside and inside was sickening.

In the early light he saw the soldiers carrying off wounded Russians, digging graves, picking up the dead and collecting arms. "Heavens!" he exclaimed to a surgeon who was superintending the removal of the wounded, "what a frightful amount of suffering there is around us!" The surgeon, a Scotsman and a dialectician, prepared for argument at once: "That's a verra extraordinary observation, do you know, my young friend? D'ye think that one body's pain can be multiplied by another body's pain? Na, na! There's jist a number of wounded men and each has his own pain—but it's not cumuleetive at all." Russell was too feeble to controvert the proposition.

He sat down on the parapet of a battery and began to write. An officer of engineers, seeing his discomfort, had a plank laid on two casks to make a writing-table, and a Russian account-book yielded a supply of yellowish paper. The first letter he wrote never reached London, and he congratulated himself afterwards that it did not.

After finishing his first imperfect letter he rode about the field on a borrowed horse, and having collected much new information, sat down to write a new account of the battle.

"A few hundred yards away," he says in 'The Great War with Russia,' "the General was beginning to write his despatch. Every line he wrote was charged with fate and fortune. I was only scribbling."

Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" conveys in a few words the effect of that despatch from Lord Raglan:—

"He passed one of the theatre doors; there was a group outside, more noisy and more earnest than

such groups are wont to be ; and ere he could pass through them, a shout from within rattled the doors with its mighty pulse, and seemed to shake the very walls. Another ; and another ! What was it ? Fire ! No. It was the news of Alma."

Russell goes on :—

"I did not then grasp the fact that I had it in my power to give a halo of glory to some unknown warrior by putting his name in type. Indeed, for many a month I never understood that particular attribute of my unfortunate position, and I may say now in all sincerity and truth, I never knowingly made use of it."

It may be remarked here that if Russell had not yet perceived the great and responsible power which is in the hands of a correspondent in the field, the officers of the Army on their side had not perceived it either. This may be proved from many of the artless requests for a mention of this or that which Russell received from honest fellows. To-day, when the relations between the correspondent and the Army are better understood, the best type of officer would shrink from demanding a special description of some episode in which he was concerned, for that, as one knows, would generally end in glorification of himself. "Advertising" was not then cultivated, nor had the art been developed of doing one's fighting under the eyes of a special correspondent.

"What will they say in England ? That question," writes Russell, "never occurred to me in my distracted career till I had to deal with the misery that fell upon us in the winter, and then indeed I thought, as I wrote, that they in England would say that their army should not utterly perish. Better had I discoursed upon the weather and said everything was for the best: though more men might have died, I

should not have made so many powerful and relentless enemies."

On October 3rd, 1854, he wrote to Delane :

"The morning after the Battle of the Alma when I made Kinglake out, thinking to write my account in his tent, I found that he, like myself, had lost his luggage and had no place to offer me. All I could do was to get some paper and lie on the grass in the hot sun and write such an account as I could of the battle. That night I had a fever and had to be put into an araba, in which I performed my journey to Balaclava. I am now recovering, but am very weak."

On October 17th, the day on which the bombardment of Sebastopol began, Russell wrote to his wife:—

"I read your letter in the midst of the most tremendous tumult and battle that ever the ear of man has heard perhaps. I have no time to reply to it now, but can only say this, my dearest Mary, that I wish you to be happy and comfortable till my return, and that you must have whatever money is requisite for your respectable appearance, and as much of it as can be spared out of Mr. Willans'\* clutches for the purpose. My eyes are closing with sleep, and though I can write to you I cannot write to the *Times* I fear. I am so dead beat—up at 4.30 this morning and at it ever since. I write this in the tent of the Adjt.-Genl.† of the 4th Division, as I am too tired to ride back in the dark to Headquarters; for you must know camp covers much ground, and at night there are ravines to be crossed, to get from one part to another, which makes it nasty work to ride."

\* Afterwards Colonel Willans, in the Army Pay Department. He was one of Russell's oldest and firmest friends, and generously looked after the interests of the Russell family whenever Russell was away.

† An error for "Assistant Adjutant-General." He was Colonel, afterwards General, Windham.

## CHAPTER XV

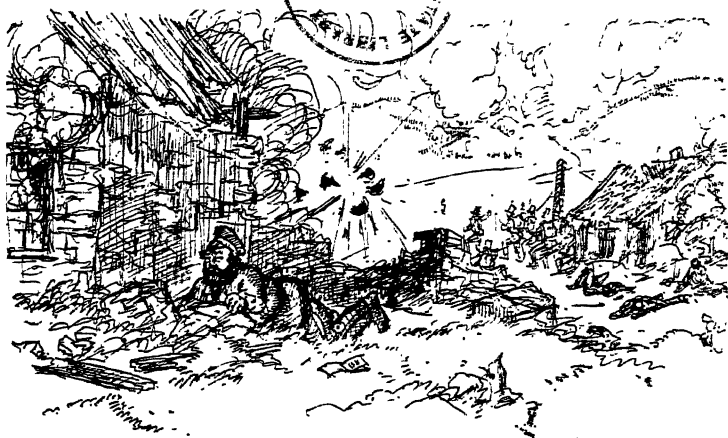
### AT BALACLAVA AND INKERMANN

AFTER the Battle of the Alma, Russell settled down at Balaclava with the Army. His servant Angelo, the ex-brigadier of Papal Dragoons, who had followed him to the Crimea, had taken as an assistant his kinsman, one Virgilio Sebastiani. Angelo himself was a tall, straight, handsome fellow, who had a most gallant bearing except when he was near a horse: "then all the dragoon part of him vanished and he became a shifty, trembling footman." Virgilio said that he too had been a soldier, but he handled scissors and razor in a style which made Russell think he had been a barber.

No one appeared to know how long the Army would remain at Balaclava before another attack was made on the Russians. Camp "shaves" passed incessantly from tent to tent. Sir John Burgoyne, who was then the dominant spirit, said, "It's all nonsense to wait; we must get up closer, run up our batteries under their noses, give them a good hammering and dash at the place. The more we look at it the less we shall like it." One evening, Russell and six or seven of his friends were sitting on the ground in a tent, smoking and chanting the popular story of "Three Sailors lived in Bristol City," and had just thundered out "and Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.," when the flap of the tent was opened and by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle they beheld the rugged features of Sir John Burgoyne.



Angelo and Virgilio.  
(A sketch by Col. W. J. Colville.)



Dr. Russell ; or the troubles of a War Correspondent.  
(A sketch by Col. W. J. Colville.)

What's all this about? Put out the light at once and let me hear no more nonsense. Confounded nonsense, too—Admiral Nelson never was a K.C.B."

At the battle of Balaclava, Russell looked down upon the charges of both the Heavy and Light Cavalry in the valley, and was on the field a few minutes after each event. Talking to the surviving members of the Light Brigade when they were still pulling themselves together after the appalling shock, he found that they had no distinct image in their minds of anything that had happened; to them the details of the encounter were even more obscure than the dim figures had seemed to Russell as he watched them from the hill, emerging from and disappearing in the wreaths of smoke. Hours afterwards, when he rode from tent to tent looking for officers whom he knew, he noted that his friends all spoke in the same way of the losses of comrades and horses—"all or nothing." "They had not," he says, "the least idea of the immense kudos they had gained for ever."

When he returned to his tent at headquarters he found it full of officers discussing the battle. He was confused with the multiplicity of the information given to him, and much of it fitted in very ill with what he had observed himself; he had been nearly the whole day without food and his head ached; he was exhausted to the point of utter dejection, and he felt that the time and place were even less favourable for writing than when he had lain in the hot sun after the Battle of the Alma. Yet write he must, for the mail would be leaving in a few hours. His writing-table was his knee, his seat a saddle, and his lamp a commissariat candle in a bottle. Such an experience as this, repeated many times in his long career,

made him appreciate afterwards the remark of the Crown Prince of Prussia in the Franco-German War: "You are the hardest worker among us, for when our work is over and we can go to sleep, you have to begin again and describe what has been done!" As he wrote, his well-meaning but exasperating advisers retired one by one with the final injunction in most cases to "shut up and go to sleep," and soon all the sound that came to him was the sonorous breathings of his friends in the straw. He struggled on till the candle "disappeared in the bottle like a stage demon through a trap door."

In the account he wrote that night he used a phrase which ought to last as long as the Army. In describing the manner in which a charge of the Russian cavalry was met by the Highlanders he said "The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dashed on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.*" If the phrase, the "*thin red line,*"\* into which Russell afterwards changed his words, was at any time in danger of being forgotten, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has ensured its survival.

On November 4th, the day before the Battle of Inkerman, Russell had the first of his rare encounters with Lord Cardigan. As he was riding down from his tent at headquarters to Balaclava, he met Lord Cardigan, in Hussar uniform, and a man in a flat-brimmed top hat, frock coat, and overalls strapped over patent leather boots. This was Mr. de Burgh, known to the London world as "The Squire." The two had just landed from the yacht whence Lord Cardigan commanded the Light Cavalry Brigade.

\* See Appendix.



"Well, Mr. William Russell! What are they doing? What was the firing for last night? And this morning?" Russell confessed ignorance. "You hear, Squire? This Mr. William Russell knows nothing of that firing. I daresay no one does! Good morning." They rode on. Years afterwards Lord Cardigan told Russell that he started in the charge of the Light Brigade with the words: "Here goes the last of the Brudenells!"

On the beach Russell met Colonel Eber, who had just been appointed a correspondent of the *Times*. He was a Hungarian who had been a patriot in '48. At the close of the struggle for Hungarian independence, he went to Turkey and afterwards to England. He rapidly acquired the English language, and became a favourite in English society. On the breaking out of the Crimean War he returned to Turkey, and as correspondent of the *Times* joined Omar Pasha's army. Omar conceived a great esteem for him, and induced him to accept the position of Chief of the General Staff in Thessaly. He accompanied Omar Pasha to Eupatoria, and followed his fortunes to the end of the war. Later he acted as *Times* correspondent in the Italian War of Independence, and was at the battles of Magenta and Solferino. At Garibaldi's urgent request, General Eber, as he then was, took the command of a brigade and was engaged in the most brilliant of the Sicilian engagements. Afterwards he was elected a member of the Hungarian Diet, and acted as the *Times* correspondent at Vienna and Pesth. Russell wrote of him after his death long afterwards:

"Few men possessed such a profound acquaintance with the politics of the Balkan region. He had the geography and topography of Eastern Europe at his finger ends, and the facility with which, with his map

before him, he could follow or anticipate the movements of troops, was very remarkable."

At the time of the Crimean War, Russell described him as "querulous and sarcastic, capable and despondent, though brave as a lion." He seemed to regard the Turkish Army as "almost under his care and charge."

Russell, after meeting him on the beach, took him to his tent at headquarters, and after a great deal of smoking and talking, they went to sleep to the accompaniment of the drip of rain and the thud of firing in the trenches. Russell was aroused by a lantern flashing in his eyes. "Get up; we are attacked!" He jumped up, struggled with his boots, put all the biscuit he could find and a lump of cheese into one holster, and a revolver and a flask of rum into the other, and rode outside headquarters to listen. Lights were moving everywhere; there were candles in the windows of Lord Raglan's house, but there was no light in the sky, and a mist of rain obscured everything. Dawn began to break as Eber and he rode together towards the windmill where the firing sounded heaviest. Here they parted, and as soon as Russell passed over the ridge which lay between headquarters and the main engagement, he found himself in a raging battle. The still, dark atmosphere, heavy with smoke, was reddened with the flash of artillery as black thunder-clouds are illuminated by lightning. He was at once under a very heavy fire—much the heaviest he had been under—and he began posing himself with the perplexing questions: "What am I doing here? What chance have I of returning alive? But if I go elsewhere shall I see more, or less, of the fighting?"

The correspondent has to strike a mean between being near enough to the heart of things to be able to write as an eye-witness, and refusing such undue bodily risks as would make the money which his newspaper has expended on his mission a preposterous speculation. Let us suppose that he has taken part in so many campaigns that war has become his normal state of existence, and the battlefield, as it were, his office. It will be seen that he would cut a ridiculous figure, if with the gusto of a first experience he continued incessantly to defy a fate ever ready to carry him off.

The smoke and vapour were so dense that Russell could see better without his field glasses. As he was deliberating what he should do, a French officer galloped out of the fog, pulled up his horse, and said, "Mon Général! Pouvez-vous me dire où se trouve le Général Brown?" This was not the first time that the commissariat cap with the gold band which Russell wore, conferred on him in the eyes of our French and Turkish Allies the rank of General.

Russell moved about from one point of the field to another with such leisureliness as ministered to his self-respect, and presently fell in with Mr. H. Layard.\* Layard was one of the best known of the "T. G.'s," or Travelling Gentlemen, of whom there were generally a few in the Crimea during the war brought by yachts or by special permission in other steamers. They mostly made daily excursions on land and returned to their sea base in the evening. Delane had been out for a short time as a T. G., and Kinglake may be

\* Afterwards Sir Henry Layard. He was the excavator of the ancient Nineveh, and the author of the well-known book, "Nineveh and its Remains." He became British Ambassador at Madrid and at Constantinople.

included in the class if only to invest it with dignity and reason. Layard was the writer of a description, published in the *Times*, of the Battle of the Alma, as seen from the main top of the *Agamemnon*, which commanded much praise at the time. With Layard Russell rode to a point where the city of Sebastopol, the Malakoff, the Redan, and other important points were visible. From here at one time he saw the French pursuing some Russians, and declares that they actually went into Sebastopol itself.

"Sir H. Layard," he wrote in "The Great War with Russia," "saw these things as well as I did. I have often spoken with Sir Henry Layard about it since, and he is as positive about it as I am. I saw the red breeches, blue coats, and képis, as plainly as if they were close at hand."

Russell used to say that most of his reminiscences of the Battle of Inkerman were "personal"; not concerning himself, but his friends and some of the chief figures in the campaign. Probably this was as much as to say, what was the truth about Inkerman, that it was a battle of separate and disjointed encounters in which the various British and French efforts converged on a great conclusion as much by accident as by design.

According to his observation there was no exultation such as has been ascribed to our soldiers on this occasion by others; *bello gaudentes proelio ridentes*. Sir George Brown, wounded and stretched on a litter, was carried past him looking so white that Russell supposed him dead till he waved his uninjured arm as Russell took off his cap. In answer to the inquiry if he was badly wounded, Sir George Brown said: "I don't know, nor care! Our men are overpowered; that's

all! You'll have a bad story to tell if you live to tell it."

A little later Russell met Sir De Lacy Evans. Russell had reason to think that Sir De Lacy Evans felt hurt at the preference given to Sir George Brown by Lord Raglan, and at the chilliness with which he was received at headquarters. Evans was now leaning his right hand on the pommel of his saddle; he was suffering from a severe sprain, and seemed exceedingly ill. "I expected this," he exclaimed; "I warned them of it again and again!"\* "But," said Russell, "we have won. The Russians are retreating." "Yes, they are; but suppose they come out on us with greater force whilst we are suffering under this loss? I tell you, sir—but you are not to put this in your letter—we cannot remain here, even if we could trust the French or the Turks. I trust neither."

Although Russell saw so many battlefields in his life, he never forgot the scene at Inkerman. At the Sandbag battery the bodies of English, Russians, and French were lying in strata, so that he could easily believe that it was true that the Russians had made a ramp of their own dead and had mounted on it to the attack. The battery was taken and re-taken six or seven times. When he returned, overwhelmed with pity at what he had seen, he found Eber already in the tent with dinner spread on a newspaper. "My God! wasn't it an awful day!" exclaimed Russell. "Awful?" said Eber; "No, a most bewdiful day; fine baddle as ever vos. No men ever fide bedder! But oh! such a vickedness! De Generals, I dink, should all be shot. Ve shall be addacked to-morrow

\* Sir De Lacy Evans had pointed out to Lord Raglan the undefended state of the flank of the Second Division.

or de day after, and be swept into de sea or made prisoners."

The next day Russell went out with working parties which were burying the dead, and was nearly killed by a shell fired from one of the Russian ships in the harbour. This was not the only shell fired from the ships that day, and the indignation in the British camp was great, as the Russians had agreed to a temporary truce in the morning. Russell records in his diary that all the shells with their hissing fuses were plainly visible in the air, and that he had plenty of time to take shelter after the first, but a fragment of that first one tore a piece out of his coat. Years afterwards a Russian officer told him that he knew perfectly well that, under the pretence of burying the dead, the British engineers were choosing new sites for batteries. "I know your engineer officers wear cocked hats, and I myself saw your men carrying fascines." Russell informed him that the cocked hats were worn by staff officers who were near him, and that what the officer supposed to be fascines were the litters of brushwood and stunted trees on which the dead were being carried. Every self-respecting officer who has been through a war between civilised combatants, as well as every civilian observer who prefers truth to sensation, will acknowledge that the mistakes and misunderstandings which cause firing at white flags, hospitals, and ambulances, are more numerous than the cases of simple treachery. Yet no charge is more common in war than that white flags and ambulance trains have not been respected.\*

\* The writer remembers an occasion at Willow Grange in the South African War when he overheard a sergeant and his men complain that the Boers were firing at them from under a white flag. It certainly seemed true. There were the Boers occasionally visible

Russell long believed that the Russians had deliberately broken the truce the morning after Inkerman, and the Russians no doubt believed that the British had done the same. Here we have the explanation arriving by accident years after the event.

Three days after Inkerman Russell wrote to Delane :

"HEADQUARTERS (Sebastopolwards),  
"November 8th, 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of October 18th, which was delivered to me as I was going over the field of the Battle of Inkerman, heartsick and depressed, was very grateful to me indeed, and cheered me by its cordial praise, which I fear I do not deserve. . . . I am convinced from what I see that Lord Raglan is utterly incompetent to lead an army through any arduous task. He is a brave good soldier, I am sure, and a polished gentleman, but he is no more fit than I am to cope with any leader of strategic skill. Old Burgoyne advised the march on Balaclava. At the Alma, with the exception of ordering up two guns into a good position, and of the example of personal courage he (Lord Raglan) was of no use. 'The only order I ever received from him,' said an officer, 'from the time I left Buljak till I arrived at the crest of the Alma Ridge were 'March' and 'Halt.' Alma was a bulldog rush at the throat. One grave, I fear irremediable error, was in not rushing into Sebastopol the instant we arrived before it. The nut, I fear, is too hard for our jaws to crack this winter. . . .

"For a long time I was close to Lord Raglan on the 5th. He was wrong in two palpable respects: he exposed himself uselessly to fire, and he gave no

along a ridge across the valley, and on the face of that ridge flew the white flag. On examining the "flag" carefully, however, the writer found that it was a dead grey horse, which seemed to tremble in the mirage. On another occasion, near Heilbron, he informed an artillery officer that he was firing on a Dutch ambulance train. In the distance and bad light the train looked exactly like an ordinary convoy, which the officer had taken it to be. As the officer looked again through his glasses a puff of wind blew out the Red Cross flags, and the writer can never forget the expression of profound concern and regret which came over his face as he recognised his mistake.

directions whatever; he was a mere cool and callous spectator. But the most serious disadvantage under which he labours is that he does not go among the troops. He does not visit the camp, he does not cheer them and speak to them, and his person is in consequence almost unknown to them. 'Is that old gentleman with one arm the General?' asked a sergeant of the 23rd of another the other day when his lordship was riding through the lines. I may be wrong in all I say, and the conclusions I arrive at, but I do so honestly and I am sure of my facts.

"I cannot tell you what a state of anxiety my wife is in, and I fear from what I hear that her health may suffer. I really believe it will be best after all to break up my little establishment in Guernsey and take her out to Constantinople, but the future is so uncertain. I would gladly take your advice. I would say more on the subject if I had time.

"Yours ever truly,  
"W. H. RUSSELL."

On the same day Russell wrote to his wife:—

"BALACLAVA,  
"November 5th, 1854.

"Your dear, kind, noble letter came to cheer me up on the 6th, after witnessing a scene more terrible than that of the Alma; and what a comfort it was to me I cannot explain to you, though I am pained to see your needless anxiety and alarm evinced in every line of it. I have been protected by God's mercy from illness and the perils of war hitherto, and I think it will be a comfort to you to know that I have at last resolved on coming here\* to stay in case of any emergency from the enemy arising to force us to retreat.

"Oh, dear Mary, the kind good friends I have lost, the dear companions of many a ride and walk and lonely hour! I have seen them buried as they lay all bloody on the hillside amid their ferocious enemies, and I could not but exclaim in all bitterness of heart, 'Cursed is he who delighteth in war.'

"I have had a letter from Delane. He will do

\* Russell did not, however, leave headquarters to live regularly at Balacava till a week or two later.



whatever you require, but the only difficulty I foresee in your coming out here is that you will not be much nearer to me than you were before, so far as seeing me is concerned. What a proof of your affection for me it is to propose to leave the children!"

On November 9th Russell wrote to Delane:—

"I fear my last letter was a very unconnected one, and you would not wonder at it if you knew the circumstances under which it was written. . . . Sunday, you know, was the day of the Battle of Inkerman. I gave Eber a shake-down the night before, and we were together nearly all day, and two very narrow escapes we both had. Once a shell burst, and the fragments turned up the ground around us and threw the dirt all over Eber. I was in front of him, and a piece about the size of a tea-cup whistled over my head as I lay on the ground (for we saw the fellow coming towards us), rapped the earth within an inch of my hand, threw up the mould over Eber, who was likewise awaiting the explosion, and then went on its way rejoicing."

After giving Delane some information about the behaviour of certain correspondents, which did not do credit either to their industry or their courage, Russell continues:—

"Now I don't mention these things to puff myself off, but the fact is I have been greatly irritated by reading an extract from the —, sent to me by a friend, stating that I, 'Mr. —, the *Times* correspondent, had bolted from the Light Division at Devna, frightened by the cholera, and was not likely soon to return,' when the fact, notorious to anyone, was that I left Devna days before a single case of cholera occurred, that I stayed in Varna during the height of the plague, and that I returned to the Light Division while it was still raging. This attack—so far beyond the bounds of journalistic hostility—has annoyed me because I know that good-natured friends will rejoice at it. I have written to the editor of the —, to tell him that I will trounce his lying correspondent within an inch of his life if I ever catch him, and I have written to the man himself to warn him what he has to expect if he

meets me. I had so much to write and think about before, that I forgot to mention this in my previous letters to you. . . . And now comes for me a grave matter indeed. I know that we must winter here if we are not driven into the sea, and I know, too, that my wife must come out to Constantinople. Her letter received yesterday really unmanned me. When winter sets in I could run down and spend a week or so at Constantinople now and then, for from all I hear operations of war will be impossible. I have written to her by this post to make the necessary arrangements for having the three children she will have to leave behind her taken care of. The youngest she will take with her, and as it is winter now I am quite puzzled as to the best route for her to take from Guernsey. I am more puzzled as to how to instruct her, for I much doubt her capacity to work through with herself and maid. If you can suggest anything I shall be much obliged to you indeed. It is a serious matter, and I tremble lest anything should befall them. . . . I have already supplied Mr. Morris with the details of the route from Varna to Bucharest and thence to Constantinople, and so on by telegraph to England (in 70 hours), and I really think wonders might be done if we could get a communication between this (Balaclava) and Varna. I'm certain a telegraph might be dispatched from the Crimea and received in London in 100 hours at farthest. I have written several times to Chenery on the subject, and ere I left Varna I communicated to him what arrangements could be made there, but the breaking up of our establishment at Varna, and the cessation of regular intercourse with it, has quite knocked up my plans.

"P.S.—The prospect of wintering here is appalling. The families at Balaclava say that once winter sets in they shut their houses, light their stoves, and grin and bear it. The bears walk about the streets, or used to do so in winters past. True, it will be as bad for the Russians as for ourselves—if not worse, as long as they are out in the open. If Chenery does not take mercy on me I'll be in rags. My nether man is by no means in a respectable condition. Ugh! the cold in the tents at nights!

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE AWFUL PLATEAU

EARLY in November Russell received a generous letter from Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor of the *Times* :—

“LONDON,

“October 30th, 1854

“MY DEAR SIR,—The approach of autumn reminds me that, among the other ‘stern realities’ of the war, I shall have to regret the loss of your company this year on the occasion of the annual meeting of your colleagues at my house. I cannot, however, forbear writing you a few lines to assure you how heartily we shall all sympathise with you on that occasion, and, while we lament your absence, shall feel ourselves honoured by its cause. If the glory of the British arms has shone with undiminished lustre during this memorable struggle, it may safely be added that on no occasion have the arduous and even dangerous duties of ‘Our own correspondent’ been performed with equal ability or success. To you, my dear sir, is the credit due of having added another laurel to the crown of the ‘Fourth Estate’ by the fidelity and zeal with which you have ‘reported,’ even on the field of battle, and evidently at considerable peril, the glorious achievements of our troops; while you have certainly earned their gratitude by making known their needless hardships. Whatever privations you have yourself encountered in the discharge of these duties, it must be some consolation to you to reflect that your light is not hid under a bushel, but that your graphic descriptions of the grand and terrific scenes you have witnessed are read by hundreds of thousands with the most intense interest, and will probably be as imperishable as the memory of the deeds which they recount. I must not content myself, however, with

this barren acknowledgment of your services, but will conclude by saying that I have desired Mr. Morris to invest the sum of five hundred pounds in trust for the benefit of your children. And wishing you a safe and speedy termination of your labours I remain, my dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely,  
"J. WALTER."

The great gale of November 14th, such a gale as the people of the Crimea experience only once in a generation, laid most of the British camp flat on the ground and strewed the harbour coast with the wrecks of transports. It was only the prelude to a dreadful winter. The south-west wind veered more to the west and became colder, sleet fell first, and then came a snowstorm "which covered the desolate landscape with white till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud." The army before Sebastopol scarcely recognised the significance of those first white flakes which heralded the icy rigours of the winter months and were the samples of the material in which the exhausted and frozen bodies of so many gallant fellows were to be shrouded. Mr. Thomas Hardy in "The Dynasts" has imagined that Napoleon's army dragging its slow length along in the disastrous Russian expedition interpreted the arrival of the snow with a keener vision.

"And so and thus it nears Smolensko's walls,  
And stayed its hunger, starts anew its crawls  
Till floats down one white morsel which appals."

When the storm abated Russell moved down to Balaclava from headquarters and there established himself in a very miserable house, from which, however, he was soon to be ejected. Yet he records that among the accumulation of suffering and disease,

"some salt of our youth was left." Shaves were as familiar as usual and not less exciting; jokes were not unknown, and one ventures to suppose that they even took on new values. All his life Russell was fond of recalling an excellent pun which was made in the ghastly circumstances of that winter. One particularly miserable day an aide-de-camp came down from headquarters to Balaclava charged with the double mission of receiving some stoves for Lord Raglan's house and of escorting a baronet and his daughter—a lady of great fortune and personal attractions—who were visiting the Crimea to see a relation in a cavalry regiment. The shivering aide-de-camp was complaining of his errand to the cosy officer who was acting as Captain of the Beach. "You fellows have a fine time of it down here! Look at me! I am sent down this charming morning to land his lordship's stoves, and to conduct Miss P—to headquarters." "My dear fellow," was the answer, "you must not complain. You have only come out to do your duty '*pro aris et focis*' like a British soldier." Your duty for the heiress and the stoves!—it should certainly take its place beside Porson's "*οὐδὲ τόδ' οὐδὲ τᾶλλο*" among the few classical puns worthy to be famous.

Russell could never remember how he came into possession of the house in which he lived temporarily at Balaclava. Every house in the place belonged to the Army, and he had no right to occupy a square inch without leave. But there he was, and soon sailors charitably fitted boards to the windows, stuffed up the chinks in the walls and floors and tarpaulined the roof. He slept on the floor, and all his belongings hung from nails in the wall. His servants disappeared;

Virgilio bolted with the excuse of sickness, and Angelo retired to Pera, where he set up as a provision merchant. He was now allowed to draw rations, and yet there were times when he was pinched by hunger and cold. He chose a new servant, an Armenian, whom he called Agapo, from among the motley immigration of Croats, Armenians, and Greeks. Agapo stayed with him only till he saw an opportunity of setting up an obscure little bakery in Balaclava, where he charged his late master double price for the crusts and biscuits he occasionally sold him.

On December 7th, 1854, Russell wrote to Delane :—

“Lord Raglan now and then rides out to the front. He has not been down to Balaclava for a month, has never visited a hospital, and never goes about among the men. Canrobert visits the Kamiesch hospitals and the men repeatedly. You hear nothing now but grumbling against the General; but no one doubts our ultimate success. One hour of Wellington, of Napier, or five minutes of Marlboro’ or Napoleon, would have saved us months of labour and thousands of lives.”

One day a commissariat officer came with an order signed “R. Airey,” for the surrender of Russell’s quarters, which were required “on Her Majesty’s Service.” Russell was confident that at that time he could have aroused an outburst of anger at home by a mere statement of the fact, but to his credit he preferred to say nothing. He walked out into the mud, carried his bed up to the front, and became once more a wanderer, sometimes making use of the tents of his friends and sometimes taking refuge on board ship at Kamiesch or Balaclava. He had, however, a short respite from the common misery when he went for a holiday to Constantinople.

Shortly after his return to the Army (January 6th) he wrote in his diary:—

“Raglan one never sees, and there is a joke in camp that there is a dummy dressed up at headquarters to look out of the windows while the Commander-in-Chief is enjoying an incognito at Malta. Airey is laid up with sore eyes, and lets the roads go to the deuce.”

If this was all true, it still missed a considerable part of the truth. Perhaps these misunderstandings are inevitable. Russell had no conception—how could he have had? for the thing was beyond belief—how Lord Raglan was oppressed, victimised, almost smothered, by the correspondence from the Horse Guards and the Cabinet. Day and night Lord Raglan sat at his desk and wrote answers to nervous, tedious, and unnecessary inquiries. No one guessed the monstrous volume and character of that correspondence, addressed to him by the Government, till “The Panmure Papers”\* were published in 1908. Russell for his part saw only the sufferings of the Army and noted the absence of the Commander-in-Chief. All his chivalrous pity for gallant fellows in

\* A ridiculous example of Lord Panmure’s method may be given. On July 17th, 1855, General Simpson, Lord Raglan’s successor, wrote to Lord Panmure:—

“I think, my lord, that some telegraphic messages reach us that cannot be sent under due authority and are perhaps unknown to you, although under protection of your lordship’s name and not in cipher. For instance, I was called up last night, a dragoon having come express from St. George’s Monastery with a telegraphic message in these words: ‘Lord Panmure to General Simpson—Captain Jarvis has been bitten by a centipede. How is he now?’ This seems rather too trifling an affair to call for a dragoon to ride a couple of miles in the dark that he may knock up the commander of the Army out of the very small allowance of sleep permitted him! Then, upon sending in the morning another mounted dragoon to inquire after Captain Jarvis four miles off, it is found that he never has been bitten at all, but has had a boil, from which he is fast recovering. I venture to mention this message because there have been two others equally trifling, causing inconvenience, and worse may come out of such practices with the wires.”

pain or in misery was stirred, and he wrote at white heat. The sufferings of the Army no doubt could not be exaggerated; he made no mistake there; but he did not and could not know that when Lord Raglan appeared to be keeping himself perversely or even callously within headquarters he was weighed down by that unparalleled imposition of clerical labour.

Of course, it may be said that Lord Raglan should have refused the fatal immediate duty for the more important one of ascertaining the condition of his men and (above all) of building decent roads for the transport of the commissariat to the front. The only answer possible to that contention is that it was Lord Raglan's habit of mind to see only his immediate duty. He could not, indeed—for he was an experienced soldier—withdraw his men from the trenches and set them to labour on the roads; as he himself said, to withdraw a division would have been to do nothing less than raise the siege; yet the exceptional general would have found means (by specially imported navvy labour, for instance) to make the indispensable roads. To say that Lord Raglan was not the exceptional general who admits the stress of no extenuating circumstances, is not to offer a severe criticism but only to express a regret. Russell could not be expected either to perceive or to acknowledge that distinction. If he had not believed that nothing could excuse the infliction of the sufferings he beheld, he would not have roused his countrymen to the extent he did with his sincere and passionate indignation.

As to the charge that Lord Raglan did not encourage his men by showing himself among them and manifesting his interest in their well-being, it might seem unfair even to set down the substance of Russell's



letters without opposing to it statements on the other side. Thus in an article in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1857, the writer\* says :—

“He (Lord Raglan) replied that one aide-de-camp† alone, who kept a journal, and who generally but not always attended him, had accompanied him in forty rides through the camp during the preceding two months. In a letter, of which the testimony is above all suspicion, because it was penned before the accusations against him had appeared, an officer relates that Lord Raglan constantly made a nocturnal expedition through the whole of their protracted lines, starting at half-past nine, and returning to Headquarters at one or later. ‘Some people,’ he added, ‘think he might be as well in bed, but the personal encouragement is a great point. Another correspondent, whose letter was dated after the attacks had commenced in England, but before they were known in the Crimea, mentions that these inspections were of five or six hours’ duration, and that though the cold was intolerable, he talked to everybody, from officers down to privates. The worse the weather grew the more frequent his visits became. He rarely missed a day, and never, except compelled by the pressure of imperative duties.”

Again, it has been said that the reason why Lord Raglan was not credited with going among his men as frequently as he did was that he was not generally recognised. And this was partly because he rode accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, instead of with the pomp and circumstance of Canrobert and Pelissier, and partly because he wore a foreign cloak—a present from Vienna—which concealed his empty sleeve and disguised his characteristic appearance. If Russell had ever heard this explanation he might conceivably have answered that he could judge only by results,

\* The Rev. Whitwell Elwin, the editor of the *Quarterly*, who had the use of private papers which have never been published.

† Probably Colonel Somerset Calthorpe, now Lord Calthorpe, author of “Letters from Headquarters,” 1857.

and that Lord Raglan did not, as a matter of fact, impress himself upon his Army at a time when it was desirable that he should do so.

There is a further, and a contradictory, explanation that Lord Raglan purposely abstained at first from riding round all the divisions, as he could not bear to see his tired soldiers turning out to salute him. But may not one suppose, also, that without giving the matter any very serious attention one way or the other, he tacitly followed—at least, till he discovered that he was expected to do otherwise—the example of the Duke of Wellington? It was never the Duke's practice to go much among his men in times of inaction or comparative inaction; according to his reticent English habit he assumed that his troops could require no more of him than that he should lead them well when the moment came to advance.

About the middle of January, at all events, Russell observed that Lord Raglan began to go about frequently among the troops, and he recorded the fact in public and private. He wrote to Delane:—

“BALACLAVA, *January 17th*, 1855.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Only you would look on it as pure croaking, I would write you a long and dismal letter as to the state we are in. This army has melted away almost to a drop of miserable, washed-out, worn-out, spiritless wretches, who muster out of 55,000 just 11,000 now fit to shoulder a musket, but certainly not fit to do duty against the enemy. Let no one at home attempt to throw dirt in your eyes. This army is to all intents and purposes, with the exception of a very few regiments, used up, destroyed and ruined. Lord Raglan has roused up when too late. He has seen at last, when too late, the terrible condition to which his army is reduced, and he now thinks to mend matters by issuing all kinds of orders—for show and not for use, because it is impracticable to carry them out. My

occupation is gone; there is nothing to record more of the British Expedition except its weakness and its misery—misery in every form and shape except that of defeat; and from that we are solely spared by the goodness of Heaven, which erects barriers of mud and snow between us and our enemies. While the people expect every day to hear of fresh victories they would be astonished to hear that there is not an officer in command of the trenches at night who does not think of an attack by the Russians with dread and horror.

"I cannot tell the truth now—it is too terrible. As the Colonel of a Dragoon regiment said to me the other day: 'If we put all our chargers into the best stables in England now we could not save them. They must die.' And so of the warm clothing for the men—it comes too late. Of course, it would never do to let the enemy know our weakness, or let our enemies at home have the excuse of saying they were ruined by the information contained in our paper; and yet I know nothing else to write about. Our trenches are filled with filth and water; we dare scarcely fire a gun for fear of drawing the Russian fire on us. The other day we fired one from the left attack on a working party. The Russians gave us sixteen in reply, and the other night I counted sixteen shells exactly in the air at once going from the town into the French lines. I don't know what to write about, and I confess I am losing health and spirits in this wretched affair, perhaps owing to a little taint of scurvy which is going fast away. But I am getting as bald as a round shot and as grey as a badger, and really do long for home, and for a little relaxation. Just imagine the 'authorities' who are directing a winter campaign in a country which they were told would be covered frequently with deep snow, never providing such a swift and easily-made transport as sledges or sleighs, and never thinking of them till the day before yesterday! I am told on good authority that Lord Raglan felt the remarks in the paper very keenly, and his staff very wisely evince their sense of the outrage by lowering their civility-meter to freezing point. I also know that Sir R. England is preparing an elaborate 'refutation of the charges made against

him.' So be prepared for the thunder burst. . . . The lies in the papers are astounding. In the *Observer* of the 31st December it was coolly stated the Army had not been a day without fresh meat, and that huts were being rapidly put up, when news must have reached England long before that scurvy had appeared from the use of salt meat, and that rations even of that had been reduced on several occasions to halves and quarters.

On January 21st Russell received the following letter from Delane :—

“*January 4th, 1855.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I am very glad to hear from your letter of the 26th December that you are before this again in the Crimea, for neither Chenery nor Eber made any attempt to supply your place, and we have accordingly ever since you left been entirely without news. Don't imagine for a moment, however, that I grudge you your very short holiday. No man ever better earned one. I only complain that neither of the others would even for a fortnight take your work, and that, therefore, we have been left at a serious disadvantage ever since you left Balaclava.

“Probably before this reaches you, you will have heard that I have at last opened fire on Lord Raglan and the General Staff. According to all accounts, their incapacity has been most gross, and it is to that and to the supineness of the General that the terrible losses we have undergone are principally to be attributed. All this will, no doubt, make much commotion at the camp, but I appreciate your position too well to ask you to take any share in these dissensions. Continue as you have done to tell the truth, and as much of it as you can, and leave such comment as may be dangerous to us, who are out of danger.

“We hear that the assault was to be made on the last day of the year, or thereabouts. I fear it will be a very bloody affair whenever made, though I don't doubt of its success. I hope you may have been in time to describe it.

“Did you get the buffalo robe I sent you? One hears of so many miscarrying that one may be excused for inquiring.

"There is no news here. All is unabated anxiety for the fate of the Army.

"Yours ever faithfully,

"JOHN T. DELANE."

On January 21st Russell wrote to Delane :—

"His lordship (Lord Raglan) says, I understand, that Filder\* (the gay creature) has deceived him. The Commissary-General wrote a letter on the 10th November calling the attention of Lord Raglan to the state of the roads, and on the 24th he again alluded generally to the transport of the Army, and said he could no longer accept the responsibility of feeding it, and must warn his lordship of the impossibility of doing so unless steps were taken to place the Commissariat on a proper footing as regarded transport and the state of the roads and quays. In fact, Lord Raglan knew nothing of what was going on, and he is now alarmed at what he sees, and blames everybody to excuse himself. There are strange rumours flying about concerning peace or an armistice, Lord R.'s resignation, death of the Czar, etc., etc. They show the ferment of men's minds. If there were ten correspondents out here, each could send you home every day his own budget of instances of mismanagement; in fact, I begin to disbelieve altogether that we are an 'orderly' and constructive people at all."

A few days later, in writing to Delane, Russell said :—

"Lord Lucan said to me the other day: 'Lord Raglan ought to give you an annuity, for the *Times* has roused him up out of a lethargy which was about to be fatal to him and to us all, and he now takes wholesome exercise!'"

Although Russell was now less than ever agreeable to the authorities, he made during the winter a great number of firm friends among the regimental officers. His tent, house, or whatever place he was using as a

\* Commissary-General Filder.

habitation at the time, became a rendezvous for innumerable officers who would drop in to give or get the news or enjoy a chat and a smoke. His time, indeed, became so much broken in upon that he was forced to reserve certain hours for writing, and was accustomed to put up a notice when he was thus engaged. But his popularity was more powerful than the effect of the notice. In his diary for January 22nd, 1855, we read:—

“Interrupted, of course, by fellows who don’t mind a button the notice on my door: ‘Mr. Russell requests that he may not be interrupted except upon business.’”

Among the things he was told by his friends, the most frequent were (need it be said?) various versions of the threats provoked by his letters at headquarters.

“According to what I heard from people,” he wrote, “I was honoured by a good deal of abuse for telling the truth. I really would have put on my Claude Lorrain glass, if I could. I would have clothed skeletons with flesh, breathed life into the occupants of the charnel-house, subverted the succession of the seasons, and restored the legions which had been lost; but I could not tell lies to ‘make things pleasant.’ Any statements I have made I have chapter, and book, and verse, and witness for. Many, very many, that *I did not* make I could prove to be true with equal ease, and could make public if the public interest required it. The only thing the partisans of misrule could allege was, that I did not ‘make things pleasant’ to the authorities, and that amid the filth and starvation and deadly stagnation of the camp, I did not go about ‘babbling of green fields’ of present abundance, and of prospects of victory.”

A few figures will convey better than an accumulation of epithets a notion of how sickness and death spread in the Army. In April, 1854, the number of

sick in the British Army in Turkey and Bulgaria was 503. In July, when the Army was concentrated round Varna, the number was 6,937. In September it was 11,693; in November, 16,846; and in December, 19,479. In January, 1855, the number of sick reached the appalling total of 23,076. The loss from casualties was less than one-eighth of the loss from the sufferings of the winter. There was a want of boots, greatcoats, medicines, and shelter. Officers clothed themselves in rabbit-skins, and the men in bread-bags and rags. In this state the Army was exposed to continuous artillery fire in the open trenches and to pitiless and freezing storms. The plateau on which it was encamped was "a vast black waste of soddened earth, when it was not covered with snow, dotted with little pools of foul water and seamed by brown-coloured streamlets strewn with carcases of horses."

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE RESPONSE TO RUSSELL'S LETTERS

DAY by day Russell chronicled the misery and horror. The indignation and generous resolution with which England responded to his letters make a famous epoch in our history. The Government explained away in public all that Russell wrote, but took it to heart in private and bombarded their generals at the front with panic-stricken inquiries as to what could be done to save the Army and their own reputations. The succour of the Army before Sebastopol became the affair of both the Government and the nation. But as the copies of the *Times* in which Russell's letters appeared began to find their way into the camp Russell observed that the faces of a few of his friends were "darkening and freezing like the winter weather."

One day, Colonel Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn) informed him that he had reason to know that the letters were regarded at the Conference of Diplomats in Vienna "as great impediments to peace," because the Russians used the statements in support of their contention that the Allies were yielding. He said further that he believed it quite possible the French generals would make representations to Lord Raglan on the subject and persuade him to expel Russell from the Crimea. "What would you have me do, then? Write that all is well—that the Army is healthy—that we want nothing, and



that the Allies are passing quite a pleasant winter before Sebastopol?" "Well, no! Not exactly that, you know! But there is no necessity to tell all the world about these unpleasant shortcomings. Things will soon come round, depend on it. And meantime you are doing no good." It so happened that Russell had just received a letter from Delane, in which he learned that subscriptions and offers of help for the Army were pouring in from every part of the kingdom. He informed Rose of this, and added, "You see, I am here as a newspaper correspondent, not as a diplomatist. I am writing for the *Times*, and it is for the editor on the spot to decide what ought to be made public and what ought to be suppressed in my correspondence. As for the terrors of expulsion, just look round and judge for yourself what pleasure I can find in my life here!" Russell was sitting at the time on an old store box in a pit about ten feet long and six broad, dug in the ground and roofed by a battered tent doubled at the top. A flight of steps cut in the ground led down to this dwelling-place. Rose looked round and shook his head. "Exactly!" he said; "I agree with you! It is very uncomfortable; it must give you rheumatism. If I were you I should go away! I would indeed!"

This was only one of the many hints Russell had that his departure would be welcomed. Already the Deputy Judge-Advocate, Mr. Romaine, had come to him indirectly on behalf of Lord Raglan to express the Commander-in-Chief's serious displeasure at the information afforded to the enemy in the *Times*. In a letter written ten days before the bombardment of October 17th, 1854, Russell had mentioned that a stone windmill near the Woronzow Road was

being used as a powder magazine. "You actually told the enemy where our powder was!"\* Russell

\* Lord Raglan wrote as follows on this subject to the Duke of Newcastle:—

"BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

"November 13th, 1854.

"MY DEAR DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,—The perusal of the article in the *Times* of the 23rd of October, headed 'The War,' obliges me in discharge of my duty to draw your Grace's attention to the consequences that may arise from the publication of details connected with the army. The knowledge of them must be invaluable to the Russians, and in the same degree detrimental to H.M.'s troops.

"I enclose the article itself, and a note of the principal points of information which it affords, and which were probably forwarded to and had arrived at Sebastopol by telegraph before the mail of the 23rd reached Headquarters.

"You will perceive that it is there stated that our losses from cholera are very great; that the Light Division encampment is kept on the alert by shot and shell which pitch into the middle of it; that 40 pieces of artillery have been sent to our park, and twelve tons of gunpowder safely deposited in a mill, the position of which is described, and which of course must be accurately known by the enemy; that the Second Division had moved and taken ground in the vicinity of the Fourth Division, in which a shell had fallen with fatal effect in a tent occupied by some men of the 63rd Regiment; and that the French would have 60 heavy guns, the British 50, and 60 more would be supplied by the Navy.

"The mention of the employment of red-hot shell was then adverted to.

"The position of the 93rd is stated, as is that of the Headquarters of the Commander of the Forces; likewise the possible dearth of round shot, and of gabions and fascines.

"I will not fatigue you by further alluding to what is announced in the letter, but I will ask you whether anything more injurious to the interests of the Army could be effected than the publication of such details?

"I am quite satisfied that the object of the writer is simply to satisfy the anxiety and curiosity, I may say, of the public, and to do what he considers his duty by his employers, and that it has never occurred to him that he is serving much more essentially the cause of the Russians, and is encouraging them to persevere in throwing shells into our camps and to attempt the destruction of the mill where our powder is reported by him to have been deposited. But the innocency of his intention does not diminish the evil he inflicts, and something should be done to check so pernicious a system at once.

"I do not propose to take any violent step, though perhaps I should be justified in doing so; but I have requested Mr. Romaine to endeavour to see the different correspondents of the newspapers and quietly point out to them the public inconvenience of their writings, and the necessity of greater prudence in future, and I

readily admitted and deplored his fault, but in justice to himself explained that when the letter was written Lord Raglan, like everyone else, was quite sure that the Allies would be in possession of Sebastopol long before the letter could reach London. He offered to submit his letters to a censorship at headquarters. "I must, however, let the *Times* know the fact." The offer was not accepted.

Throughout the campaign he never exchanged a word with Lord Raglan. When the Duke of Newcastle went to the Crimea, he asked Russell one day if Lord Raglan had ever made any remark about the attacks of the *Times*.

"His astonishment," writes Russell, "was unbounded when I said, 'Lord Raglan never spoke to me in his life.' 'What! He never had a word with you all the time you were here?' 'Never!' 'That is indeed extraordinary—most extraordinary.'"

Russell did not think so.

"I was regarded," he said, "as a mere camp-follower, whom it would be impossible to take more notice of than you would of a crossing-sweeper—without the gratuitous penny. It never came to my mind to feel either surprise or indignation on that score."

A few extracts from "The British Expedition to the Crimea" will best describe the miseries of that winter.

"Rain kept pouring down, the wind howled over the staggering tents; the trenches were turned into dykes; in the tents the water was sometimes a foot deep; our men had neither warm nor waterproof

make no doubt that they will at once see that I am right in so warning them.

"I would request that you should cause a communication to be made to the editors of the daily Press, and urge them to examine the letters they receive before they publish them, and carefully expunge such parts as they may consider calculated to furnish valuable information to the enemy."

clothing; they were out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches; they were plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign. These were hard truths, which, sooner or later, must have come to the ears of the people of England. It was right they should know that the beggar who wandered the streets of London led the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who were fighting for their country, and who, we were complacently assured by the home authorities, were the best appointed army in Europe. They were fed, indeed, but they had no shelter. The tents, so long exposed to the blaze of a Bulgarian sun, and drenched by torrents of rain, let the wet through 'like sieves.'

"Hundreds of men had to go into the trenches at night with no covering but their greatcoats, and no protection for their feet but their regimental shoes. Many when they took off their shoes were unable to get their swollen feet into them again, and they might be seen bare-footed, hopping about the camp, with the thermometer at twenty degrees, and the snow half a foot deep upon the ground. The trenches were two and three feet deep with mud, snow, and half-frozen slush. Our patent stoves were wretched. They were made of thin sheet iron, which could not stand our fuel—charcoal. Besides, they were mere poison manufacturing, and they could not be left alight in the tents at night."

"It must not be inferred that the French were all healthy while we were all sickly. They had dysentery, fever, diarrhoea, and scurvy, as well as pulmonary complaints, but not to the same extent as ourselves, or to anything like it in proportion to their numbers. On January 8th some of the Guards of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Household Brigade were walking about in the snow without soles to their shoes. The warm clothing was going up to the front in small detachments."

"We were astounded on reading our papers to find that on December 22nd London believed the coffee issued to the men was roasted before it was given out! Who could have hoaxed them so cruelly? Around every tent were to be seen green berries,

which the men trampled into the mud and could not roast. Mr. Murdoch, chief engineer of the *Sanspareil*, mounted some iron oil casks, and adapted them very ingeniously for roasting; and they came into play at Balaclava. I do not believe at the time the statement was made one ounce of roasted coffee had ever been issued from any commissariat store to any soldier in the Crimea."

"There was a white frost on the night of January 22nd; the next morning the thermometer was at 42°. A large number of sick were sent into Balaclava on the 23rd on French mule litters. They formed one of the most ghastly processions that ever poet imagined. Many were all but dead. With closed eyes, open mouths, and ghastly faces, they were borne along two and two, the thin stream of breath, visible in the frosty air, alone showing they were still alive. One figure was a horror—a corpse, stone dead, strapped upright in its seat, its legs hanging stiffly down, the eyes staring wide open, the teeth set on the protruding tongue, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at each stride of the mule over the broken road. The man had died on his way down. As the apparition passed, the only remark the soldiers made was, 'There's one poor fellow out of pain, any way!' Another man I saw with the raw flesh and skin hanging from his fingers, the naked bones of which protruded into the cold air. That was a case of frost-bite. Possibly the hand had been dressed, but the bandages might have dropped off."

"Yet people told us it was 'croaking' to state the facts, or even to allude to them! The man who could have sat calmly down and written home that our troops were healthy, that there was only an average mortality, that everyone was confident of success, that our works were advancing, that we were nearer to the capture of Sebastopol than we were on October 17th, that transport was abundant, and the labours of our Army light, might be an agreeable correspondent, but assuredly he would not have enabled the public to form an accurate opinion on the real state of affairs in the camp before Sebastopol. The wretched boys sent out to us were not even fit for powder. They died ere

a shot was fired against them. Sometimes a good draft was received; but they could not endure long vigil and exposure in the trenches."

Evidences of the effect of his letters in England reached Russell in ever-increasing numbers as the winter progressed—letters full of suggestions, of abuse, of praise, from people he had never heard of; articles from other newspapers and accounts of innumerable public meetings. Bales and cases of presents for the soldiers also arrived, directed to the "*Times* Correspondent, Crimea." There was a pathetic ignorance among a great many people of what the soldiers most needed, and Russell has told us that there were far too many "fancy articles." There were pickles and sauces for men who had no regular supply of meat or bread; and, above all, it occurred to hardly anyone that Russell had no means of transport for distributing these presents.

Although the supply of comforts and necessities from home was inappropriate and chaotic at first, Russell had the satisfaction of becoming associated later with the distribution of the clothes and other things sent by the *Times*. As far back as November, the *Times* had opened a fund for the relief of the soldiers, and in a short time £30,000 was subscribed. The fund was placed in the hands of Russell's colleague and friend, Mr. J. C. MacDonald, afterwards manager of the *Times*. "He was," in Russell's words, "a large-minded, sagacious, warm-hearted and judicious man." He opened a store at Scutari, but even before his arrival there, he actually provided proper under-clothing and trousers for the whole of the 39th Foot, whom he found after their embarkation utterly destitute of proper equipment for exposure in the trenches.

At the end of January, greatcoats, jerseys, boots and so forth supplied by the Government, were distributed at Balaclava. Numerous private persons and charitable associations had set themselves to work. Lord Blantyre, for example, equipped a ship with stores for sale at cost price—of course to the indignation of the sutlers and store-keepers. Finally there arrived what Russell had asked for in a letter from Gallipoli before a shot had been fired—a large band of doctors. And no English reader needs to be told of the mercy ministered to the sick and wounded by Miss Florence Nightingale and her nurses, who had arrived just after Inkerman and had gradually organised the hospitals. Hers was no impulse of devotion applied at haphazard; she had carefully trained herself by resolute methods before nursing was a humane and scientific study in England, and long before she knew that she could apply her skill in the Crimea.

Russell himself received many tokens of the estimate his countrymen had formed of his services to the nation in making known the condition of the Army. A letter which appeared in the *Dublin Evening Packet* on this subject explains itself.

“We all esteem him,” said the writer, “and we are all sure that thousands who have never known him personally—whom probably he will never know or meet in private—will be pleased to know we have contrived to forward him a large ‘Christmas box’ to keep firm a little domestic link with our old English customs. Our wives and girls have manufactured a plum-pudding of a size the bore of no gun could accommodate, and they have forced worsted into all possible shapes and combinations that female fingers could contrive on his behoof. Many of his *confrères* have filled up one third of the box with well-corked bottles kept from breaking by bundles of cigars, and

the corners have been occupied by jars of potted meats, whilst in the centre of a stout, useful saucepan—and they are at a premium in the Crimea—we have wedged a magnificent cheese. Besides these, we have added German sausages and jars of butter, and various odd little comforts in the way of lucifers, candles, soap, tea, needles and thread, and buttons (the girls' department, again), a tiny medicine chest, some warm socks, a gross of pens, a stone bottle of ink, a ream of paper, and a few sprigs of English holly for his tent; and the large chest has just gone off to the steamer. Be assured, sir, that we are as proud of him in London as you are in Dublin."

On February 10th Russell wrote to Delane:—

"BALACLAVA.

"MY DEAR SIR,—MacDonald, who was here for a few days, left yesterday after hasty visits to the front with me and one 'night alarm.'

"I heard that the headquarters people were so indignant against the *Times* and all belonging to it, that I thought it better not to send in my application for permission to put up a hut, and I am still in Balacava. 'Transport' is the ruin of me—in common with the army. It would require numbers of men and ponies to get up the wood in the present state of the country, and without a few soldiers to guard it, the wood would be stolen. The French have the audacity to say they are in huts and baraques, when I firmly believe not one have they got up. I only see the mud hovels they have learned to make from the Turks, and their tents, in any French camp I have visited. It is not true that Lord Raglan got any greatcoats from the French as far as I can hear.\* Matters are improving here, simply because the worn-out men have succumbed and the men not yet worn out are 'husbanded' now that the authorities are frightened. I hope the facts were known as to my rations. I received only what anyone else in the same position would have received had he applied for it, and it is all to be paid for at

\* It was stated in French newspapers that Lord Raglan accepted French greatcoats for his army.



cost price. Our Army is now doing its proper share of work. While many poor devils were five nights out of seven on duty, the French were five nights out of seven in bed. Lord Raglan would not see that his army was overworked, and would not apply to the French, who, of course, would not offer assistance, and so they melted away till we have only skeleton regiments and an array of ghosts.

"I have begged of the people at headquarters who are willing to serve us to send me a line whenever Lord Raglan is stirring or of any news that occurs. We hear his lordship is going home. But who is to succeed him? I sleep every night in the buffalo robe; it is a most luxurious bed, and although I have not received half my things I am very comfortable. Will you be kind enough to ask Mr. Walter if he has made any arrangement such as he was good enough to suggest about the re-publication of my letters? Mr. Willans has sent on to me an offer of £300 for the copyright of an original book on the war. In execrable haste, as I want to ride over and have another look at the Russians,

"Yours always most sincerely and truly,

"W. H. RUSSELL.

"The whole camp is boiling over with anxiety and impatience for the news. Would you kindly say that individual collections of comforts for the army ought to be terminated, and that I cannot undertake to distribute any more things than those which are on their way to me. The remnant of the army is 'well found' enough."

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE SPRING OF 1855

IN the third week of February the news came that the Czar Nicholas was dead, and great was the stir in the camps of the Allies. But the Russians, as though to prove that they were not disheartened by the omen, fired on the day of the announcement more briskly than usual. News which affected Russell more intimately had arrived at the beginning of the month; the Aberdeen Ministry, which for a long time, and with progressive ineffectiveness, had been explaining away Russell's charges had at last succumbed to the force of popular feeling. Roebuck's famous motion for inquiring into the state of the Army before Sebastopol had been carried by a large majority. The violent political tactics of "Tear 'em" had won for him the chief triumph of his career, and the Aberdeen Government was indeed torn to pieces. Roebuck had the crowning gratification of being appointed chairman of the Committee which was to hold the inquiry. It cannot be doubted that Russell's letters more than any single force had procured the downfall of the Ministry. When the Duke of Newcastle came out to the Crimea he admitted this; standing beside Russell on Cathcart's Hill one day, he said, "It was you who turned out the Government, Mr. Russell."

The most important event for Russell of the next few weeks was the arrival of a hut. When its dispatch from England was announced he could think of nothing

else. "Where is it to be put? Will the authorities allow it to be put up anywhere even if I can get it carried there?" He gloated over the sketch of the structure, accompanied by the directions for putting it together which arrived before the hut itself, and he prowled about vacant spaces searching for a favourable site. When the hut arrived he reflected that he could as easily have carried St. Paul's Cathedral or the Tower of London up to the camp. But help came. The Army Work Corps, which was organised to put up huts for the soldiers, and to try to make roads over the slimy morasses, had for its chief a Mr. Doyne, who was a countryman of Russell's; he offered to allow his men to erect the hut in their spare time for a small payment.

Russell had chosen a place behind Cathcart's Hill, not far from the curious cave in which Sir John Campbell had established his headquarters. Greatly daring, he directed the first wagon-load of cases to this spot, and day after day hovered about dreading lest some Staff officer should arrive with a peremptory order for the removal of the humble building which rapidly took on the appearance of a chalet without a verandah or upper storey. It was square with a sloping roof and with windows about eighteen inches square on two sides, and it was divided by a partition. The bigger room, or sitting-room, was about eight feet by six feet, and the smaller room was to be a bedroom. Mr. Doyne's men painted the roof and the walls white, and Russell often heard envious officers drop such remarks as, "That's the *Times* correspondent's! I wonder why he is allowed to have it here?" By-and-by he added to his hut a stable with two stalls, and a smaller hut for the groom, who came

out to the Crimea about this time. By the summer he actually had a small border of flowers, but he found the spot inconvenient when the Russians took to long range firing. One of their shells broke the end off his stable, and when the war was over he was able to leave a collection of twelve or thirteen shells which had fallen round his domain. The wood and metal of the hut made it extremely resonant, and when there was heavy firing it became almost musical. The vibration of gun firing at night used to shake up the flies, which clung to the ceiling in swarms, and prevent Russell from enjoying sound sleep. He could never discover the ultimate history of his hut. On the day he left the Crimea it was almost the last dwelling before Sebastopol in which there was an inhabitant. The soldiers' huts were sold by the Russian Government to speculators who were said to have made a fortune out of the wood by using it for matches. Russell's hut was taken to pieces, re-packed and shipped at Balaclava, and so far as he could learn was landed somewhere in the Isle of Dogs, but he could never trace it farther. He made many efforts to do so as he wished to erect it on a little patch of ground which the Duke of Wellington offered him for the purpose at Strathfieldsaye—"in memoriam."

But the story of the hut has caused us to anticipate. On April 18th Russell wrote to his wife :—

"If I were likely soon to go home it would be a great comfort and joy to me to travel back with you and to show you a little of the world, and then we would settle down, I hope, and I could write my book with you by my side. I trust they would give me a couple of months' holiday. Indeed, I'm sure they would do so. . . . Of my own future progress I know nothing, but, of course, I never can and never will go into the

Gallery\* again. I may succeed in getting something when I reach home which will relieve me from my uncertain and precarious tenure of an income and from daily exertion, though I should always like a certain amount of work."

Five days later he wrote to Delane:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I trust if I am to remain out here, you will be able to get me a servant, for I am persecuted by blackguard Italians, and now I have got a really decent fellow he is going to leave me. Now to-day, for example, it was understood that the troops were going out for three or four days, and in order to accompany them, I ought to have had a good horse (for I ride 14½ stone, which is rather overweight for a Turkish pony), a pony to carry something to eat, a field tent, as well as a sleeping-rug, etc., and a servant on a pony to lead the other. But my man flatly refused to go, and I could not make him, and I was obliged to go off on a little pony which, stout and nimble as he is, would never have carried me three days running, and would most likely have let me drop in among the Cossacks. Of course, I could not have gone under such circumstances, and I must have returned at nightfall had the expedition proceeded. Mind, I'm not grumbling, but I want to show the disagreeables to which I may be exposed on occasions. I believe nothing (short of entering Sebastopol) would give the Chief more comfort than to see me going off on the pommel of a saddle belonging to a gentleman from the Don or Ukraine, and I have certainly no desire to gratify him. Ere this, you will, I trust, have seen Mr. Willans and arranged for my wife's passage out to Constantinople if she be desirous and able to arrange to come. The new house has arrived, and I have been one week getting it from Balaclava. It is now in transition, and I think it will be up in another week. As to Cardigan and Lucan, they are *arcades ambo*. It was well known they hated each other and never had spoken for years. *Therefore* the Government made one the General and

\* The Press Gallery of the House of Commons.

the other the Brigadier of cavalry, because if one was employed the other would be sure to trouble them in the House of Lords. I saw with my own eyes the Russians withdrawing our guns long before the charge of Balaclava, but at the time it would have been hopeless to attempt to stop them.

"I am very seedy at times, though God be praised, on the whole my health has been excellent. Won't you excuse my asking you if Mr. Walter has abandoned the intention he expressed of editing the letters? I don't like bothering him, but I would esteem it as a kindness if you would ask him whether in the event of his not being able to attend to them, he would permit me to get them published by a friend. I have had half-a-dozen letters on the subject, and I think I could make a little money if the work was not too stale. I fear I'm nearly used up now, and I want something sadly to stir me up for the sake of the paper.

"Yours very faithfully always,  
"W. H. RUSSELL."

On April 30th, he wrote again to Delane :

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been bitterly inveighed against (not to my face), because in the *Times* there appeared a sort of comparison between my despatch and Lord Raglan's in reference to the attack on our lines. Colville\* tells me that the Generals were indignant above all things, and some of the staff were idiotic enough to think the leader was (as if it could be!) written by myself! These gentlemen say: 'The fellow may as well take the command of the Army at once.' Colville, who is A.D.C. to old Simpson, tells me these things, quite agreeing with the greater part of what he relates. Since the investigations of the commissariat, the cocked hats have been furious against the *Times*; every line in it is jealously scrutinised, and if they find a mistake their delight is excessive. The other day there was a leader on the indiscriminate

\* Captain W. J. Colville, of the Rifle Brigade, afterwards Sir W. J. Colville. He became Master of Ceremonies to Queen Victoria, and Extra Equerry to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He was one of Russell's best friends in the Crimea. He was a clever artist, and Russell preserved several of his sketches.

loading of transports in which the danger of spontaneous combustion was pointed out, and the consequent explosion of shells. The article gave intense satisfaction, inasmuch as the cocked hats were able to enjoy themselves intensely at the error of supposing that shells are charged when they are sent out; the fact being that the powder and fuses are not put in generally till the shells are required in battery. . . . It is very hard to get matter to write concerning the siege, for really there is nothing doing. I have been twice in the trenches and the batteries within the week, and really I would recommend anyone who wants peace and quietness to leave London and come over to our traverses. The Russians and French, however, pound at each other night and day. I am getting quite used up, sick and seedy, and suffering terribly from nostalgia. The iron house is splendid. I am installed in great comfort, and I am making it so comfortable that I hope to induce some vagabond or other to do me the honour of coming up to the front to wait upon me.

"Yours very sincerely and faithfully always,  
"W. H. RUSSELL."

About this time Russell began to see something of Alexis Soyer, the *chef*, whose singular career has been recorded in more than one book. Born at Meaux, in 1809, he was trained as a choir boy at the Cathedral. But though his parents supposed that he would become a priest, his inclinations lay, oddly enough, towards cookery; he put himself through a systematic course and became cook in several well-known restaurants in France. Only once did he seriously waver from the way of life he had so resolutely imagined for himself, and that was when he became conscious that his voice and dramatic talents promised him a successful career on the stage. On reflection, however, he preferred to become the most famous cook in France. After being nearly murdered in Prince Polignac's house in 1830,

he came, a refugee, to London, and after some vicissitudes became the cook of the Reform Club, where he stayed for thirteen years (1837 to 1850). His advice had long been taken and acted upon in the provisioning of the Army and Navy, and in 1855 the Government gladly availed themselves of his readiness to go to the Crimea and reform the food system of the Expeditionary Force. Although the author of "The Gastronomic Regenerator" could cook a dinner that would send a *gourmet* into transports of delight, he was even more concerned to make the cooking of the people wholesome, varied, and scientific. Having gallantly made up his mind that he would instruct Englishmen in cookery, he naturally never had time to return to France. Some of the appliances he introduced into the British Army are still in use.

When he arrived in the Crimea, he made haste to put himself in communication with Russell, who received this letter:—

"THE LONDON,  
"BALACLAVA HARBOUR,  
"CRIMEA,  
"16th May, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—I much regret not having had the pleasure of seeing you on Monday at headquarters as I anticipated, but I resolved upon not leaving the camp without finding out the 'Iron Castle' of the 4th Division, and which, I must say, is the finest domain before Sebastopol. My proceedings of Monday may not be uninteresting to you. I had a long interview with Field Marshal the Lord Raglan; and submitted to his lordship the plan of my kitchen now in the course of construction at the Castle Camp Hospital. When completed the kitchen will have accommodation to cook for 1,000 people. I also introduced to his lordship several other plans of kitchens for the different camp hospitals, and finally my camp kitchen



for the troops (to cook in the open air). His lordship approved of my arrangements, and kindly promised his support and assistance in my laborious undertaking, as he terms it. Subsequently I had an interview with Omar Pasha, who took a lively interest in the matter, and really gave me some valuable hints on the subject of camp cookery. Several gentlemen of the staff were present during the conversation.

"When the Clift or Castle Camp Hospital kitchen is finished, his lordship will come and test the various specimens I shall prepare upon the occasion for both hospital and camp prior to introducing them generally throughout the Crimea.

"Miss Nightingale, who intended to visit with me the Camp Hospital on Monday, was, I am sorry to say, detained on board from sudden indisposition, being attacked with the premonitory symptoms of Crimean fever. Mr. Taylor was in attendance upon her, and called in medical assistance, Drs. Anderson and Sutherland ordering her immediate removal to the Castle Camp Hospital, where she remains. She was conveyed upon a stretcher by eight men. Mr. Bracebridge and I being out of the way, Taylor accompanied, holding an umbrella over her to keep the sun off her face, and to-day we hear she is a little better.

"I shall esteem it a favour if you will let me know where I can address you, as if in the event of anything interesting occurring I would immediately communicate with you. To-morrow I shall be at Lord Raglan's, cooking various dishes out of the rations issued at the hospital for his lordship's inspection. I need not add that should you in moving along the Harbour pass the *London*, I shall be delighted to see you.

"Believe me,

"My dear Mr. Russell,

"Very faithfully yours,

"A. SOYER."

On May 15th Russell wrote to Delane:—

"To show you the animus of some of my friends here, I enclose you an order I received from Colonel Harding, the effect of which I the less cared about, because I was removing my things as fast as I could

to the hut in front before I received it. I saw Colonel Harding, and he assured me he was very sorry to give the order, but he was obliged to do so. It appears Sir Colin, who is always squabbling with Harding, required a list of all persons occupying quarters in Balaclava, and when he saw my name—mortally hating the Press in general, and the *Times* in particular, as he does—he wrote off to Airey to say ‘that a man named Russell, a writer for the newspapers, was living in a house which was greatly needed for public purposes.’ Thereupon Airey ordered Harding to turn me out. However, as the house had been uninhabitable for weeks past, I gave it over with great alacrity. I hear Lord Raglan was very angry at the publication of the strength of the Army, and any officers who are known to be friends of mine are constantly chaffed by the Staff on the subject. Layard, A.D.C. to Pennefather, finds his position so unpleasant on account of the sentiments expressed towards his brother, that he told me he would apply for service in the Turkish Contingent.”

On May 22nd the expedition to Kertch started, and Russell accompanied it. The day before, he had written to Delane:—

“The Expedition starts to-morrow for Kertch. . . . I have just heard that little Gordon swears he will not let me go, if he searches every ship in the expedition himself. . . . He certainly can stop me if he comes across me, so I must try and avoid him.”

“The new correspondent of the *Morning Post* is a purveyor’s clerk named Henty. The *Daily News* man lives on board ship, or did so till lately, and the *Chronicle* man I know not. The *Morning Advertiser* is represented, I understand, by a Mr. Keane, who chiefly passes his time in preparing cooling drinks.\* Soyer has been boring the life and soul out of me. Miss Nightingale is very weak. Pelissier is said not

\* Other correspondents in the Crimea were Mr. Nicholas Woods, for the *Standard* and *Morning Herald*; Mr. Crowe, who was artist for the *Illustrated London News*; and Mr. Simpson, the artist, who brought out afterwards two fine volumes of illustrations.

to be very cordial with my lord because the latter does not like being *bon ami'd* and camaraded familiarly."

On arriving at Yenikale on board the transport *Hope*, Russell wrote to Delane:—

"Saturday, May 25th, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As I was going on shore to take up my quarters with the troops, I received a message from Dr. Alexander to the effect that Sir George Brown swore by G—that if I ventured to set foot on the beach he would put me in irons. I have written to him to ask permission to go on shore, but have not yet received his reply. The old brute is quite capable of carrying out his threat, and though I would not care a farthing about the escapade, it would expose me to so much ridicule and chaffing that I could not remain with the Army; and it would degrade and lower me in the eyes of everyone and gratify many enemies. I have simply asked him if he has any objection to my visiting Yenikale. I must return to the Crimean siege if he does not let me. Can you do nothing to put me on a better footing with these angry old generals? I thought Sir George and I had been better friends, but little Airey and Hallewell, his Q.M.G.'s, are furious against the Press. As things are looking up they show their teeth more.

"Yours very sincerely, in very much haste,  
"W. H. RUSSELL."

Of course all the small people and officials take their tone from the bigwigs.

Two days later Russell wrote from Kertch to Delane:—

"In my last letter I informed you of my position with Sir George Brown, and that I had written to him with reference to my landing but had not received his reply. I now enclose it to you, as well as some further correspondence on the subject, to deal with as you please. It appears that the threat he used was exaggerated *en route*, and it is probable he may not have

spoken as he is reported to have done. But the animus is evident—'D—— the Press.'

"Yesterday one Billy Smith, a man much feared and dreaded here from his power of boring, member of the Reform, friend of Bernal Osborne, was found walking about the French lines and was taken to Sir George by an officer, and the former used him in the most brutal manner. The Frenchman said, 'Mr. Smith is welcome to go about the lines whenever he likes if you will send someone with him.' 'I'll see him d——d first. I don't want the fellow here at all!' 'Then am I to understand you don't know him?' 'Oh, yes, he's a respectable man, but I'll have nothing to say to him.' Hereupon Smith said, 'I demand protection as an English subject.' Whereupon old Brown exclaimed, 'English subject be d——d! I know nothing about English subjects. I have only English soldiers to deal with, and did not come here to protect anyone else.' Old Smith threw his coat open and slapped his heart, and said, 'Sir George, shoot me if you like; I'm ready for it.' 'Shoot you be d——d! Take him away!' And away the poor old boy was conveyed accordingly, although he had a letter from Admiral Lyons in his pocket, and he was lodged in a house wherein I believe he still remains. . . .

"I have come down to Kertch and will go back to Sebastopol by the first opportunity that offers. When it is known in camp that old Brown would not let me land at Yenikale—for that is what will be said—I fear the aggressive movement against the Press will receive a fresh impetus. Had I gone ashore to-day, or since I received the last letter, I would certainly have got anyone who gave me shelter into a serious scrape."

Russell saw enough of the almost unchecked looting of Kertch to be furiously indignant, and he wrote a letter to the *Times* at white heat. A most valuable museum was destroyed, besides a great part of the private houses. He was forced to write his account of these events from the deck of his transport. It was a gratifying moment for him when, some time afterwards, Sir George Brown, stung by the censures

which the excesses at Kertch had provoked all over Europe, called him to account for his letter to the *Times*. "You have made me appear to the world as a barbarian—a leader of banditti. You should have known that I was in no way responsible for what happened at Kertch, any more than you were." "But how should I have known that?" answered Russell. "Don't you remember you issued a positive order that I was not to land?" "I never did anything of the kind." "Pardon me," said Russell; "a copy of your order was placed in my hands at the time. It forbade the landing of any person 'who was not on duty with the troops,' and I was refused permission accordingly. So you see I am not to blame." Sir George Brown made no answer for a moment. Then he said, "Yes; I never thought you could turn it to account in that way," and dropped the subject.

When Russell returned to the plateau before Sebastopol he found his colleague, Mr. Stowe, whom the *Times* had sent to take his place temporarily, dying in the hut. Russell had him sent at once to the Balaclava Hospital, but he lived only a few hours after his admission.

Russell wrote to Delane (June 16th, 1855):—

"I have received your kind letter of the 29th May, which accompanied a letter from my wife informing me that she would be on the road for Constantinople on the 10th June, so that she is five days gone by this. I hope in God to see her soon and safe. . . . We shall have great deeds soon to celebrate. Our fire opens to-morrow afternoon, and the 18th—a good day—is spoken of for the assault. The Staffites are all delighted at an exaggerated version of the affair with Brown and myself, which makes the General say, 'Mr. Russell, I have no command by sea, but by G——, if I find you on shore I'll put you in irons.'"

In spite of these passages of arms, Russell retained throughout his life (a proof of the impartiality which is sometimes possible to Irishmen) a genuine admiration for the resolute and gallant "old Brown."

He found several letters awaiting him at his hut. Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of the *Times*, wrote about Mrs. Russell's journey out to Constantinople:—

"As your wife is bent on joining you in the East, and as you seem to wish that she should, I have made a proposal to her through Mr. Willans which I sincerely hope she will accept. In general terms, it is this—Mrs. Russell to have £100 from the *Times*, and to proceed to Constantinople or the Crimea as soon as she pleases; you to have a month's leave, dating from the time your wife joins you; at the expiration of the month, you to return to your duties and she to Europe.

"If these terms appear to you fair and just to all parties I shall be very much gratified; but on the other hand, if they disappoint any expectation you may have formed of enjoying, I cannot say the society of your wife, but the pleasure of being within an easy journey of her during the rest of your stay in the East, I shall nevertheless believe that our plan is the one best suited to your interest as well as that of the paper. If you were an officer with a wife and young family in England, I should never advise your wife's joining you for any length of time and leaving her children, except in the event of your being seriously wounded; and I cannot see anything in your position which materially distinguishes it from that of an officer. There is every disposition among us all to alleviate your separation from your family in every reasonable way; but I shall never cease to oppose your wife's permanent residence in Constantinople whilst the duties of your correspondence require you to be with the Army. I acknowledge that your case is a hard one, but it is not harder than that of thousands of other good fellows, who submit to fate with more or less grace, as you have done and will continue to do. . . . You shall have a servant, if one is to be got, and he shall take care of Mrs. Russell on her journey."

Russell was tempted to regard Mowbray Morris's conditions as a rather unnecessary proclamation of martial law. But on reflection he made allowances for Morris's habit of mind, which in business inclined to formalism—a formalism that often seemed chilling but was never meant to be so, for Morris was indeed one of the truest and wisest of his friends—and naturally he was grateful for the generous offer of the *Times* to give his wife a round sum for the journey.

Another letter was from Mr. Walter, who informed him that arrangements had been made with Messrs. Routledge for the reprinting of the *Crimean Letters* :—

“They have agreed to publish an edition of 5,000 copies at 5s. each, upon which you are to have a royalty of 1s. 1d. per volume, or £250 for the whole edition. Messrs. Routledge are of opinion that this edition will fall far short of the demand, and in that case they will publish a second edition in the same type, but in a cheaper form, viz., at 2s. per volume—an edition of 10,000 copies—after which you will receive a royalty of £10 per one thousand or £100 for the whole edition. In the event of fresh editions being required, a similar arrangement will be made with respect to them. It is perfectly understood that this arrangement with Messrs. Routledge is not in any way to prejudice any future work on the history of the war which you may be disposed to publish on your own account.”

## CHAPTER XIX

### WAS RUSSELL UNJUST TO LORD RAGLAN?

ON June 18th Russell was present at the general assault by the Allies on the defences of Sebastopol. Failure was complete and almost immediate. There were many stricken souls that night in the British and French tents, "and," says Russell, "perhaps none felt the bitter grief more than our chief, who sickened and died ten days later." The Allies had nearly five thousand casualties. Russell's generous heart knew no relaxation of the concern with which he contemplated the sufferings of war, and perhaps he was as much affected by the scenes when the burying parties were at work after this assault as by any he saw in his life. The narrow space which remained between the rival works was seared and flayed with the explosions of shells; the works themselves had turned hundreds of acres of land into something which resembled on a grand scale the interior ramifications of an ant heap; in the open space poor fellows, too much weakened by their wounds even to crawl, lay signalling their desperate needs with the feeble movement of a hand or cap. Some had been there for thirty hours under a burning sun. Walking in such dreadful places and hearing from both sides—for the Allies and the Russians were ready enough to exchange civilities and cigars during the armistices—the stories of individual acts of devotion, Russell revolved in his mind the possibility that the Sovereign might create



an order of merit or valour. He even suggested in one letter that the Order should bear the name of Queen Victoria. When the Order of the Victoria Cross was established in 1856 he did not venture to assert that in this case *post hoc* was the same as *propter hoc*, but at all events it was a special gratification to him to know that the Order at last existed almost exactly as he had conceived it.

This is perhaps the proper place to say something on the charge that Russell was grossly unfair to Lord Raglan and that he even hastened his end. It was a charge which Russell was always ready to meet; there are numerous references to it in his public writings and private letters. In discussing it, it is desirable to answer the questions whether Russell exaggerated what he saw in the Crimea and whether it was necessary to sacrifice the feelings of a few persons in high positions to the general good of the Army and of England. If it can be shown that he attacked Lord Raglan for acts or omissions which did not affect essentially the safety and well-being of the Army, he may justly be charged with having trespassed in a province where he had no right to exercise his judgment, and even with having pressed some animus against a natural enemy. But Russell always positively denied that he stepped outside his legitimate area of criticism. It is not, we suppose, to be argued that his strictures, made on the spot, were less useful, if they were true, or required less courage, than those which were made a great many years afterwards. Students of military affairs know that Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood have denounced the neglect of the Army in the Crimea in language as unequivocal as his. But it may be said that they attacked, as was

just, the culpable omissions of the officials at home who made war without having prepared for it,\* whereas Russell attacked the generals and the Staff in the Crimea, who were no more responsible for the breakdown than he was himself; these, in common with the soldiers under them, were not the authors, but, in most senses, the victims, of a ludicrously imperfect system. That is ground, however, on which Russell was always ready to defend himself.

In "The British Expedition to the Crimea," Russell expresses his opinion about Lord Raglan in these words :—

"That Lord Raglan was brave as a hero of antiquity, that he was kind to his friends and to his Staff, that he was unmoved under fire and unaffected by personal danger, that he was noble in manner, gracious in demeanour, of dignified bearing, and of simple and natural habits, I am, and ever have been, ready not only to admit, but to state with pleasure; that he had many difficulties to contend with, *domi militiæque*, I believe; but that this brave, high-spirited and gallant nobleman had been so long subservient to the power of a superior mind† that he had lost, if he ever possessed, the faculty of handling great bodies of men, I am firmly persuaded. He was a fine English gentleman—a splendid soldier—perhaps an unexceptionable lieutenant under a great chief; but that he was a great chief, or even a moderately able general, I have every reason to doubt, and I look in vain for any proof of it whilst he commanded the English Army in the Crimea."

\* "That the soldiers were without clothes, shirts, or shoes, that their tents were leaky, and that they had only a blanket to cover them, was not, as has been asserted in some of the letters from the Crimea, the fault of Lord Raglan, but of the Ministers who forgot to forward proper supplies till so late in the season; and it is hard indeed for the Commander to have to bear the blame of a negligence which has added immensely to his difficulties and made his position more anxious and critical."—*Quarterly Review*, December, 1854.

† The Duke of Wellington.

In the appendix to his book, "The Great War with Russia," Russell says:—

"Soon after the close of the war the Earl of Dartmouth thought fit in a speech to his tenants to accuse me of using the most offensive language about Lord Raglan in my correspondence. I immediately challenged his lordship to point out a single passage in any of my letters in support of his charge. The Earl of Dartmouth's reply was disingenuous. He sought to fix on me the responsibility of articles written in London when I was many hundreds of miles away, and of which I knew as little as he did. 'You were the correspondent of the *Times*! The *Times* attacked Lord Raglan! *Ergo*, you attacked Lord Raglan! Q.E.D.!!' It was a false and scandalous imputation. I was led to look out every passage in which Lord Raglan's name was mentioned in 'Letters from the Crimea,' and to submit them to calm and impartial men for their judgment, and I am prepared to do the same to-day. Not one sentence, not one line, not one word, is there to be found in my letters in which Lord Raglan is mentioned in any way but with the respect that was his due. And subsequently, in 'The British Expedition to the Crimea,' referring to the silly, vague, and baseless babble in vogue among certain sections of society on the subject, I set forth with all the force of words of which I was capable the sense I entertained of the nobility of Lord Raglan's character; but I did not shrink from expressing the opinion that he had the faults of his virtues and of the amiable disposition that shunned argument, contention, and stern resolves, and gave way under pressure, and that he was not a great general. All the letters I wrote from the Crimea as correspondent of the *Times*, down to the death of Lord Raglan, were published in 1855—6. They are in every public library, and can easily be referred to; and the same remark applies to 'The British Expedition to the Crimea,' to which there is an index. I say to anyone who desires to know the truth, 'Take and search them through and judge for yourself. *Litera scripta manet.*'"

The correspondence which Russell had with Lord Dartmouth on this subject began in 1856 and was continued at long intervals for twenty-one years—with the help of dictionaries to establish the exact meaning of words! Lord Dartmouth did not, it may be said at once, quote any passages in which Russell had written with violence or disrespect of Lord Raglan personally; he was concerned rather to show that strong judgments had been delivered on the “authorities,” of whom Lord Raglan was the chief. But perhaps justice can best be done to both disputants by quoting certain letters from Lord Dartmouth:—

“PATSHULL,  
 “ALBRIGHTON,  
 “WOLVERHAMPTON,  
 “*January 26th, 1856.*

“SIR,—I received two evenings since, but have been unable sooner to reply to, your letter of the 23rd inst., in which you inform me that you are about to leave town for a few days; also that you did not ‘bargain’ for my making what *I* consider to be necessary comments upon those extracts from your writings which you expressed a desire to see—as it seems to me a somewhat strange remark on your part.

“Before, however, calling your attention to those extracts by my comments upon them, I have to make one or two observations. I will in the first place refer you to Johnson’s Dictionary, of which you will, I conclude, acknowledge the authority, for the meaning of the word ‘asperse,’ which you will find thus interpreted: ‘To bespatter with *censure or calumny.*’ This, I think, fully justifies my former explanation of the expression, as also my right to place my own construction upon my own words. I also assert my right to speak freely in public of communications to a public newspaper, especially when, as I did at Pattingham, I direct the attention of those whom I address to the correspondence upon which I happen

to be commenting. I will further take this opportunity of informing you that many, nay, most, of those who heard me at my Rent Audit dinner at Pattingham were men of sound intelligence, some highly educated, several as well informed on public matters as myself, all, I believe, like myself, animated by a true English hatred of injustice. Having said this much, I will now call your attention to the enclosed extracts from your writings, to which I have prefixed numbers for the sake of more convenient reference.

"In the first extract it is needless to point out to you that the Admiral in command of the fleet (whose conduct in that position I do not undertake either to defend or to condemn) is 'bespattered' with direct 'censure.'

"I would in the second instance observe that I have before now heard that the late Lord Raglan has been attacked from other quarters for negligence in not fortifying the weak position here described, but I have likewise been told that men could not be spared from other duties to strengthen that particular point. However, one fact is conceded on both sides: that Lord Raglan was fully aware of that weakness, and that there might have been other reasons given for the neglect of the warnings offered to him as one of 'the authorities' than those assigned in the passage before me.

"I consider that any reader of the *Times* would decidedly believe that, although extract No. 3 does not designate any individual by name, yet that the language here used did very decidedly point to those upon whose conduct that journal commented so constantly and so mercilessly.

I have purposely inserted into extract No. 4 a sentence which may not at first appear to censure Lord Raglan—that in which you state that he 'visited Lord Lucan and went over the cavalry camp, etc.'—because I do not choose to lay myself justly open to the charge of having picked out isolated portions of your writings without due regard to the *general* meaning of the passage in question; and I here distinctly state that I understood this extract to mean, whether taken by itself or in conjunction with the

other extracts, that Lord Raglan had before neglected to do what might have been expected of him 'by every branch of the service.'

"No. 5, even if taken *alone*, must suggest to all who read it that Lord Raglan did *now* what he had before neglected, but, if it be connected with other portions of your own writings to which I have already referred, and more than this when published in a journal which so unsparingly assailed Lord Raglan, it seems to me capable of *no other* interpretation. These, Sir, are the conclusions which I draw from the passages I have quoted to you. I need, I think, not add to them in the way of further explanation.

"But before I close this correspondence I wish to observe that I do not pretend for a moment to deny that you were on terms of personal friendship with those officers of the 46th Regiment whom you name, nor to combat your statement that it was from them that you received the contradiction of the report reflecting upon some of those under their command, to which you had previously given a world-wide publicity—though I do not see that these facts at all affect my statement.

"Now, Sir, having given you at much length the grounds upon which I commented publicly upon your writings as part of a *system* of which I heartily disapprove, I think that I have a right to hope that you will modify, if not withdraw altogether, the very strong expressions which you employed in your first communication to me—for I have shown you that I did *not* speak at random, and I feel that while meeting your 'defiance' in a straightforward manner, I have throughout employed a temperate and courteous tone towards yourself personally.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"DARTMOUTH.

"P.S.—January 28th. Having been prevented posting this letter yesterday, as I had intended, it occurred to me to add that I have no wish or intention to discuss with you the merits or demerits of Lord Raglan or any other person—whether actually named in each of the above quotations or not."

Extracts from "The War," by W. H. Russell,  
Correspondent of the *Times*. *Fifteenth Thousand*.

1. Page 186. "*The Alma*."

"We might have expected—or rather if we had not known how unreasonable it would have been to expect much from such a source—we might have relied on more effective assistance in our duty of burying the dead and collecting and carrying the wounded on board from the *Admiral in command of the Fleet*."

2. Page 246. "*Battle of Inkerman*."

"It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground, etc." (here the nature of the position is described). . . . "Everyone admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the *Authorities* on this subject, *but indolence*, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to *indifference* and procrastination."

3. Page 279. "*Miseries of the Campaign*."

"In fact, I believe, nothing would so animate our men, *deprived* as they are of the *cheering words* and of the *cheering personal presence* and exhortations of their generals, and destitute of all stimulating influences beyond those of their undaunted spirit and glorious courage, as the prospect of meeting the Russians, etc., etc."

4. Page 313. *Date, January 18th.*

"Lord Raglan came down to-day to Balaclava—General Airey, etc., etc." "Lord Raglan visited Lord Lucan and went over the cavalry camp, which they had not seen since it was formed here. *Lord Raglan* gave several orders calculated to promote the comfort of the troops, and his *unusual* presence among the men has been attended with the best effects, and has stimulated *every branch of the service*."

5. Page 349. *February 17th.*

"Lord Raglan visited a portion of the camp to-day. Scarcely a day passes, indeed, on which his lordship does not *now* inspect some part or other of the lines."

"PATSHULL HOUSE, WOLVERHAMPTON,

"*April 17th, 1877.*

"SIR,—I readily admit, though I confess that I do not understand exactly the purport of the last paragraph of your letter received this morning, that your tone is most conciliatory and courteous—at least, as far as your two last letters are concerned; and I also

may explain that my not accepting your offer to refer this 'case' to any third person was not due to want of appreciation of the spirit in which you made it, but to a feeling on my part that it might be possible to give you such information and assurance (that I endeavoured to do in my letter of Sunday) as might render such a reference superfluous.

"All I wish to ask for from you is an assurance of your belief in my own good faith in stating what I believed to be true in the winter of 1855, and that without in the least desiring to request that you should take any course inconsistent with your own self-respect; this being what I suggested in a letter which I addressed to you some nine years ago—but to which you returned a negative answer—then seeing, as I thought, an opening for conciliation on my part. And I will add only that I believed in 1855, as I must say I still do, that I was justified in considering the late Lord Raglan to have had very hard judgments passed upon his capacity and even upon his humanity in the Crimea and at home; and I should like to remark further that in December, 1855, your reputation as a writer of English was fully established, and that you then were on your way home with much fame and distinction. That there was any hostility felt or shown towards you by anyone in the Crimea I was not aware. But this I do know, that some officers in the English Army felt most keenly, in addition to their personal sufferings before Sebastopol, the language employed towards them by the *Times*, of which you were the accredited representative, and also that they entertained a strong feeling with regard to your communications to that journal.

"I beg to remain, Sir,

"Your faithful obedient Servant,

"DARTMOUTH."

Long after this correspondence Russell wrote in one of the appendices to "The Great War with Russia"—

"There was a personal charm about Lord Raglan which fascinated those around him. The handsome face, the sweet smile and kindly glance, the courteous, gracious, gentle manner—even the empty coat-sleeve



that recalled his service in the field under his great master, attracted attention and conciliated favour. And if his winning ways captivated strangers at once, it may be easily conceived that to family and friends, to his young relatives on the Staff, and to those whom he admitted to his confidence, Lord Raglan was an object of the most affectionate admiration and regard. Mr. Kinglake became his devoted friend and eulogist in a few days, and thought the War in the Crimea ceased to have any interest after Lord Raglan's death, for with that event he terminates his brilliant history. There is a very characteristic photogravure in General Hamley's history of the expedition, representing Lord Raglan and Pelissier together at a table in front of Headquarters. Lord Raglan is in mufti, wearing a soft felt hat with a puggaree, and easy jacket or cut-away coat, vest, and walking trousers—the image of a kindly English gentleman; the French marshal is in uniform, tightly buckled and buttoned in, a gross *épiciér* sort of man, his bulldog face full of vigour. Contrast his features with the amiable lineaments of the English General, and you will recognise the difference between the two chiefs who sent their columns to assault Sebastopol on 8th September."

Lord Raglan's character, indeed, was patent to everyone who knew him. The writer has had laid before him a letter from Sir John McNeill to Lady Rose Weigall about Lord Raglan's death. Sir John McNeill was one of the Commissioners who were sent out to report on the sufferings in the Crimea. Their report was resented by many soldiers, and it led to the Chelsea Inquiry; but as to the fineness of Lord Raglan's character McNeill was never in doubt.

"Your letter informed me," he wrote on July 2nd, 1855, "of what on public as well as private grounds I must consider a great calamity. . . . Even I saw enough to make me feel how deeply and truly he must have been loved by all who were closely connected with him. The time will come when all will

acknowledge how much his country owed him and when the friends who mourn for him will derive consolation from the reflection that he died as he had lived and as he desired to live and to die, devoting the whole energies of his pure and noble nature to the service of his country without one thought for himself."

In a letter to Sir Arthur Lyttelton-Annesley in 1894, Russell pointed out that the thunder and lightning directed against Lord Raglan from Printing House Square had "ceased to roll and flash for months before the attack on Sebastopol of June 18th," and that as Lord Raglan died on June 26th he did not live to read the *Times* article on that day's fighting. That proves, at all events, that Lord Raglan did not sink under the immediate weight of the attacks in the *Times*, whether by Russell or by writers of leading articles. But probably it was never contended in anything more than a metaphorical sense that he did so. It has already been admitted that Russell did not know, and could not have guessed, what an immense volume of pompous, fussy, and superfluous correspondence engaged Lord Raglan's attention. If he had suspected the truth he could not have allowed Delane to infer that Lord Raglan was prevented merely by indifference from visiting his men and the hospitals; but it would still have been perfectly open to him to argue that a greater man than Lord Raglan would have swept aside that monstrous correspondence as irrelevant and even impertinent.

Russell not only suffered much abuse in the Crimea; he made powerful enemies at home. The Prince Consort wrote of him as a "miserable scribbler"; and even some of his friends and declared admirers remained in disagreement with him on many points

all their lives. On September 27th, 1856, Sidney Herbert wrote to Gladstone:—

“I trust the Army will lynch the *Times* correspondent when they read his letter of yesterday. I think it the most scandalous performance I ever read. While he admits that he cannot get satisfactory evidence of any details, he brings the most serious and disgraceful accusations against officers and men who under circumstances of desperate danger, were risking and laying down their lives. The *Daily News* letter is written in a juster and fairer spirit. If they were to hang Mr. Russell (alas! there are no Pictons in our Army), I believe the public here would be very well pleased, provided the *Times* found another man who could amuse them as well.”

That was an entire misconception not only of the feeling of the public about Russell but of that of the rank and file of the Army. The exaggeration of the letter is excusable only because it was private and because Sidney Herbert suffered even more than most Secretaries for War. Had he not been held responsible for the ghastly sufferings of the winter of 1854—5? Yet though he protested under the blows he learned his lesson, as everyone knows, right well and honourably, and associated his name for ever with the great and humane reforms of 1859.

Let us quote now from a temperate letter written by Sir John Abye a few years after the Crimean War:—

“Much as I admire your writings and often as I have defended you (for you get plenty of attack in this country), still I must say I differ from you materially on some points, as regards the Crimea; in none more so, than in your estimate of Lord Raglan and the higher officers of the Army. It is my conviction that Lord R. was in every way a greater man than any other that stood in front of the Allied Armies. I believe if you were at this moment to ask Canrobert, Marmora, Omar Pasha, Pelissier and

others, they would admit it. Lord Lyons told me the same thing. Then, again, as to the condition of our armies in the winter, I don't for a moment dispute the facts. I will take all you say on that point for gospel; but when I come to the cause, I can't throw it upon the individuals on the spot, but upon previous national neglect. If England wants to take part in Continental wars she must study and prepare beforehand. Lord Raglan and others were hunted to death, and there are many other men of rank, whose lives are embittered by having the responsibility of the disastrous state of affairs imputed to them. I conceive that this is a blot upon the character of the people of England. The advantages of a free Press are great and incalculable, but it has great drawbacks in its power of misleading at critical, hasty moments. These are the subjects on which I dwell, but I won't inflict any more of my book on you. If you like or have time to skim over it, and would return it to me with any opinion you can give me, I shall be glad. Although I speak plainly and perhaps strongly in it, it is never my intention or wish to be offensive or personal."

Kinglake's history has often been laid under contribution to prove that Russell was unjust, and yet Kinglake himself, as will be seen from the following letters, did not hold the opinion which his writings are used to support.

"23, HYDE PARK PLACE,  
"MARBLE ARCH, W.  
"October 8th, 1880.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I hope you will kindly receive from me the copy of my 'Winter Troubles' volume which I have directed my publishers to send you.

"Of course, I have had to speak much of you, but considering that you and I got to be, as it were, on opposite sides, I venture to hope that on the whole you will be pleased with what I say. At all events, I have intended to write in the most kindly spirit, never ceasing to remember with pleasure and interest the

days when we were thrown together at the English Headquarters.

"Very truly yours,  
"A. W. KINGLAKE."

"3, YORK PLACE, SIDMOUTH, DEVON,  
"October 27th, 1880.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—You hail from the extreme north, and I, as you see, from the west, but when we are both of us in London once more, it will be a great pleasure to me to do as you say, and 'renew the acquaintance we had on the plateau of Sebastopol.' I am glad you so far liked a part of what I said in my note as to wish that the words had been written on the fly-page of the volume; and I am only sorry that my use of the phrase 'opposite sides of the question' should have led you to think that I connected you in my mind with the invectives of the *Times*. Far from doing so, I have gone rather out of my way to disconnect you with them; and I am pleased with myself for having anticipated what I see from your note is your wish, by writing the words you will see at the foot of p. 259 and at the top of p. 260. The words were drawn from me by seeing how favourably the tone of your letters to the *Times* contrasted with the leading articles.

"I remain,  
"My dear Russell,  
"Very truly yours,  
"A. W. KINGLAKE."

After reading the volume which Kinglake had sent to him, Russell wrote:—

"18, SUMMER PLACE, ONSLOW SQUARE,  
"SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.,  
"November 3rd, 1880.

"MY DEAR KINGLAKE,—I have, since I wrote to you, read over your new volume very carefully, and I cannot conceal from you the pain I felt at the general impression your invective would convey that my friend Delane was governed by some unworthy motives in the course he gave to the policy of the *Times* in the winter of 1854-5, and the sharpness of that pain, mingled with regret, is not at all diminished by my recognition of the kindliness which marks your

appreciation of my position at the time, though I own my memories of the period referred to are much more fraught with sorrow than with merriment.\* As to the language of the *Times*, I have not a word to say more than this—that no one suffered much more acutely than I did from its results, as an indiscriminating public and the vindictive and powerful friends of those who were assailed, laid at my door all the responsibility of the assaults delivered on Headquarters and the Ministry. I was accused then, and I believe that many yet alive hold me guilty, of ‘hounding’—that was the phrase—‘of hounding Lord Raglan to death.’ For so much of justice as you have done me I am grateful. I let the *Times* speak for itself. My connection with it has ceased, not wilfully on my part, but I shall ever retain for Delane the deepest affection, and although I do not venture to defend his memory, I feel bound to deal presently with some of the matters put forward in ‘The Winter’s Troubles’—troubles which have cast a shadow on the whole life of

“Yours truly,

“W. H. RUSSELL.”

This letter was highly characteristic of Russell. He refused to accept, without protest, a salve to his own feelings which was offered at the expense of his friend’s reputation.

One more letter from Kinglake may be quoted to show how careful he was to dissociate himself from the attacks on Russell:—

“WILTON HOUSE, TAUNTON,

“February 4th, 1881.

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I last night saw for the first time the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and I hope you will be able to imagine the astonishment, not to say horror, with which I learned that it was supposed that a savage sentence I wrote about the writer (quite unknown to me and quite unguessed at) of a ‘leading article’ was meant to apply to you!!! Not for worlds,

\* Kinglake, in a passage which is quoted later, wrote of Russell’s well-known humour, and of the “divine mirth” which he caused in camp.

my dear Russell, could I have been guilty of such an atrocity, for atrocity it would really have been. How such a mistake could have occurred I cannot imagine, for I referred to the writer of the article as one of whom I did not know whether he was living or dead, and the whole mass of writing in which the savage passage occurs related to the 'articles' and *not* in any way to the correspondents. The mistake is so extravagant that I ought hardly perhaps to trouble you with this letter, but I feel that without doing so I could not rest.

"Believe me, My dear Russell,

"Very truly yours,

"A. W. KINGLAKE."

Opinions and letters might be quoted indefinitely. The conclusion which is offered here, without further delay, is that Russell could never have written with malice because he had not a grain of malice in his nature. He was animated in the Crimea by the simplest emotions—a vast pity and a generous indignation. If he ever sacrificed individuals he did so accidentally, or indirectly, in his general exposure of the mismanagement of the Army. It would be absurd to pretend that he was right in every detail of his criticisms; he was human—very human—and he was an Irishman. But it is safe to say, that but for his courageous testimony Englishmen would never have heard of the real condition in which their soldiers lived and died upon that terrible plateau before Sebastopol, would never have leaped with splendid anger to the rescue, and finally, would never have learned that the English troops did something far nobler than merely second the enterprise of the French Army. But more of this presently; here it is only proper to say that, so far as the heart of one man may be examined by another, Russell was guiltless of any calculated injustice to Lord Raglan.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE REDAN AND AFTER

A FEW days after the unfortunate assault of June 18th, Russell was cheered by receiving a sort of Round Robin of good wishes from the Fielding Club. Thackeray was among those who wrote on the small sheet of paper. The Secretary of the Club started off with—

"The News Secretary of the Home Department of the Fielding trusts that the corresponding member at Balaclava, Kertch, and in short, at any place between here and Seringapatam, continues in good health, possessed of clear ink, well-nibbed pens, and general serenity, and that he may soon return to his anxious friends and expectant country with all his luggage and his former spirits."

Thackeray wrote :

"I have just come from the Administrative Reform Association, held in Drury Lane, where I heard your name uttered with enthusiasm, and heard with ('heard,' by the way, is not pleasing coming twice in this way, but Albert Smith is making a deuce of a row) received with applause. We all wish you back here almost as much as you wish it yourself. I am going to America, so I shan't see you unless you come back soon ; but in every quarter of the world,

"I am yours very truly indeed,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

At the end of June Russell went to Constantinople to meet his wife. He took passage in the transport *Brandon* armed with this chilling permit :—

"H.M.S. *TRITON*,

"June 25th, 1855.

"Receive on board the ship you command, Mr. W. H. Russell, for a passage to Constantinople, but the



Government is not to be put to any expense on his account. This order is given on the understanding that the accommodation of officers and others on duty is not to be interfered with. The cabin is already as full as it should be.

“L. G. HEATH,  
“Principal Agent of Transports.

“To the Master of the Transport *Brandon*.”

While Russell and his wife were staying at Therapia, enjoying the breezes of the Bosphorus, he heard from Delane that his book ‘makes a very pretty volume, and Routledge promises it a success exceeding that of any of his previous publications.’ Mrs. Russell had been accompanied from England by a servant, John King, engaged to enter Russell’s service, and it is amusing to read the solemn bond and covenant by which Mowbray Morris attempted to lessen the chance of his vanishing along the path of Angelo and Virgilio. Surely no other war correspondent has ever had a servant tied to him by such an impressive and exact document!

“MEMORANDUM OF AN AGREEMENT made this eleventh day of July one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five. Between JOHN KING of the Queen’s Road West Regent’s Park in the County of Middlesex valet of the one part and Mowbray Morris of Printing House Square in the County of Middlesex Esquire on behalf of the Proprietors of the *Times* Newspaper of the other part as follows, that is to say:

“The said JOHN KING, for the consideration herein-after contained on the part of the said Mowbray Morris, doth hereby promise, covenant, and agree with, and to the said Mowbray Morris, that he, the said John King, shall and will forthwith proceed to the Crimea and when, and so soon as, he shall arrive there shall serve such correspondent or correspondents for the time being of the said *Times* newspaper as the said Mowbray Morris shall direct and appoint in the

capacity of groom and valet, and that he will attend upon such correspondent or correspondents in such capacity in every respect either in the field or elsewhere as may be required. AND FURTHER THAT he, the said John King, shall and will proceed to the Crimea in such vessel as the said Mowbray Morris shall appoint, and immediately on his arrival there enter upon his duties as such groom and valet as aforesaid. AND the said Mowbray Morris in consideration of the covenants herein before contained on behalf of the said John King doth hereby for himself covenant, promise, and agree with, and to the said John King that he, the said Mowbray Morris, shall and will well and truly pay unto the said John King the sum of eight pounds per month to commence and be paid immediately from the date above written, one moiety of such sum to be paid to the said John King in the Crimea, and the other moiety to be paid in London to such person or persons as the said John King shall by any writing under his hand direct or appoint. AND the said Mowbray Morris shall and will pay to the said John King the annual sum of twenty pounds over and above the sum of eight pounds per month, and shall also pay the expenses of and relating to the passage of the said John King from this country to the Crimea, PROVIDED ALWAYS that if the said John King quit the service of any such correspondent or correspondents in the Crimea or elsewhere without giving previous reasonable notice, or shall be dismissed for misconduct from the service of such correspondent or correspondents, then and in either of such cases the said John King shall forfeit all claim to any wages which shall or may be due to him at the time of such desertion or discharge for the then current month, PROVIDED ALWAYS that if the said John King shall be discharged from such duties as aforesaid by any such correspondent or correspondents as aforesaid in consequence of his services being no longer required, then the said Mowbray Morris shall pay the expenses relating to the passage of the said John King from the place where he shall be so discharged to some portion in Great Britain, AS WITNESS the hands of the said parties to the day and year first above written."

After his return to the Crimea, Russell watched the battle of the Tchernaya on August 16th, and then waited with the waiting camp till September 8th, when a cup as bitter as that of June 18th was drained to the dregs by the British Army. The day before the memorable assault on the Redan Russell happened to be on Cathcart's Hill.

"Among the officers on the hill," he writes, "were Windham and Crealock. As I drew near I was greeted with the usual question, 'Well, what news have you?' It was supposed that I, who was told nothing, must know everything. Oftentimes when we were turned out at night by heavy firing in the trenches, and everyone was asking, and no one was answering, what it was all about, I heard someone say, 'We will know about it when the *Times* arrives!' I was for ever divided between the business of riding about the camps, visiting quarters, gathering news, seeing what was to be seen, and putting what I saw and heard down upon paper. On the present occasion I was unusually fortunate, for my friends actually knew something. They were 'on duty' to-morrow. What I learned from them made me feel very dubious about our success. 'It is all a d——d patchwork business,' said Windham; 'all wrong—no sense in it! Why not let the Guards and old Colin Campbell's Highlanders, who have done nothing all the winter, spring, and summer, go in at the Redan? There are lots of regiments longing to make up for their ill-fortune in being late for Alma and Inkerman—eight or nine fine regiments burning for a chance! It's a selection of the unfittest.' It surely was not the survival of many of them, poor fellows!"

Sir James Simpson, who with much reluctance and humility had succeeded to the position of Lord Raglan, entrusted the arrangements for the attack to Sir W. Codrington and General Markham. Russell's narrative of the attack on the Redan was as spirited a piece of writing as any he sent from the Crimea. He told how

the French slipped across the few yards which divided their foremost trench from the enemy and seized the Malakoff before the surprised Russians had time to bring reinforcements to the support of the too few men who held this essential position, and then he turned to the different picture of the heroic but fruitless attack by the British on the Redan. Those who entered the Redan were left almost unsupported, and Colonel Windham, in desperation, at last determined to leave his men in their extremity, in order to go back to the fifth parallel and implore help from Sir William Codrington. Meanwhile the force at the Redan was weakening before the continuous flow of Russian reinforcements.

"The solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on and fed each moment from the rear by company after company, and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, which had abandoned that protection which unanimity of courage affords, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock advanced into the sea, and forced back the agitated waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp. Bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb craters in the external slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, having to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire."

Russell's narrative was not only an exculpation but a laudation of Windham. When he had returned to England people used to say to him, "Windham is *your* general." "But," writes Russell, "it was the

public who insisted on making him a hero, not I." Nevertheless, no one comes so well out of Russell's narrative as Windham.

According to Russell, Codrington beheld the struggle, which lasted nearly an hour, without making such attempts as might and ought to have been made to support Windham. When Windham came back, appeared on the top of the fifth parallel, and entreated Codrington to give instant support, the latter had, in Russell's belief, "lost for the time being the coolness which characterised him." It may be said, however, that the assault on the Redan could hardly have succeeded in any case. It was undertaken by a column of one thousand men, composed of scraps of various regiments, and disposed in such a way that Lord Wolseley has called the movement "crazy, ignorant, and childishy conceived and badly executed."\*

It is convenient at this point to look forward a little and quote from a letter which Delane wrote after Russell's account of September 8th had become public property not only in England but in the Crimea :—

"I wrote to H.† all details as to the circumstances of Simpson's recall and Codrington's appointment,

\* The writer has had the opportunity of looking through a long private correspondence between Sir William Codrington and Lord Strathnairn about the assault on the Redan. From this, and from Codrington's report of the assault (which has never been published), it is obvious that supports were not only sent from the fifth parallel, but that they were sent in what was considered the best formation. Immediately they emerged from the parallel, however, they came under an extremely heavy fire. The casualties were terribly severe, and it seems probable that the formation was at once shattered. Lord Strathnairn's statement in the House of Lords, in 1871, that the attack was delivered in a single line without supports, cannot be justified. Russell was very much nearer the mark in saying that the supports were "without order of formation"; for so in fact they were when seen by him, or at all events by those on whose information and judgment he was compelled to rely.

† One of Russell's colleagues.

and need not, therefore, repeat them ; but I enclose a letter from Codrington which reached me on the very day on which it was determined that he should succeed Simpson. As you will see, I did not publish it, but I wrote him a civil letter enclosing the article, in which I announced his appointment, and telling him that it would startle his friends here if they found their new Commander-in-Chief corresponding with a newspaper already. I do not think he has anything substantial to complain of, and, indeed, all private accounts make his case worse than you did ; but we are getting a bad name, not only in the camp but here, for severe criticisms, or, as it is called, 'abuse,' and it would, perhaps, be well, at least for the present, to adopt a more measured tone. As you are universally admitted to have killed Raglan and dismissed Simpson, you may fairly rest on your laurels and patronise Codrington until he does something flagrant.

"People here admit that it is a 'leap in the dark' ; that he has not done enough to entitle him to the command ; but they declare that their choice was only between third-rate men, and they took the one which seemed the best. If you can, pray say something of poor old Campbell.\* Such fellows as — affect to depreciate him as a mere sergeant-major, but I suspect his chief fault in their eyes is that he is not 'one of us'—that he is a soldier by profession, and that, moreover, not sparing himself, he does not spare those below him. My own impression is that he is not adequate to the chief command ; but it is too bad that his claims should be talked away by these butterflies.

"I don't meddle with the answer to your suggestion of a short holiday at Christmas, because the Manager will write to you on that point, and I need not assure you that I shall be delighted to see you here again like all the rest, 'on urgent private affairs.'† . . . I hope your wife sent you Emmanuel's gold medal. Certainly no one deserves a medal more than you do, but I would rather have had the Queen than the Jew to present it."

\* Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde.

† This was the phrase commonly used as an excuse by officers who returned to England on leave during the campaign.

On reading Codrington's letter to Delane, Russell wrote to Codrington to protest that in criticising him he had acted without malevolence and had honestly tried to set down only what he believed to be true in substance and in fact. Codrington wrote in answer the following letter, upon the dignity and self-restraint of which there is no need to insist.

" *December 2nd, 1855.*

"SIR,—I have not very much time for private correspondence, but I am unwilling not to answer such a letter as that which you have sent to me. Mr. Delane has written to me. He did not publish my letter, but he sent a copy to you.

"I have no reason to think that anyone on earth has malevolence towards me, or would wish to slander me. But see what has happened ; I felt, and still strongly feel, that a remark, hurried or casual as it might be in intention, is not so when printed, circulated through the world, and read with the eager interest attaching to all connected with the war. This remark, this casual remark, which you may have founded on the information or opinion of those mixed up in the excitement of such a fight, ignorant of, and certainly not incurring the responsibility by which the lives of hundreds were to be exposed or saved—this remark was made the foundation of still stronger comment on personal conduct in the very paper with which you correspond ; and, on the same foundation, other papers contained remarks still more gross. I cannot enter into the question as between editors and correspondents. I have not the least idea of intentional misrepresentation or malevolence or ill-will on your part or that of others ; but I know the pain—the indignant pain—with which those statements were read. It is no use my continuing further. I have now other things to think of, but I repeat I have no idea of your being influenced by any unworthy motives.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. CODRINGTON."

Of unworthy motives Russell may indeed be acquitted, as any man should be who openly accepts

odium for the sake of setting the common interests of the Army above those of individuals. It cannot be emphasised too much that every criticism by him of an officer of high rank made his position with the Army more difficult. He did not strew his bed with thorns for fun. Mistaken he may often have been in discussing tactics or strategy, but to say anything in dispraise of gallant men—even of their judgment—was painful to him; and we may suppose that this was specially true in the case of Codrington, whose bravery at the Alma, Inkerman, and elsewhere he had watched and recorded with admiration.

Russell wrote to Delane on this subject:—

“The charge against Codrington, if such it could be called, was *not* that he did not send up supports, but that he did not send up supports in some order of formation. The men broke out of the trenches in a crowd, becoming more disorderly and confused as they ran over the broken ground till they arrived at the parapet of the Redan, where their officers lost them in the armed mob. Windham sent three times ‘for supports in formation.’ It is odd enough that when the appointment was pending of Codrington as Commander-in-Chief I was talking with the Admiral at Kinburn about the possible Commander-in-Chief, and regretting that Codrington had not fulfilled all our anticipations on 8th September. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘would you if you had it in your power give him another chance?’ My answer was, ‘Decidedly.’ At the same time we discussed Windham’s speciality, and I said, ‘He would make a capital Chief of the Staff.’ I little thought at the time that they were so near those posts, but you will do me the justice to say that it is more than a year since in my private letters to you I pointed out Codrington as a rising man when he was unknown to the bulk of the Army, much more to the people at home. Windham will make a first-rate Chief of Staff, but it is felt that with Lord Panmure’s orders and ignorant interference from home the post of



Commander-in-Chief in any intelligent and independent acts out here will be surrounded with difficulty and hindrance. One order he sent out was that 'the men of the working parties should be stripped and put beneath blankets on their return.'

A trifling sequel may be added to the incident of Codrington and Russell. Later, in London, Russell imagined that Codrington harboured resentment against him, and had in fact cut him. He mentioned this in a letter to Windham. Windham, who knew well the character of Codrington, answered :—

"You are quite wrong about Codrington cutting you. He is very short-sighted, and if another time you will come a little closer to him, I'll bet you a pound he doesn't cut you."

Whether Russell took the bet or not is not related, but subsequent entries in his diary as to conversations with Codrington prove that if he did Windham was the winner.

Russell writes in "The Great War with Russia" that when Sir William Codrington was appointed to succeed Sir James Simpson, Sir Colin Campbell "blazed with anger, and his anger was something to see. His face became terrible, and his frame quivered as he spoke of his supersession by his junior." Although Colin Campbell left the Crimea a disappointed man, his opportunity, as all the world knows, came very quickly in India, where he took the command at the earnest request of the Queen herself, and where he won a peerage and a baton.\* Russell

\* When Lord Clyde was made a Field Marshal after the Mutiny, Russell called on him in the Albany to congratulate him, and found him exceedingly glum, dressed in his old tartan jacket and trews. "My God, sir," said the new Field Marshal in response to Russell's congratulations, "it's all too late. What's the use of the baton to me now? There's scarcely a soul alive that I would care to show it to. Thank you, thank you. It is too late." Lord

has recorded in the same book that Colin Campbell was the only British officer who was on intimate terms with the French commanders in the Crimea. He was a close friend of Vinoy, to whom he left £500 in his will. Russell was mistaken, however, in saying that Colin Campbell's exceptional feelings towards the French dated from the time when he was taken prisoner in the Peninsular War, and was kept for some time in France, where he was most kindly treated by Vinoy and others. He was wounded twice in the Peninsula, but was never a prisoner in France or elsewhere. He had, in Shadwell's words, "invariably entertained a chivalrous respect for the military qualities of the opponents of his youth," and it was in the Crimea that he and Vinoy first met.

On the morning of September 9th, 1855, Sebastopol was in flames; the Russians had recognised the truth that the Malakoff was the key to their position. They destroyed as much as they could of the town and of their fleet, and the Allies entered into the place which had been the cause and the witness of some of the most terrible sufferings ever undergone by a British Army. Russell fretted at the composure and the deliberation with which the Russians were allowed to make good their retreat, and when they took up a new position on the north side he exclaimed that the thunder of their guns was a sound which ought to have ceased in that region for ever.

Inside Sebastopol he was moved to an overwhelming pity by the scenes in the hospitals, where he found

Clyde used often in the later years of his life to tell Russell that he would find that he had not been forgotten "for the good work" he did in the Crimea. When he died, General Eyre, who inherited the bulk of his fortune, sent to Russell an ivory-handled paper knife inscribed, "Souvenir of Lord Clyde."

many brave Russians left in the extremity of pain, dirt, and discomfort. He wrote to Delane :—

“ INSIDE SEBASTOPOL,

“ September 17th, 1855.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I took down some paper to the town to-day, and this is written inside the ruins of the city. Ruins, indeed! Had we raised the siege on the 8th of September, Sebastopol would have been destroyed all except the docks and shipping. Everyone who sees the place is struck with admiration for the stoicism of the well-drilled barbarians who defended it. There is not one square inch of the city in which they could have been safe from our fire. Such a mass of shells, splinters, shot-torn timbers, ruined houses! Had an earthquake shaken every house down, and then a volcano burnt out the *débris*, the work could not have been more completely done.

“The Duke of Newcastle sent me word yesterday that I ought to visit the hospital. I had been there before. It was a charnel-house—a sight enough to drive one mad—a stench, a scene of horrors which sickened me. Here is a good sketch for the *Illustrated London News*, only it makes the place too light and lofty, and there are not enough of dead, nor is there any idea of the packing of the dead and wounded together. . . . I send you some laburnum seeds from the garden round the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a bit of stone from the Governor's house; item, a bit from the dockyard wall as a specimen. No one knows what's next to be done.

“Yours most sincerely always,

“W. H. RUSSELL.”

In October, Russell accompanied the naval expedition which went to Odessa, anchored for a short time off that beautiful city in two minds whether to lay it in ruins, and subsequently moved further on to Kinburn, which was bombarded and captured. Russell was impressed by the dramatic gestures with which General Kokonovitch surrendered his fortress. He appeared with a sword and a pistol in one hand and a

pistol in the other; he threw down the sword at the feet of the victors and fired the pistols into the ground, and then turning to the place which had been his charge and care, he addressed it in tragic words of valediction with tears in his eyes.

After his return to the Army Russell wrote to Delane (November 30th, 1855):—

"I'm on excellent terms with Windham, and this moment have received an invitation from him to dinner on Thursday next, which I have accepted. I intend to leave (D.V.), for England on Saturday. We are up to the knees in mud—transport animals dying by scores in every ditch. The smallest mistakes in the *Thunderer* are made much of out here, I can assure you. Astley made a good-humoured attack on me at the race dinner respecting my going on 'urgent private affairs'—the 'Gods' are rather sore on that point after my remarks\*—and there were 109 to 1 against me. I had little chance of making an impression in my reply. But I believe I did some good. All the officers, as far as I know, are on good terms with me, though I'm quite aware there is many a fellow who meets me with a smile and outstretched hand who hates me and uses his voice to 'utter foul speeches and detract'. . .

"There is an immense soreness of feeling between our Allies and ourselves; and I own I fear a rupture some day or other which may lead to ill blood or to the spilling of it. 'No bono Francis,' 'No bono Inglis,' is now too often heard, and there is constant scuffling on the roads when convoys intersect each other. . . . It was only yesterday I prevented two Zouaves getting roughly handled by some guardsmen. The Frenchmen were screwed, making grimaces and shouting out 'No

\* Although Russell in his letters frequently condemned the habit in officers of going home on "urgent private affairs," he always did them the justice to say that when they escaped from the plateau before Sebastopol to the moors, or the coverts at home, they fled from the tedium and not from the fighting. His point was, that a higher conception of their duty would make them recognise that the success of the Army depended quite as much on the intelligent performance of the household duties, as it were, of a resting camp as on gallant leadership in the infrequent battles.

bono Inglis' close to the Guards' camp, and I found the cause of this rage was that they had been prevented passing through the Guards' camp, and were obliged to come round the enclosure knee deep in mud. I explained to them that the English were not allowed to cross through the French camps, and that they must not expect to have privileges which they denied to others. The day before, a sentry deliberately raised his piece and pulled the trigger on Astley, who was shooting down on the Tchernaya 200 yds. from him, but fortunately the cap missed. Yesterday one of the Commissariat sergeants was coming up from Balaclava with two ducks on his shoulders; a Frenchman snatched them away, and when he turned to seize them the Frenchman dropped on his knee and levelled at him full cock. And when the sergeant turned for assistance he bolted across the plains with his booty and escaped. I might go on with these stories for ever. But they are not to be spoken of.

"Your patience must be exhausted, and I have now only to tell you that I had neither hand, act, or part in the publication of my portraits,\* and that the moment I heard of them I at once wrote to my wife and to Mr. Willans to express my regret and dissatisfaction at the proceeding. The idea that I sanctioned them annoys me exceedingly."

On December 4th, Russell wrote to his wife:—

"Right or wrong, I'll leave camp as soon as Hardmant arrives. I say 'right or wrong' for many reasons which men can see, but which women perhaps cannot be expected to appreciate. Just for example, suppose this: The *Times* now think me invaluable; I cost them a great deal, the fame of their correspondence is good—a new man, quite as good a writer as myself, takes my place; they find he answers admirably and that it is the occasion makes the writer, and I, who am becoming too big for them, am shelved. Again, I get the name of being a 'runaway' because I fear another writer, and I can never write a word against the officers who flock home on 'urgent private affairs.'

\* In an English illustrated paper.

† Russell's substitute.

Again, I have many friends whose acquaintance I could cultivate during the dark social evenings of winter but whose society is impossible during the active operations. Again, I run a great expense. Again, *we must be parted once more*. That is the great reason of all. . . . If I start on Thursday, 13th, that will just land me home on Christmas day. I can scarcely believe it—it's like a dream."

Before leaving the Crimea, for his holiday at home, Russell received a letter from Messrs. Routledge about the reprint of his letters:—

"We are in receipt of your favour of the 3rd November. I am glad that you agree with our policy of publishing the 2nd Volume distinct, and not adding to the 1st. We have been for the 'copy' sent to the *Times* since Lord Raglan's death but have not as yet been able to obtain it. Immediately we do so, we will forward it. Any original matter you may insert will, of course, add value to the work.

"With respect to the proposal of a 'History of the War,' we always imagined it was your intention to do one, and shall be most happy to enter into immediate arrangements with you for it—quite independent of the reprint from the *Times*. The form we should suggest would be Demy Octavo like Dickens's works, to appear in shilling monthly parts, with illustrations either from photographs or from artists who have been there. But this you can decide; we merely suggest what we think would be the most popular form, and for remuneration we should propose that you should receive a certain sum per copy. This in all cases when a large sale is expected is the best for the author, it being a property so long as the book sells; and we may add that no effort shall be wanting on our part to assist it in every possible way. . . . I trust that for many years we may have a good round sum to pay you."

## CHAPTER XXI

### RUSSELL'S ACHIEVEMENT

RUSSELL'S short stay in England was just the luxury he had dreamed of amid the hardships of the plateau. It was compact of dinners and theatres and the doubtful relaxation of long evenings spent in conversation; he was now a famous man; he was "Balaclava Russell," and he had to submit to the customary treatment of lions. He had only to ask for a box at the theatre and the answer came prompt from Charles Kean :—

"Be assured I shall be too happy to place any accommodation my theatre can afford at your disposal any night (or every night) you can pay me a visit. If you will only let me know what evening you are at liberty for the purpose, I shall be delighted to forward a Box card. It is but a small return for the many hours of gratification and interest I have derived from reading your admirable letters from the Crimea. I only wish it were in my power to afford a better proof of my high appreciation of your great talents."

The only thing which reminded Russell that there was a more austere world than that in which he was browsing for a brief space was the necessity of explaining his accounts to the Manager of the *Times*. He was never good at accounts. He probably had not spent over-much in his simple Crimean life, and if he had spent more it would have been well worth while for the *Times* to bear the expense; but still,

what irked him was being required to present a comprehensible balance sheet. He struggled with it earnestly, but both he and Mowbray Morris had to confess that they had at last reached a stalemate. The result was a letter from Morris, in which he said (January, 1856):—

“I think the best way of settling our accounts is to make what tradesmen call a ‘clean slate’ and to start afresh. Let it be understood, then, that you and the paper are quits up to next Saturday. From that day you will receive a salary of £600 a year payable monthly by me as long as you remain on my list of foreign correspondents, this sum being exclusive of travelling and other expenses incurred while you are on duty abroad. All I ask on my part is that you will render monthly accounts of your expenditure showing a clean balance, and that we may both know how we stand. I am sure you will find regularity beneficial in every way.”

Russell's return to the Crimea was distasteful to him, not merely because the main interest had vanished from a campaign which was visibly hastening towards its end, but because he had lost so many of his best friends in the assault of September 8th. The plateau was peopled with ghosts. He was not required either to watch or to undergo such hardships as those of the previous winter, and the troops were well clothed. Indeed, they had a variety in their wardrobe which commanded the wonder of the French. Such was the leniency of this winter that Russell found himself aggrieved by comparative trifles which would have been unnoticed the year before. For instance, the presence of a double-humped Bactrian camel which sat itself down in front of his hut-door and reposed there immovably for several days affected him with peculiar resentment. The legs of people entering the



hut were within easy reach of the brute's prodigious teeth. He was a good-natured brute, however, and was never spiteful unless anyone tried to mount him, when he spat and snapped his jaws.

"No one was sorry," writes Russell, "when he heard that the ship of the desert had got under way owing to the deposit of a piece of live coal and some matches on his back."

On February 28th, 1856, news of the armistice which was the forerunner of peace reached the British camp, and, anxious though he was to escape home, Russell was prevented from being glad by a certain scrupulous jealousy for the reputation of the British Army. The next day he met Colonel Windham near Headquarters. "You have heard the news, of course?" "Yes," said Russell, "and I am very sorry to hear it." "Are you, indeed! Well, I am not. You gentlemen of the Press think it is fine fun to be out here writing about battles and fights for your papers at home, but we have had quite enough of it." Russell was very angry—probably the only time he felt angry with Windham. "I don't know, sir," said he, "what pleasure you think I can find out here! I have neither promotion, honour, rank, nor pay to expect, as you have, sir. I am astonished that any soldier can rejoice at the idea of peace before he has wiped the dust of the Redan off his jacket." Windham pointed to the large Russian encampment on the ridges and in the valleys which could be seen from the Col. "Look there," he said, "and tell me what you think we could do! Do you know that Muravieff is in command there with 100,000 men, in addition to the 70,000 men on the other side? There is not a more gallant fellow on earth than Cuddy; but, by Jove! if he were to move into those

ravines and defiles Muravieff would double him up in an hour."

It is unnecessary to estimate the degree of provocation on either side in this singular conversation, but at all events Windham's assumption that war correspondents find their work fine fun is exceeded in unreality only by the common assumption that newspapers thrive on war and that proprietors consequently welcome it. War exacts an enormous outlay by every enterprising newspaper, and experience has never shown that the circulation in any way compensates for it. On the contrary, since a time of war is generally also a time of commercial depression, the newspaper supports an exceptional expenditure at the very time when it can least afford it.

On March 13th Russell wrote to his wife:—

"I have been reading such a delicious play—a French comedy—in which there is a wife and a husband something like ourselves, but very unlike in other points, for he is sensible and noble, and she is flighty and vain. But there are things so good in it that on one of these quiet evenings which I am looking forward to I trust to read it to you and take your opinion about it. The recollection of it here is suggested to me by reflections on my present condition. I find myself, after two years' hard work, free from debt, but with only a dependency on the *Times*. The managers fully think me most lavish and extravagant, and three-fourths of my gains from the book are gone altogether. . . . A remark in the play frightened the life out of me—two shillings and ninepence a day is the interest on £1,500. So the money I spend on cabs, etc., per diem is more than all the money I have is worth. . . . Riches are not happiness indeed, but there is great difficulty in living happy without them—well, that's very good philosophy."

As an illustration of the manner in which Russell was looked to as the friend and guardian of the Army,

this letter from a private who judged himself ill-used may be cited:—

“STOCKPORT,

“5th March 56.

“HONORABLE SIR,—I Thomas Miough private soldier of the 88th Regiment of foot No, 3203, No 3 Company. Most Humbly begs leave to let your Honr know that he Wounded in the Queries at Sebastopol on the Night of the 28th of July last. Was in the Regimental Hospital till the 2nd of August receiving my pay in full, then was changed to balliclaver Castle Hospital there my left arm was cut off. Sent several accounts to my coloured Sergeant up to Sebastopol to come and settle my accounts and instead of coming he sent Word that I was Dead. Secondly I wrote to him and Sent word by a man that I was not Dead. Honorable Sir I was liable to get 8½ per day during my time in Hospital being 78 days and also liable to 28 days pay for field pay as all Invluded got. Honorable Sir I Most Humbly crave your Honorable Enterference in my pitiful Case as I have no other friend under heaven for to crave and by compliance your Honorable Addressant will incessantly pray etc. etc. If Captain Mennurd Knew about the Sergeant's doings he would se me justified. Direct to the Pensinors Commanding Office in Stockport. I have got one Shilling per day during life.

“God Save the Queen.”

On April 2nd, 1856, the proclamation of Peace was received with salutes of 101 guns from the British, French, and Sardinian batteries, and from the allied fleets. For two months more Russell waited on the plateau, making excursions to Sebastopol in its ruins and to other places in the neighbourhood, and attending dinners, reviews, and race-meetings, where Russian, French and British officers were united.

On June 18th he wrote to his wife:—

“I'll send one of the Turkish ponies—Piggy in preference—home to you, and I'll sell the rest to kind

masters, or if not turn them adrift. The Ruskies are, however, kind to their animals, and are really very amiable in many respects ; but they are fanatical in all that concerns their religion. I wish we were a little more in that way. They are kindly, well disposed, clever, and warmly attached to friends and country, and their upper classes are most elegant and accomplished. In many respects they more resemble us than any people in the world, and I think we ought never to have been enemies."

Russell must have been one of the very few men who at that time discerned through the thick atmosphere of distrust the affinities between the British and Russian peoples, and who anticipated the common belief of to-day that in the Crimean War the British Government "put its money on the wrong horse." He also perceived the enduring power of that giant of loosely-knitted limbs who, Antæus-like, seems to gain new strength with each fall ; and through his life he never ceased to argue that in spite of all the opposition of Russian and British interests, in spite of the alleged peril on the Indian frontier, Russia was better as a friend than as an enemy.

On July 12th the main British guard was relieved at Balaclava by the Russians, and Russell succeeded with difficulty in obtaining a passage on board a transport to Constantinople, and so returned to London.

His achievement in the Crimea was a double one. He not only informed Englishmen of the true condition of their Army in the awful winter of 1854—5, unhesitatingly cutting from under his feet the only possible ground—deference to authority—on which he could claim toleration and personal comfort, but he celebrated in many moving passages the heroism of

the troops. It was the fashion among people who imperfectly understood his motives to pretend that he took a perverse pleasure in abusing the Army. Nothing could have been more unlike Russell's habit than to do that. From his infancy he had been attached to the Army; all his dreams of pure heroism took shape under military forms. The very sight of a uniform was a sensuous pleasure to his eye, and he said again and again throughout his life that there was nothing he would so much have liked to be as a soldier. The pages in his writings, in which he praises the bravery and endurance of soldiers, are numerous, and no impartial reader could miss the high feeling with which they are written.

In "The British Expedition to the Crimea," for example, he said:—

"It was right that England should be made aware of the privations which her soldiers endured in this great winter campaign, that she might reward with her greenest laurels those gallant hearts, who deserved the highest honour—that honour which in ancient Rome was esteemed the highest that a soldier could gain—that in desperate circumstances he had not despaired of the Republic. And no man despaired. The exhausted soldier, before he sank to rest, sighed that he could not share the sure triumph—the certain glories—of the day when our flag was to float from Sebastopol! There was no doubt—no despondency. No one for an instant felt diffident of ultimate success. From his remains in that cold Crimean soil, the British soldier knew an avenger and a conqueror would arise. If high courage, unflinching bravery—if steady charge—the bayonet-thrust in the breach—the strong arm in the fight—if calm confidence, contempt of death, and love of country could have won Sebastopol, it had long been ours. Let England know her children as the descendants of the starved rabble who fought at Agincourt and Crecy; and let her know, too, that in fighting

against a stubborn enemy, her armies had to maintain a struggle with foes still more terrible, and that, as they triumphed over the one, so they vanquished the other."

But for Russell it would have been supposed that the French had captured Sebastopol with little more than occasional help from the British, who joined in as a belated and discredited reserve. It is our national habit—which it is to be hoped will be counted to us for righteousness—closely to criticise and disparage our own performances; it is the tradition of British commanders to record their successes in the fewest possible words, and to avoid even in these few words emotional language or decorative epithets. The French, on the contrary, are accustomed to estimate their performances accurately at what they believe to be their value. The disparity between the achievements of the French Army and of the British Army, as they were reported in the despatches of the respective commanders-in-chief, was striking enough to be humiliating to English readers. In particular the resounding triumph of the Malakoff was popularly compared with the failure of the Redan till the British Army was indeed in danger of appearing utterly inefficient and foolish. Russell's letters were the corrective to this view of the Army as following in the wake of another Army which had greater enterprise and superior tactical skill.

Here we may quote from a letter to Russell, in which Sir John Adye, long afterwards, reflected on the singular practice of claiming for the French praise for movements which they did not happen to execute. Sir John Adye had been asked by Russell for his opinion on a particular passage in Todleben's

account of the Battle of the Alma in "The Defence of Sebastopol":—

"I do think it is hard that the French and Russians should both say that the French artillery helped us to storm the position in our front, when they did nothing of the sort. Todleben merely copies the French account. Now, I was on the spot with Turner's guns on the knoll, and I saw the light division attack the great battery, and I afterwards rode with Lord Raglan up the hill with the Guards, and I am certain that no French artillery was in action at that time assisting us. On the contrary, as I was approaching the top of the hill, Lord Raglan, observing several of our English batteries coming up on the right of our troops, told me to get them into action, and to make it hot for the retreating Russians. I saw no French artillery. Besides, they were too far off to help us; and what is more, I asked Sir Hugh Rose if the French helped us as stated, and he says they did not. As he was with St. Arnaud at the time, he is the best authority. So if the question comes, pray do justice to the English Army. God knows there were plenty of points in which, as regards administration, the English Government fell off; but I think that as the soldiers did take the ground in their front at Alma without assistance, it is only just they should get the credit."

Those who knew Russell intimately in the Crimea were naturally in no danger of misrepresenting his feelings towards the Army. His friends were not only numerous but faithful—they remained his friends for life. Kinglake has described how his personality attracted a host of willing informants to his quarters:—

"His opportunity of gathering intelligence depended, of course, in a great measure, upon communications which might be made to him by officers of their own free will; and it is evident that to draw full advantage from occasions formed in that way the inquirer must be a man so socially gifted, that by his own powers of conversation he can evoke the conversation of others. Russell was all that and more: he was an Irish

humourist, whose very tones fetched a laugh. If he only shouted 'Virgilio'—Virgilio was one of his servants—the sound when heard through the canvas used often to send divine mirth into more than one neighbouring tent; and whenever, in solemn accents, he owned the dread uniform he wore to be that of the late 'disembodied Militia,' one used to think nothing more comic could ever be found in creation than his rendering of a 'live Irish ghost.' In those days when the Army was moving after having disembarked at the Old Fort, he had not found means to reorganise the needed campaigning arrangements which his voyage from Bulgaria had disturbed, and any small tribulation he suffered in consequence used always to form the subject of his humorously plaintive laments. He always found, sooner or later, some blank leaves out of a pocket-book and some stump of a pencil with which to write his letters—letters destined in the sheets of the *Times* to move the hearts and souls of our people at home and make them hang on his words; but until he could lay hands on some writing materials, there was ineffable drollery in his way of asking some sympathy for 'a poor devil of a *Times* correspondent without pens, ink, or paper.' By the natural display of a humour thus genial and taking he thawed a great deal of reserve, and men talked to him with much more openness than they would have been likely to show if approached by a solemn inquirer in evident search of dry facts. Russell also had abundant sagacity, and besides, in his special calling was highly skilled, for what men told him he would seize with rare accuracy, and could convert at once into a powerful narrative."

Kinglake, while admitting that Russell "was not at all one of those who by temper or temperament are predisposed to be censors," and that his subsequent career as a war correspondent "showed him to be a loyal conformist, who under fitting arrangements could effectively serve his employers without betraying the interests of the belligerents who might make him their guest," attributes to him errors of judgment in sending home "throughout the dire period of winter, by every



mail, vivid accounts of the evils that obstructed supply, and of the hardships, the sickness, the mortality afflicting and destroying our troops." These vivid accounts, in Kinglake's judgment, were "perilous disclosures."

If they were perilous disclosures, they must have been perilous either because they affected directly the *moral* of the British Army, or because they gave information or—which is as bad—brought a renewal of confidence to the enemy. Enough has been said to prove that the first alternative is untrue; the effect of Russell's letters was a shower of sympathy and comforts from home which notably raised the spirits of the Army. As for the second, it has already been admitted that Russell, in a moment of inopportune optimism, when he supposed that the British Army would advance to new ground within a few days, revealed the position of a powder magazine. More will be said later, in a discussion of the functions of war correspondents, about the risk of their giving valuable information to the enemy. It is an obvious and real risk, and yet it has probably been exaggerated. It is a difficult matter to investigate, as satisfactory evidence can come only from the enemy, and that is a tainted source. There is no discoverable instance, however, in which the Russians ever made use to their own advantage of facts learned from Russell's letters. Years after the Crimean War, when there was no longer any pressing reason for a Russian to be otherwise than candid in speaking to an Englishman, Russell wrote to Gortchakoff and asked him plainly his opinion. Did the letters to the *Times* help the Russians? Gortchakoff answered:—

"Your admirable letters were as agreeable as they were well written; my cousin used to send me the

papers from Warsaw, and I read them regularly, but I am bound to admit that I never received any information from them, or learned anything that I had not known beforehand."

We may turn from this negative testimony to a positive and glowing assertion of Russell's services. Sir Evelyn Wood, in a letter to Russell in 1894 about an article written for the *Fortnightly Review*, said :—

"In my article I am chastising you with scorpions, but still you will mind this the less, that I say, truly enough, that it was you who saved the remnants of our Army. See the *Fortnightly* 1st of next month; this will be balm indeed, though seriously I always think that the present generation of soldiers has no idea of what you did for their fore-elders in saving the remnant of those who were allowed to starve or next door to it."

In another letter Sir Evelyn Wood said :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I endorse thoroughly what your critic said of your having saved our Army, but should interpolate before the word 'Army' the words 'what was left of.' However, in my view you did much more—you saved armies of the future by showing up our incompetence for war. Of course no man ever made so many bitter enemies—we were all incompetent; but the recollection of many men who love the Army more than individuals must often turn with appreciation to your work in the Crimea.

"Your old friend,

"EVELYN WOOD."

In the article in the *Fortnightly Review* entitled "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," Sir Evelyn Wood said :—

"We are now about to pay for what was hastily termed 'procrastination' in our leaders, and 'indolence' in our men, but rather from our countrymen's incapacity to understand that even British soldiers may be severely tried in tasks assigned to them. The Army may well forgive this erroneous opinion I have

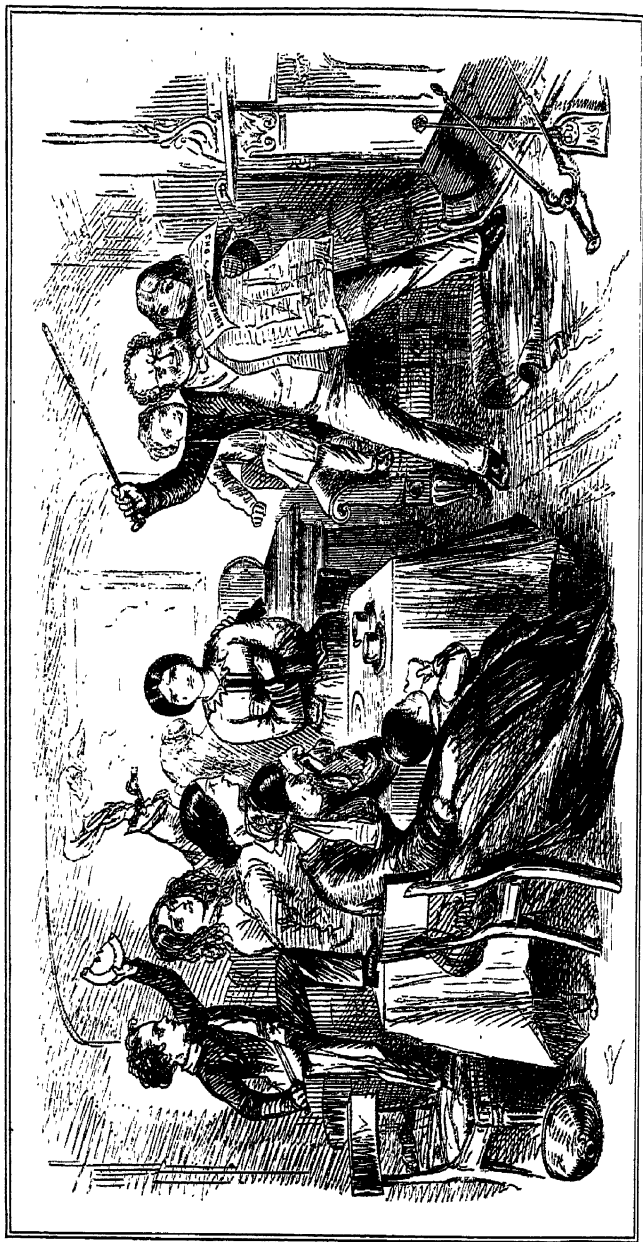
quoted, for it was based on imperfect knowledge, and he who wrote it by telling the story of our men's sufferings to the public saved the remnant of our Army. The *Times* more than half a century ago, by rescuing the principal bankers of Europe from pecuniary losses, gained greater honours than have ever before or since been paid to any newspaper. These services were, however, but trifles compared to what their agent, the first of War Correspondents, effected for our troops during the painful scenes I shall describe in a further article. Custom, and an acquired sentiment of reticence under privations, tied the tongues and pens of our chiefs. William Howard Russell dared to tell his employers, and through them all English-speaking peoples, that our little Army was perishing from want of proper food and clothing. He probably made mistakes as his statements, often hurriedly written, were necessarily based on incomplete information. He incurred much enmity, but few unprejudiced men who were in the Crimea will now attempt to call in question the fact that by awakening the conscience of the British nation to the sufferings of its troops, he saved the remnant of those grand battalions we landed in September."

The final testimony we shall quote to Russell's services is a letter written by Admiral Sir Robert Mends, who had been Flag-Captain to Lord Lyons in the *Agamemnon*.

"ANGLESEY, ALVERSTOKE,

"February 16th, 1895.

"DEAR DOCTOR RUSSELL,—I have just read with intense interest your 'Great War with Russia, 1854 and 1855,' and rejoice to see the maladministration of the Government of that day so honestly placed before the world. As Flag-Captain to Lord Lyons through the whole, and much in his confidence, I could not fail to be much behind the scenes. I kept no regular diary because my daily occupations were too numerous, but I wrote early and late a full account of current events to my late wife, which accounts for many things being done or not done. At the close of the war, walking one day with the late Lord Carnarvon along the shore



Enthusiasm of Paterfamilias on reading the Report in the *Times* of the Grand Charge of British Cavalry.

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of Universal Exhibitions had ended war for ever, when the pride of the nation in its Army had a singularly acute revival, and when Russell ministered to that sense in words which made his countrymen thrill with emotion and tingle with hot indignation. The letters gave all the essential facts in the liveliest and easiest of narratives. Descriptions like his had never before, and have never since, been produced under such immediate adversity and under the sting of so much antagonism on the spot and official condemnation at home. The after-glow of those days still hangs about them, and will illuminate and dignify them in the eyes of everyone who has a rudimentary historical sense so long as the English tongue exists.

## CHAPTER XXII

### RUSSELL AS LECTURER

THE Crimean War had left its mark on Russell in many ways ; the physical impressions passed, but the effects on his character were permanent. But even the physical impressions were deep. As a person who comes on shore after a long voyage can scarcely believe that the ground does not rock beneath his feet, so Russell could scarcely believe after his return that he no longer rose up and lay down to the sound of guns. He has described his first day at home :—

“ I woke from a deep sleep at daylight, shouting, ‘Tumble out, tumble out, there is a sortie!’ rubbed my eyes as I struggled out of bed and encountered my wife. ‘What is the matter? What are you dreaming about? You have startled me terribly.’ ‘It’s most extraordinary,’ I said apologetically, ‘but I heard heavy firing not far off, I could swear it.’ ‘You must get rid of these Crimean memories,’ said she. ‘The war, thank Heaven! was over months ago.’ ‘It is very foolish, I know, but I thought there was a sortie.’ ‘I hope you won’t have a sortie every night, my dear!’ I felt rather ashamed of myself. As we were sitting down to breakfast my cousin Abraham Russell, Rector of a church in Billingsgate, appeared. He had seen my arrival announced in the paper, and had hastened to greet me. As he was tapping an egg he said casually, ‘The Guards were out this morning in the Park—a field day or drill, I suppose. I came through the Park just in time to see them firing away heavily in squares. The squares were not visible for smoke.’ There was a triumph for me! ‘Now, Mrs. Russell,’ I said, with great dignity, ‘will you believe me again when I tell you I hear musketry?’ ”

Two days later Russell received a letter from Delane, enclosing a note from Lord Palmerston. It was delivered by special messenger and was marked "Immediate."

"I would take it as a kindness," wrote Lord Palmerston, "if you would ask Mr. Russell to give me the pleasure of his company at 10 o'clock to breakfast if he is in London. I do not know his address, or I would not trouble you. No answer required."

Russell has left this account of his interview with Palmerston:—

"I was at the house in Piccadilly now occupied by the Naval and Military Club to the moment, and was shown into a room where there were three or four gentlemen whom I did not know, and the number increased by two or three more when Lord Palmerston bounded rather than walked into the room, with a genial 'Good morning.' He shook hands with those nearest the door, and then coming straight to me said, 'I am glad you were able to come on so short a notice. Now to breakfast. I did not ask Mr. Delane as I know he is not an early riser.' My neighbour on the right was the Austrian Secretary of Embassy, and on the left was an Irish member. The conversation at table was animated, generally started by the host, and I was rather put at my ease as I was allowed to listen to the various subjects that were discussed, with few of which I had an acquaintance. At last the company began to leave, but it was a slow process, for Lord Palmerston had a few words for each ere his guests departed. As I approached to make my bow and retire, Lord Palmerston said, 'Don't go yet if you are not very busy. I want a few minutes' chat with you.'

"The interview which followed was rather embarrassing for me, for Lord Palmerston after a few remarks about my correspondence from the Crimea, suddenly asked me, 'What would you do if you were at this moment charged with the command of the British Army? You have been telling us that the

French were so much better than we were ; suppose you were called upon to organise our Army, beginning with the upper commands in it, what would you do ?' I was naturally taken aback, for I never thought that I should be asked such a question, but I said, 'I think their Staff, the *Etat Major*, is very good and we have nothing like it.' 'No,' said Palmerston, 'that is quite true, but we have done very well without it. Remember we are dealing with a British not with a French Army. The nature of the force of the two differs. Recollect that the most effectual recruiting sergeant in these islands is the village constable. We have to depend on voluntary enlistment to fill our ranks, and I look upon the praise given to the results of conscription as stuff and nonsense. I cannot believe that men who are forced to do work of any kind do it better than men who take up the work of their own accord. You will say perhaps that the pressure of poverty and the fear of the village constable, or game-keeper, operates as a sort of compulsion, but surely you will understand what a difference there is between that sort of pressure and the result of government enactments which compel the people of a country to submit to military service whether they like it or not. No ; all you gentlemen forget that our Army is the Army of England, and that it is not the Army of France, and that it never can be, and I hope never will be, anything but what it is. And you know it well, for you told us how well our troops in the Crimea sustained the ancient reputation of our Armies. I will make no comparisons.' And then for about half-an-hour there followed a series of searching questions respecting our generals. Occasionally my host shook his head, sometimes nodded approvingly, occasionally uttered a word or two of agreement. At last, rising, he said, 'I am very much interested in what you have told me, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again soon.' I went away with the feeling that I had cut rather a poor figure in the interview, for Lord Palmerston seemed to know more about our Army than I did. I regretted exceedingly that I had not even thought out what I would do if I were in the place of the Commander-in-Chief, for then



I might have made some more definite reply to Lord Palmerston's questions than I did, when I gave the feeble answer to his astounding question."

After spending only ten days in England Russell was sent to Russia to report the coronation of the Czar Alexander II. After the coronation he described various Russian cities and scenes of Russian life, and revisited the Crimea. At the end of the year he was back in England. He resumed the old life more or less, rather more of the club perhaps than before, and certainly less of the grinding and less congenial labours of reporting. He had now every opportunity of being a social lion if he wished. After a short experiment he did not wish it; he made friends with some great personages, but only because he liked them; he did not pursue acquaintances which brought him no pleasure. Perhaps the most genuine pleasure which this year brought him was the conferment of the honorary degree of LL.D. by Trinity College, Dublin. For the next forty years—till he was knighted in 1895—he was known everywhere as "Dr. Russell."

His diaries are packed with reflections on the sayings and characters of his intimate friends. Thus he remarks of Albert Smith, with whom he dined early in January:—

"Albert Smith in speaking of his father this evening had eyes filled with tears—for which I much revered him. He spoke of the old man's fondness for his lathe, and his little quiet amusements, with real affection. It is a sad but true remark that men who are not what is called convivial are men of strong family feelings. Generally those who are convivial are cosmopolitan and vague in their love and affections."

Thackeray, he records, dined with him one night and argued to Mrs. Russell that her husband was all the better for "staying out at night." Thackeray also told her on this occasion that he himself had been called a "hoary-headed infidel buffoon" by a country paper, and "he seemed rather angry."

About the same time we find Russell dining with Delane, and the Diary tells us that Delane, talking of war, quoted a saying "out of Herodotus, or Thucydides, that certain warlike machines would be not only the destruction of brave men, but the grave of courage." How often, one wonders, has that prediction been made, and how often have men shown as much ingenuity in escaping death as the inventors have shown in plotting it? Or how often, again, has it been discovered by a heavily tried man that death is after all but death, and that, having accepted it as a fact, it matters to him only in a minute degree whether he be killed by a flint axe or a Maxim gun? Delane enlarged upon the contrast between the episodes in the life of Louis Philippe. On a certain day in 1847 he reviewed 60,000 men in France, and on the same day the next year in London he was driving in a hackney cab to Coutts's Bank to get £100. This very dinner was the beginning of an important matter for Russell. But he has described it in his own words:—

"Dining with Delane on the 10th of January with Bob Lowe, Dasent,\* etc., Lowe, *à propos* of Thackeray, said, 'I cannot think why Russell should not lecture on the war and make a fortune, as he did.' 'Nor I indeed,' said Delane; whilst Dasent exclaimed, 'Put your pride in your pocket and get your money.' Ere

\* Afterwards Sir George Dasent, Delane's brother-in-law.

a month I was under engagements to commence a course of lectures, the first of which was to be given in London, at prices which appeared to me exceedingly high. But Mr. Beale, my agent, knew his London, and he was quite content to undertake the preliminary advertisements and expenditure on terms which appeared to me very liberal indeed, for he assigned to me in the first place either two-thirds of the receipts, he taking one-third and paying all expenses, or £50 and half of the profits, the expenses to be deducted from the receipts and then the surplus to be divided. I was to begin the course in Easter week. There were to be plans of the battlefields by Grieve and Telbin. Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Harrison Ainsworth, Sam Ward, Captain Willans and others formed a kind of council to advise and assist. As time went on I was working for the *Times*, preparing my second volume for Routledge, and dealing with a heavy course of dinners, as well as getting my lectures into order. I had two months before me, which I thought would be enough. At the end of March, the prospectus of the lectures was out and I was brought face to face with the fact that I hated lecturing, and it was only from the encouragement and persistence of Thackeray, that I mustered up courage to stand to my guns. 'You will make £1,500 less than I expected,' he said, 'in consequence of the elections, but it can't be helped. I made only a hundred a week myself in Scotland.' "

To all Russell's other distractions in London—once when he fled for a few days to Tunbridge Wells Mrs. Russell told his friends that he had gone because he was unable to refuse invitations to dinner—a new worry was suddenly added. Delane wrote to him that he wished him to go to China. After receiving this "terrible letter," as he calls it in his diary, Russell drove at once to the *Times* office and saw Delane, who figured as a very diplomatic editor, holding out "prospects of failure in the lectures, and again great success in Chinese pictures." This

suspense was ended in a few days, however, by Russell's doctor, who absolutely refused to allow him to go.

One day in April Russell attended a public dinner at which Lord George Lennox brought into his speech, "a very handsome allusion" to him, saying that in his belief Russell had saved the Army.

"This," remarks Russell in his diary, "from one of the house of Richmond, an old soldier, an old Duke's man, an old Peninsular, was gratifying and unexpected."

In preparing his lectures Russell took the precaution of consulting Delane, who wrote:—

"May 9th, 1857.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have gone honestly and carefully through all the lecture you have sent me, and have struck out a little and added a word or two here and there. I think it will do, and do well, and I should not feel at all nervous in delivering it. But you must go carefully over it again, so that all you intend to deliver shall be plain reading. Unless it is, you will never feel confidence. I think you are wise in being civil to Airey and the rest of them. It would never do to create a hostile feeling in the mind military, and I would therefore steer as clear as possible of censure, except upon the home Government. *That* is always fair game; and the man who will resent to the death the imputation that the man the Government has chosen is not that very rare animal, a general, will have no hesitation in accusing the Government itself of treachery and every other vice. I shall be very anxious for your success, but I feel no manner of doubt of it if you will keep quiet in the meantime and harden your heart when the moment comes.

"Ever yours,  
"J. T. D."

"*Venit summa dies*," says the autobiography. "I will never forget the opening day. At a test lecture

attended by all my friends, I had done pretty well, but when the 23rd May came, and I found myself in Willis's Rooms, and, looking through a hole in the curtain, beheld row after row of familiar faces—De Lacy Evans, Airey, and a whole host of staff and regimental officers, I was seized with a mortal sinking, and insisted that I could not go upon the stage. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Whilst I was reasoning thus, Thackeray, treacherously falling upon me, pushed me out upon the platform. I would have fled if my legs would have obeyed me.

"Another rehearsal four days later at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street, with Dickens, Jerrold, and others sitting in judgment, taught me more confidence for the second lecture, which was delivered on the 28th. And on Whit Sunday I gave a dinner at Greenwich, whereat I received the congratulations of my friends, and was assured that I would make a pot of money. Delane, MacDonald, Morris, Oxenford, represented the *Times*. Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, O'Hagan, and others represented general society. The banquet, charged with so much good fellowship and kindness, was worth the £50 which I deducted from the receipts at Willis's Rooms."

In a letter making an appointment to hear Russell go through certain passages of his lecture in yet another rehearsal, and at the same time declining an invitation to dine at Russell's house, Dickens wrote:—

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

"*Saturday, May 30th, 1857.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—As we do not move the caravan until Monday I received your note at dinner just now (7 o'clock).

"Mrs. Dickens would be glad to kill the Dragon—as glad, let us say as Miss Saint George—and would triumph in the act, but that she has unfortunately some sisterly, motherly, paternal, or other family engagements for to-morrow. She is very anxious that I should explain her aright to Mrs. Russell through you—and you see how distinctly I do it!

"It is to-morrow, Sunday, at 12.30 that you expect me at the Gallery, is it not? Unless you reply in the negative I intend to be there. I should have no doubt on the point but for your having written from the Gallery this afternoon and not precisely saying in two syllables, Sunday, in your former note.

"Ever faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"W. H. Russell, Esquire."

Afterwards Russell lectured in many of the large towns. He never liked the undertaking, but perhaps he disliked it less than he had anticipated. To the whole affair his diary, however, again and again declares his repugnance; and yet, as he wrote, he had "to get on or be for ever diddled pecuniarily."

When he was lecturing at Liverpool he heard of Douglas Jerrold's death on June 8th. Much as friendship meant to Russell, Jerrold's death was such a blow as he scarcely ever experienced again. Only a few evenings before, Jerrold had dined with him at the "Fifty Pound banquet," and daily at the Garrick Russell was accustomed to regard his sparkling conversation as an essential part of his life and happiness. In his diary Russell wrote:—

"Good God! how frightful—Douglas Jerrold is no more! I felt sick and nervous—could scarce write or eat. A large audience. I was very bad and slow, and prosy to a degree. The second part went rather better. When I came home and the excitement was over I could only think of Douglas Jerrold."

To his wife he wrote:—

"My dear, kind, good, and too generous friend—I can scarcely believe it! No one has given me any details. Oh, dear Mary, is it not shocking, his poor dear wife so fond and proud of him, his daughter on whom he doted. I now recall every word and look of that devoted friend."

He wrote to Dickens reproaching himself for not having noticed that Jerrold was really ill at the Greenwich dinner. Dickens answered:—

“OFFICE OF *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*,

“16, WELLINGTON ST. NORTH,

“*Wednesday, tenth June, 1857.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Although I can quite understand that a generous nature is quick to give itself the pain you describe, I am perfectly sure that you have nothing to reproach yourself with in association with the poor, dear fellow. I do not doubt that he would have died in the same hour, though he had not dined with us; and that he was happy that day and recalled the air of our ride on his bed but a day or two before he passed away. I know from Lemon, to whom he spoke of it with great cheerfulness and pleasure. He was taken very ill on the next day—the Monday.

“He tried to get up as usual, rolled over on his bed, and fell into great pain. On the Wednesday and Thursday they were very alarmed; but on the Friday he rallied again and was free from pain, though exceedingly weak.

“It was then that Lemon saw him for the last time. He had begun to be confident of getting better, and he told Lemon about our riding over Blackheath, and about the air having been so fresh and pleasant to him. On the Saturday he turned worse; on the Sunday he was in terrible pain and suffered severely; on the Monday morning the pain left him, but he was greatly exhausted, and knew himself to be dying.

“He said that if he had spoken at all hardly of anyone or to anyone he had not meant it, and that he died at perfect peace. His son William was holding him in his arms. He went on to mention friends to whom he desired to be remembered, when he became indistinct, and in a few moments died.

“I had heard at Gad’s Hill, in a note from Evans, that he had been seriously ill, but I supposed him to be recovering and thought it quite past.

“I was coming up by the railway yesterday morning with my wife and her sister (of whom he had always

been fond) when a gentleman in the carriage, looking over his newspaper, told another 'Douglas Jerrold is dead.' You may imagine how shocked we were.

"I went up there as soon as we reached town, and then went to Whitefriars to urge the immediate necessity of exertion in behalf of the widow and daughter. I found that Brooks had already acted with kindness and judiciousness that I can never forget in him, and I suggested a plan for certain benefit nights, which I hope to be able to mature this afternoon; I am only waiting while Brooks confers with his son. Arthur Smith, invaluable where promptitude and sagacity are wanting, wrote to me this morning, like a good, sound fellow, saying his aid is ready. I hope and believe that if nothing arises to prevent our turning to in earnest we may easily—and not beggingly—raise £1,500 at least. I would have the actors (our old T. D. Cooke\*) play the 'Rent Day' and 'Black Eye'd Susan' one night. On another night I would read, or do anything. On another night you could lecture to a good, large, liberal, comprehensive, public audience.

"All this series I would announce as a tribute of his friends to his memory—or in some such way—so that it should not be a pitiful appeal. You shall hear more as soon as I know more. Poor, dear fellow! I went up to him before I left Greenwich that Sunday night, and asked him how he was. He said much better, much the better for coming—had only taken a little weak brandy and water to drink, and enjoyed it, and some curried fish. I said he was all right now, and he said, 'Oh yes, my dear boy—all right now—that faint, you know—nothing more,' and we shook hands heartily and parted. I cannot believe it now, or that we three were laughing together in that sunshine and summer wind with schemes and plans before us. Last autumn at Boulogne, day after day while poor A'Beckett lay ill, he used to come up to me with his report and walk about the garden talking about these sudden strikings down of the men we loved in the midst of us. When

\* Probably T. P. Cooke, who played William in Jerrold's "Black Eye'd Susan."



he sent to Lemon a little notice of A'Beckett after his death, for *Punch*, he wrote in the envelope 'My dear Mark, who among us will be the next, and who will write a word or two of *him*?'

"Again, my dear Russell, let me impress upon you my perfect conviction that his dining at Greenwich did not by a hair'sbreadth hasten his death. I am quite convinced it had no sort of bearing on it. As I told you when we walked from the Garrick after him, I had found him at the Gallery of Illustration very ill—and had been greatly struck by his account of his illness and by his becoming very sick and white in Leicester Square.

"I have no doubt that the mortal malady had its hand upon him at that time, and had it on him during the whole attack. If he could have been got into the country, at rest and away from some family troubles, a month before, I think he might have recovered—if it is not mere idleness to speculate upon such a possibility when the Almighty had numbered his days.

"But that his time was come, when we were with him, I feel assured. When I went home that Sunday night I could not leave off saying that I was afraid Jerrold was in a bad way, or recalling his condition in Leicester Square. On the Monday night of his death I dreamed that he came and showed me a writing (but not in his hand), which he was pressingly anxious I should read for my own information, but I could not make out a word of it. I woke in great perplexity, with its strange character quite fresh in my sight.

"Ever faithfully yours,  
"C. D."

To the end of his tour Russell was not at all reconciled to lecturing. It is not quite clear why this very legitimate way of adding to his income—one, moreover, that bestowed a benefit upon the public—was so distasteful to him, but it may be conjectured that he perceived some unseemly contrast between using his Crimean information in the first place for a lofty purpose and in the second to put money into his pocket.

He was particularly disgusted at Harrogate, where money was taken at the doors and there were "wrangles for change in the room." The only lecture he had his heart in was the one he delivered for the benefit of Jerrold's family. At the end of the tour he had earned £1,600.

On his return to London he received an invitation from Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor of the *Times*, to stay at his house, Bear Wood; and Delane enforced on him in a note the propriety of accepting it:—

"Pray come down with me to Bear Wood on Saturday next. You can come up on Monday, and Mr. Walter makes such a point of your going down to him that I think he will feel hurt if you don't go. I look on such invitations as Royal 'commands,' and I think you had better follow an example which has been approved by long practice."

Towards the end of November Delane informed Russell that he wished him to go to India to inquire into the reports of atrocities. Russell was not at all inclined to go, as his wife was ill, and he knew that his absence abroad would make her extremely anxious and thus lessen her chance of a good recovery. On thinking the matter over, however, he recognised that to refuse that kind of journalistic employment of which he was virtually the inventor would be to end his connection with the *Times*. He remembered that in the Crimea, Mowbray Morris had informed him plainly enough that he must regard his obligation to the *Times* as being essentially like a soldier's obligation to the Army. He therefore decided to go to India, but he pleaded for a little delay in starting, and wrote with an indignant note of exclamation in his diary of November 26th that Delane appeared to expect him to

start that very night. After all, circumstances delayed his departure till after Christmas.

On December 8th he called on Lord Granville, who had expressed through Delane a desire to see him. Lord Granville received him very cordially, and spoke in high terms of Lord Canning's services in India. He insisted particularly that Russell when he met Canning must not think him stiff and cold. "Let your acquaintance improve," he said. "The better you know him the better you will like him." Speaking of the Crimean War, Lord Granville said that Gortchakoff had told him—what Gortchakoff told Russell himself in a letter already quoted—that the Russians had never learned anything of value from the *Times* or the other English newspapers.

On December 26th Russell left England. Mrs. Russell was not well enough to be told that he was going; the doctors thought it best that the news should be broken to her when she was stronger.

"She looked at me with such a mild grief in her eyes," Russell wrote in his diary, "as if suspecting the truth. I could not bear to be much with her."

Of his movements later in the day he wrote:—

"I sent my things down privately to the brougham. I found my wife upstairs asleep. I did not disturb her. The children, under Lizzie's\* care, were playing very happily. I did not bid them farewell. After a few words with her I stepped out into the street, but not without Albert† seeing me shake hands with Lizzie. And then I was alone."

On the last day of the year Russell found himself in the Mediterranean, on his way to India. He was

\* A cousin of Russell's, who used to take charge of the children when Mrs. Russell was ill.

† Russell's second daughter, now Mrs. Longfield.

accustomed to write in his diaries at the beginning of January resolutions for the year, and at the end of the year reflections on his situation and conduct.

On this occasion he wrote :—

“The last day of the old year, and here am I afloat on the ocean of life once more. That ocean is to me as troublous as the sea which is now around me. The beacon light from home is obscured and my course is painful and uncertain. God grant the light may soon break through the clouds. It is very rough, the wind high, the sea rising. In this ship there is perhaps no man more blessed with wife and friends, above all with children, than myself; but there is none so little gifted with the art of pushing his fortune, of using friends, of making money to store up for the future. And yet I have much to be thankful for in all truth, and if my life is spared I will struggle on till the light comes.”

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE MUTINY: FIRST IMPRESSIONS

RUSSELL's mission in India was, as he says, "to judge of the truth of the accounts of hideous massacres and outrages which were rousing to fury the people of England." He had been deeply impressed by the reports of these awful scenes, "compared with which," as he says, "Sulla's proscriptions, the Sicilian Vespers, the great *auto da fé* on Bartholomew's Eve, or the Ulster outbreak of 1641, were legitimate acts of judicial punishment." He did not doubt the substantial truth of the reports, "but," he adds—

"I wanted proof, and none was forthcoming. All the stories we heard were from Calcutta, and the people of Calcutta were far from the districts where, no doubt, most treacherous and wholesale murder had been perpetrated."

Thus he describes in his diary his mental attitude towards events in India. This diary, expanded but nowhere altered in sense, was published under the title of "My Diary in India," by Messrs. Routledge, in 1860. It has been thought right to make a liberal use of it here in accordance with the scheme for making this record as far as possible autobiographical. Russell, it may be said at once, did not dream of disputing such notorious massacres of Europeans as those at Meerut, Delhi and Cawnpore, but he was sceptical about the large accretion, or fringe, of stories of mutilation, outrage and torture which filled the Calcutta papers. When he started for India the early events of the

Mutiny were familiar history, and the mutineers were, as a fact, already deprived of easy opportunities for exercising their ferocity.

Early in 1857 there had been isolated manifestations of disaffection among the Bengal native troops, but the Mutiny\* proper began at Meerut on May 10th. The almost inexplicable failure of the British garrison there (in spite of the previous signs, and Henry Lawrence's warnings) to recognise the grave significance of the outbreak, and to deal with it quickly and resolutely, could not be repaired after the first few hours of fatal hesitation. The mutineers marched from Meerut to Delhi; their taste for blood had been whetted and was to be widely and grossly gratified; and the flame of revolt flashed through almost the whole of the Bengal native Army. Soon nearly ninety thousand native soldiers were in open mutiny, with their hands steeped in the blood of many of their officers and of English women and children. And they were a truly formidable force. They were a British-trained army; they had a great deal of artillery, a great deal of ammunition, disciplined and well-horsed cavalry, and enough resources to carry on war for a long time. The centenary of the battle of Plassey was, indeed, celebrated by the ugliest challenge to our power abroad which had been experienced since the very dissimilar American War of Independence. There were about forty thousand British troops in all India. Another forty thousand were gradually sent out from England round the Cape of Good Hope, and a few thousand more who were on their way to China were diverted to India.

\* Sir Thomas Munro had foretold, and Sir Charles Napier had long afterwards repeated the prediction, that when nothing else was left for us to conquer in India we should have to conquer our native Army.

In the meantime Havelock had organised his wonderful little column at Allahabad, with which he set himself to relieve both Cawnpore and Lucknow, and John Nicholson was the largest figure in the successful operations which ended in the capture of Delhi. Havelock entered Cawnpore only to find that the terrible Nana Sahib had avenged his discomfiture by massacring all the English women and children. Crossing the Ganges with a deepening horror in his heart and a more splendid determination than ever in his mind, Havelock fought battle after battle in his attempt to reach and relieve Lucknow, until his noble force, reduced by exhaustion and illness to a pigmy size, was forced to fall back on Cawnpore. In September Outram, who was Havelock's superior, brought reinforcements, and the combined army started towards Lucknow. Every English child knows how the Lucknow Residency was relieved by that desperate band of less than three thousand men, while the gallant Outram served as a volunteer under Havelock, and how the little army was in turn hemmed in and besieged in Lucknow until it was relieved by Sir Colin Campbell on November 17th, 1857. On November 22nd Havelock died: the type of the Christian soldier whose fame will always shine clearly, even among that constellation of chivalrous and great-hearted soldiers who grappled with the unexampled conditions of the Indian Mutiny. John Lawrence (the "Saviour of India"), Henry Lawrence, Outram (the "Bayard of India"), Havelock, Nicholson (Lord Canning's "Tower of Strength"), Colin Campbell; what names! Their self-possession, courage, wisdom, and humanity appear incomparably noble in contrast with the hysterical clamour for recrimination which

marked a part of the British people, and particularly the Europeans, of Calcutta at that time. Russell, who had the good fortune to accompany Colin Campbell to Lucknow when the city was captured from the rebels in 1858, was, of course, too late to meet Havelock, but he came to be the intimate and grateful companion of Outram and to turn his acquaintance with Colin Campbell into a lasting friendship.

But to look back to Russell's voyage to India on board the *Valetta*. During the monotonous days in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, he discussed to exhaustion the affairs of India with the pundits who were his fellow-passengers. After one of these discussions, he wrote in his diary with a certain sadness and weariness :—

"Did they agree on any one point connected with the Mutiny, or with the character of the people? Not one. One man hates the 'rascally Mahomedans,' and says there will be no safety for us till they are 'put down.' Another thinks the Mahomedans might be made something of, but it is 'the slimy, treacherous Hindoo' who constitutes the real difficulty of the Government. An American, though 'opposed to slavery in general terms,' thinks that the system of slave labour could be introduced with advantage in some of the British Possessions in the East, and quotes passages from the Old Testament to support his views." "The civilisers of the world," he adds, "*la race blanche*, are naturally the most intolerant in the world. They will forgive no man who has a coloured stratum under the *rete mucosum*. They have trodden under foot the last germs of the coloured races wherever they could do so; in other instances they have hunted them out of their own land into miserable exile; as they advance the barbarian recedes. It is the will of Providence; it is the destiny of the white man, to whom God has given greater energy, intelligence, and physical resources, that he should spoil the dusky Egyptian. But do what we can or may, our race can neither



destroy the inhabitants of India as the Americans destroyed the Red men, nor can it dispossess them and drive them out to other regions as the Spaniards drove out the Mexicans. And were it possible for us to succeed, Hindustan would at once become a desert in which our race would miserably perish in the first generation. It would seem then, if these views are right, that the Anglo-Saxon and his congeners in India must either abate their strong *natural* feeling against the coloured race, restrain the expression of their antipathies, or look forward to the day, not far distant, when the indulgence of their passions will render the Government of India too costly a luxury for the English people."

Such words as these, repeated often in the diary, are an average expression of the generous feelings which moved Russell, not only then, but throughout his life, to sympathise with the conquered race or the weaker side. His habit brought him into frequent collision with some of his political associates—he always called himself a Conservative—and the right was not invariably on his side; for the generous man is also the hasty man. If in the present case his words suggest an insufficient appreciation of the vast service British government has rendered to India in saving the country from being consumed by racial wars of extermination, it is to be remembered, not only that no passage removed from its context does justice to the whole of a man's thought, but that he wrote at a time when horror and danger had not only thrown the British public off its balance, but had caused the ordinary social detachment from the natives of many officials and officers in the service of the East India Company to take on an extreme and discreditable rancour. Of "destroying the inhabitants of India" there was of course no question; the inhabitants of India

were at that moment trying to destroy us. But Russell emphasised a truth, which sadly needed emphasis. He had nothing to gain by writing as he wrote later, and he distinctly had a good deal to lose. So long as he satisfied his scruples, by publishing what seemed to him to be the truth, he was splendidly indifferent to the personal discomfort which might follow. Such discomfort had visited him oppressively in the Crimea, and he did not know that in India, too, complaisance would not be the only condition upon which his presence would be suffered. The daily Press of any nation might count itself happy in having as the exemplar of a new kind of enterprise a man who combined the power to interest and amuse with the possession of unerring principle.

Near Calcutta news from the scene of action reached the steamer. The Commander-in-Chief\* had established his headquarters at Cawnpore, and was preparing there for the accomplishment of an object not yet announced.

"But," notes Russell, "what a silence about Havelock! As we approach the soil to which he and his soldiers had given a European interest, the splendour of his reputation diminished."

This strange silence about one whose name was in the mouth of every man in England, reminded Russell of the Crimean story of Corporal Brown :—

"It was on the occasion of the first review of the British Army, in the valley of Balaclava, a group of the humbler class of T.G's,† who haunted the Army at the end of the campaign, was stationed close to the point at which the regiments of the Highland Division were marching past towards the ground; as each

- \* Sir Colin Campbell had arrived in India in August.

† "Travelling gentlemen."

company wheeled round by this point, a long-legged, lean, elderly man, with a Glengarry bonnet on his head, a huge pair of horn spectacles on his nose, dressed in a suit of shepherd's plaid, addressed himself generally to officers and men, and exclaimed with great eagerness: 'Where's Corporal Broon; is Corporal Broon among this lot? I wad be varra much obleeged ti ye if you'd point me oot Corporal Broon!' The poor man was in despair, for strangely enough, no Corporal Brown replied. It appeared that he had read in some north country paper an account of Corporal Brown 'of ours' having gone into a Russian battery in the night, killed the officer in command, driven out the men at the point of the bayonet, and then having returned with a number of trophies, among which were shameful books, which the Corporal threw into the watch fire. The anecdote struck deep into his mind, particularly as the Corporal was in a Scottish regiment (which had no Russian batteries opposed to it, but the British public could never understand those matters), and as it was insinuated that the Corporal came from the same part of the country, the worthy man came out to the Crimea with the firmest conviction that Corporal Brown was the man of the day, and the deed the event of the siege. But on the field they had never heard of him."

It need hardly be said that in due course Russell heard much of the splendid fame of Havelock, and that in the country in which the fame was earned. But his observations on the subject have been set down because they contain a general truth, well known to all soldiers, about the difference between the reputation of a man with the Army and his reputation with the public.

Arriving at Calcutta on January 19th, 1858, Russell drove to the Bengal Club, of which he had been made an honorary member. A servant had been engaged for him—a small, bright-eyed, slight-limbed man with a curl of grey hair escaping from under his enormous

turban. He salaamed, and said: "My name Simon! Me master's servant," and so took possession of Russell and his belongings.

The chief event for Russell of the next few days was an interview with the Governor-General, Lord Canning. He found Lord Canning immersed in books and papers, and literally surrounded by despatch boxes.

"I had never seen him before," writes Russell; "but the striking resemblance of the upper portion of his face to the portraits and busts of George Canning would, I think, have told me who he was."

Lord Canning explained the military situation at considerable length and with great clearness.

"I was astonished," Russell writes, "to find a Governor-General of India at such a time worn-looking and anxious, and heavy with care; but when I learned incidentally, and not from his own lips, that he had been writing since early dawn that morning, and that he would not retire till twelve or one o'clock that night, and then had papers to prepare ere he started in the morning, I was not surprised to hear that the despatch of public business was not so rapid as it might have been if Lord Canning had a little more regard to his own ease and health."

Lord Canning was anxious to make the path smooth for Russell. He could not answer for what Sir Colin Campbell would do when Russell arrived in Cawnpore, but he gave him a letter which would show that there was at least no desire on the part of the British Government to have him kept out of the British camp.

After the interview Russell wrote:—

"Lord Canning evinced a remarkable analytical power, a habit of appreciating and weighing evidence which made a deep impression upon me. His opinions,

once formed, seemed *inébranlables*, and his mode of investigation, abhorrent of all intuitive impulses, and dreading above all things quick decision, is to pursue the forms of the strictest analysis, to pick up every little thorn on the path, to weigh it, consider it, and then to cast it aside or to pile it with its fellows; to go from stone to stone, strike them and sound them, and at last on the highest point of the road, to fix a sort of granite pedestal declaring that the height is so-and-so, and the view is so-and-so—so firm and strong that all the storm and tempest of the world may beat against it and find it immovable. But man's life is not equal to the execution of many tasks like these; such obelisks so made and founded, though durable, cannot be numerous."

Russell remained not quite a week at Calcutta, and compared the hospitals very favourably with those which he had seen in the Crimea.

"There is something *almost* akin to pleasure in visiting well-ordered hospitals, and I renewed my old sensations with interest; but it is a feeling I would fain combat and remove. There is a morbid and unwholesome excitement about it, after all."

He remarked that there were more sword-cuts among the wounds in the two chief hospitals than he had seen after the battle of Balaclava. Nowhere could he get any precise information as to the mutilation of women.

On February 4th he started for Cawnpore travelling for the most part by gharry, "not by any means an uncomfortable means of locomotion."

"I am so anxious to get on," he writes, "that I stop at no bungalows if I can help it, and travel day and night."

On the advice of his friends he had furnished himself, in the old Indian manner, with plenty of candles, salt and pepper. In those days an hotel

up country was a place where only beds and soda water were provided; whatever else a traveller dispensed with, he would carry his salt-cellar and pepper-pot, often taking them with him into private houses. At the staging bungalows he noticed that though they were in theory open to all, they were virtually never used by any person, but Europeans.

"I have looked over the registries of many, and found, perhaps in half-a-dozen instances in the space of a year, the name of an Anglicised baboo, or Parsee merchant, or native Prince inscribed therein. No!—These and all such Government works are for the white man and not for the black. The latter buries himself in the depths of some wretched bazaar, or in the squalid desolation of a tottering caravanserai. There would be as much indignation experienced in any attempt on the part of the natives to use the staging bungalows, as there is now expressed by some Europeans in Calcutta at their audacity in intruding upon 'ladies and gentlemen' in first-class carriages."

In one of the bungalows he noticed how the walls were covered with the writing of men of the different detachments which had passed up towards Cawnpore: "Revenge your slaughtered countrywomen!" "To hell with the Sepoys!" and so forth. All along the road he was impressed by the sullen looks of the natives.

"In no instance is a friendly glance directed to the white man's carriage. Oh, that language of the eye! who can doubt?—who can misinterpret it?"

At Allahabad he had a second interview with Lord Canning, and found him just as he had first seen him, surrounded by maps, boxes and documents. The luxurious furnishing of the tent—purdahs of fine matting, soft Persian carpets, glass doors, servants

in the red and gold of the Viceregal livery—made a great impression on Russell, though he afterwards learnt that Lord Canning had rather curtailed the regular establishment. Lord Canning introduced him to Lieutenant Patrick Stewart, Deputy-Superintendent of the Indian Telegraphs, who arranged to travel with Russell to Cawnpore. Lord Canning also promised that Russell's messages should be sent next in order after service despatches.

Before leaving Allahabad Russell met Lord Mark Kerr, of whom he writes :—

"Those who know Lord Mark will be amused, and I am certain he will not be offended, at the repetition of the little incident at the railway station this morning. Lord Mark, faithful to his peculiar vestimentary and sumptuary laws and customs, had his head uncovered and his hair cut short, the result of which was, that the sun had blistered his occiput severely. He wore his old Crimean blue stuff trousers and long untanned leather riding-boots. Among the passengers were a number of soldiers going back to their duty at Cawnpore, one of whom had yellow crossbelts, and seemed altogether, little as uniform is regarded in India, very oddly dressed. Lord Mark saw him, and came back in a few minutes, in a terrible rage.

"'There, what do you think, General, of the discipline these fine fellows are kept in. One of your Highlanders too! I asked that fellow who he was, and what regiment he belonged to. And what do you think was his answer—his answer to me, Sir? Hang me, sir, but the fellow turned round, stared at me and said, "What the —— is that to you?" Did you ever hear such a thing?'

"'Well, what did you say?'

"'Say? Why, I told him who I was, that I was Colonel of the 13th Regiment, and then the fellow saluted, begged my pardon and said, "He never would have thought it!''

"Lord Mark did not mark the irony of the soldier, which was certainly so far founded on fact, that it

would have been difficult for anyone to have divined that the person who stood before him, dressed as I have described, with the addition of a ragged tunic of red calico, wadded with cotton, was a colonel in the Army."

Travelling partly by train and partly by gharry, Russell and Stewart reached Cawnpore, where Russell, with as little delay as possible, visited the Commander-in-Chief. Sir Colin Campbell's reception of him was frank and cordial. After a few preliminary remarks about the Crimea Sir Colin said: "Now, Mr. Russell, I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on. You shall know all my reports and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England."

"I accept the condition, sir," answered Russell, "and I promise you it shall be faithfully observed."

Sir Colin invited Russell to dine regularly at his table, but as he gave him the option of joining the Headquarters' Staff Mess Russell preferred to have the opportunity of subscribing to the expense of his own maintenance. When he left the General, he found that his tent was already struggling into life at the corner of the street. What a tent it was!

"True, only a simple single pole," he writes, "but then it is on the Indian establishment. I thought of the miserable little shell of rotten calico under which I braved the Bulgarian sun, or the ill-shaped tottering Turkish tent in which I suffered from insects, robbers and ghosts, not to mention hunger, in the onion bed at Gallipoli; of the poor fabric that went to the winds on the 14th November before Sebastopol; of the clumsy Danish extinguisher-shaped affair under which I once lived, and was so nearly 'put out,' and then I



turned round and round in my new edifice in ever-renewed admiration. The pole is a veritable pillar, varnished or painted yellow, with a fine brass socket in the centre; from the top spreads out the sloping roof to the square side walls. The inside is curiously lined with buff calico with a dark pattern, and beneath one's feet a carpet of striped blue and buff laid over the soft sand is truly Persian in its yielding softness."

"We must send down to the bazaar," said Stewart, "and get tables, chairs and charpoys (bedsteads), and whatever else we want, such as resais, or quilted cotton bedclothes, which serve as sheets, blankets and mattresses all in one."

"But how on earth," said Russell, "am I to carry all those things?"

"Make your mind quite easy about that; you have only to make a requisition on the Commissariat and they'll provide animals enough to carry all Cawnpore with you, if you are ready to pay for it."

After dining with the Commander-in-Chief, on the same day Russell wrote:—

"There can be no more genial host or pleasant company than Sir Colin. His anecdotes of the old war, of his French friends, are vigorous and racy; but when you think of the dates, you are rather puzzled to imagine how the gentleman who sits beside you, looking so hardy and active, can have participated in the scenes which occurred so many years before, and mingled with people who have so long ago departed from the world. He is no dull *laudator temporis acti*, but gives to the present all its due."

Colin Campbell told Russell that he had received a letter lately from his friend General Vinoy, in which the Frenchman expressed a strong opinion against indiscriminate punishment. The degree of the provocation did not alter the fact that it was bad

policy. "*Les représailles sont toujours inutiles,*" he wrote.

Here is the appropriate place to reproduce what Russell wrote about the strange meeting he had at Constantinople and in the Crimea with Azimula Khan, the right-hand man of Nana Sahib and, probably, the real instigator of the Cawnpore massacre.

"I may as well relate an incident in connection with one of the Nana's chief advisers, which I mentioned to the Governor-General, who appeared much struck with it. After the repulse of the Allies in their assault on Sebastopol, 18th June, an event closely followed by the death of Lord Raglan and a cessation of any operations, except such as were connected with a renewed assault upon the place, I went down for a few days to Constantinople, and whilst stopping at Missirie's Hotel, saw on several occasions a handsome, slim young man, of dark olive complexion, dressed in an Oriental costume which was new to me, and covered with rings and finery. He spoke French and English, dined at the *table d'hôte*, and, as far as I could make out, was an Indian Prince, who was on his way back from the prosecution of an unsuccessful claim against the East India Company, in London. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Doyne, who was going out to the Crimea as the superintendent of Sir Joseph Paxton's Army Works Corps, and by that gentleman he was introduced to me one fine summer's evening, as we were smoking on the roof of the hotel. I did not remember his name, but I recollect that he expressed great anxiety about a passage to the Crimea, 'as,' said he, 'I want to see this famous city, and those great Roostums the Russians who have beaten French and English together.' Indeed, he added that he was going to Calcutta, when the news of the defeat of June 18th reached him at Malta, and he was so excited by it that he resolved to go to Constantinople, and endeavour thence to get a passage to Balaclava. In the course of conversation he boasted a good deal of his success in London society, and used the names of people of rank very freely, which, combined with the

سرکار دارالحکومت

نور محمد

پیش

آنکه در دست زده و

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Reproduction of a Letter from Nana Sahib.

tone of his remarks, induced me to regard him with suspicion mingled, I confess, with dislike. He not only mentioned his *bonnes fortunes*, but expressed a very decided opinion that unless women were restrained, as they were in the East, 'like moths in candlelight, they will fly and get burned.'

"I never saw or heard anything more of him till some weeks afterwards, when a gentleman rode up to my hut at Cathcart's Hill, and sent me in a note from Mr. Doyne, asking me to assist his friend Azimoola Khan in visiting the trenches, and on going out I recognised the Indian Prince. I had his horse put up, and walked to the General's hut to get a pass for him. The sun was within an hour of setting, and the Russian batteries had just opened, as was their custom, to welcome our reliefs and working parties, so that shot came bounding up towards the hill where our friend was standing, and a shell burst in the air at apparently near proximity to his post. Some delay took place ere I could get the pass, and when I went with it I found Azimoola had retreated inside the cemetery, and was looking with marked interest at the fire of the Russian guns. I told him what he was to do, regretting my inability to accompany him, as I was going out to dinner at a mess in the Light Division. 'Oh,' said he, 'this is a beautiful place to see from; I can see everything, and, as it is late, I will ask you to come some other day, and will watch here till it is time to go home.' He said laughingly, 'I think you will never take that strong place'; and in reply to me, when I asked him to come to dine with me at my friend's, where I was sure he would be welcome, he said, with a kind of sneer, 'Thank you, but recollect I am a good Mahomedan!' 'But,' said I, 'you dined at Missirie's?' 'Oh, yes: I was joking. I am not such a fool as to believe in these foolish things. I am of no religion.' When I came home that night I found he was asleep in my camp-bed, and my servant told me he had enjoyed my stores very freely. In the morning he was up and off, ere I was awake. On my table I found a piece of paper—'Azimoola Khan presents his compliments to Russell Esquire, and begs to thank

him most truly for his kind attentions, for which I am most obliged.'

"This fellow, as we all know, was the Nana's secretary, and chief adviser in the massacres at Cawnpore. Now, is it not curious enough that he should have felt such an interest to see, with his own eyes, how matters were going in the Crimea? It would not be strange in a European to evince such curiosity; but in an Asiatic, of the non-military caste, it certainly is. He saw the British Army in a state of some depression, and he formed, as I have since heard, a very unfavourable opinion of its *moral* and *physique*, in comparison with that of the French. Let us remember that soon after his arrival in India he accompanied Nana Sahib to Lucknow, where they remained for some time, and are thought by those who recollect their tone and demeanour, to have exhibited considerable insolence and *hauteur* towards the Europeans they met. Afterwards the worthy couple, on the pretence of a pilgrimage to the hills—a Hindoo and Mussulman joined in a holy excursion!—visited the military stations all along the main trunk road, and went as far as Umballah. It has been suggested that their object in going to Simla was to tamper with the Goorkha regiment stationed in the hills, but that finding on their arrival at Umballah a portion of the regiment were in cantonments, they were able to effect their purpose with these men, and desisted from their proposed journey on the plea of the cold weather. That the Nana's demeanour towards us should have undergone a change at this time is not at all wonderful; for he had learned the irrevocable determination of the authorities to refuse what he—and, let me add, the majority of the millions of Hindoos who knew the circumstances—considered to be his just rights as adopted heir of the ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### BEFORE LUCKNOW

COLIN CAMPBELL made Russell free of his stud till he could procure horses for himself, and was as good as his word in keeping him informed of the Army's plans. He would come over to Russell's tent at all times of the day or night with papers and explain the position of affairs.

"And then I learned," writes Russell, "not to the detriment of the public service; not to the diminution of my self-respect; not to the deterioration of the relations between the Commander-in-Chief and the person whom he thus permitted to know his counsels—that which it was to the advantage of the people in England to know. And here let me say, that I do sincerely believe, if gentlemen in the capacity in which I presented myself, had come out to Sir Colin Campbell, properly accredited, they would have received the same courtesies, facilities and kindnesses which I have to acknowledge, though I quite disassociate them from my person, and attach them unreservedly to the mission on which I was sent, and which to the best of my ability I endeavoured to fulfil."

In one of many conversations with Russell, Colin Campbell laid the greatest stress on the importance of handling soldiers judiciously when they are taken under fire for the first time. "It may take years to make infantry which has once received a severe check feel confidence in itself again; indeed, it will never be done, perhaps, except by most careful handling. It is still longer before cavalry, once beaten, recover the

dash and enterprise which constitute so much of their merit."

"I understood him," Russell observes, "to allude to the conduct of some of the regiments under Windham at Cawnpore, which had been engaged in two unsuccessful assaults against the Redan."

Russell had not been many days in Cawnpore before he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Walter Sherer, who rendered distinguished service during the Mutiny, and this acquaintance rapidly grew into a fast and valuable friendship which lasted till Russell's death. Mr. Sherer, who was born in 1823, and is happily still alive, went to India in 1846, when he became Assistant Secretary to the Government of the North West Provinces. In 1857 he was attached to Havelock's column in the advance on Cawnpore, and afterwards became Magistrate at Cawnpore. There he was installed at Duncan's Hotel, of which he was obliged for all practical purposes to act as landlord, and the mess of those who lived with him served as a kind of club. For the purpose of this biography he has been so good as to write a few reminiscences of Russell at that time.

"It is not necessary," he writes, "to say that the news that Russell was coming to Cawnpore created a great deal of expectation and curiosity. Lord Clyde,\* it was well known, was anxious to stand well with public opinion at home, and not at all anxious to fall out with the Press. And therefore he was determined that Dr. Russell should be invited to full intercourse with the camp and staff, and should be kept informed of all news and plans, sufficiently interesting in the one case and matured in the other. Dr. Russell formed one of the camp Mess, and on arriving at Cawnpore had a tent assigned to him near those of the

\* At this time he was still Sir Colin Campbell.

Chief himself and Mansfield, who was right-hand man at headquarters. We did not therefore see Dr. Russell when he first came, but he was soon good enough to call at Duncan's Hotel, and the impression formed from the first interview is thus given in 'Daily Life.'\* Mention was being made of strangers who had visited Duncan's Hotel. 'Besides Layard,' the narrative went on, 'we had one or two travellers—a gentleman who had volunteered for any kind of service, also one of the Grenfell family, and greatest of all, Dr. W. H. Russell, Special War Correspondent of the *Times*. Coming in one forenoon I found a strongly-built man of middle stature, with bright eyes and a merry smile, and speaking with a slight Irish accent (and how pleasant a slight Irish accent can be!) and dressed in a frogged and braided frock-coat. This was Russell, with whom we at once seemed to feel ourselves at home.' After a little ordinary conversation, it was mentioned that Duncan's Hotel was an informal kind of Club, and that it would give great pleasure to all the members if Dr. Russell would come to dine. He assented, and a date was fixed. We had a most agreeable evening. No other room but the one large one where we dined, was available, and therefore no moving after dinner was thought of. And in this emergency we had recourse to the old collegiate fashion of singing, though as no piano was forthcoming, we had the usual difficulty with some of our soloists, that they started in a key unsustainable when the high notes were reached; or rather, not reached. But as the landlord of Duncan's Hotel was, in some respects, musical, care was taken to try to make the choruses harmonious, and 'for Nature's wood notes wild,' our evening entertainments were up to such standard as could be expected. Of course, revelry of this kind was suited better for younger years than most of us could boast. Tennyson, on re-visiting Cambridge, smiled to think he could ever have joined

' the noise

Of songs and clapping hands and boys

That crashed the glass and beat the floor.'

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\* Mr. Sherer's book, "Daily Life During the Mutiny."



But it must be remembered that some of those at the dinner table had supped full of horrors, and were glad of any relaxations however unsatisfying. At any rate, it was certainly true that it was a great pleasure, when Dr. Russell 'was called upon' (as the phrase is) for a song, to find he possessed an agreeable baritone voice, and pronounced his words so distinctly that we could follow them with ease. I find mentioned in 'Daily Life' that two songs especially pleased us, in one of which the refrain was: 'We will catch the whale, brave boys,' and another, 'O save me a lock of your hair.' I think he speaks in one of his letters to me of the 'final crash.' This referred to the extra care taken that our last chorus before parting for bed should be of a particularly effective character. My aspirations had always been of a literary character, and I was fond of books; but I had never moved at all in literary circles, and Dr. Russell's acquaintance with many well-known writers made me very anxious to pick up any particulars concerning them. And he was good enough to relate anecdotes of Thackeray, Browning and others, which were especially delectable to me. And Russell, perhaps, was not displeased to find an auditor to whom he could speak of former days in London. In this way our acquaintance may have grown more intimate than under other circumstances might have been the case.

"I have a little vignette in my head which is of no importance, but which helps to recall the scenery of the time. It was just before the start for Lucknow. Russell and myself are on horseback, and just entering the town of Cawnpore, which had to be traversed to reach the camp. We hear troops behind us, and Lord Clyde himself on his great big charger with an A.D.C. The streets were mostly narrow, and suited only for a couple of horses.

"'Going to Camp?' called out Lord Clyde.

"'Yes, we are.'

"'Come along then,' and Dr. Russell took his place by the Chief's side, and I and the A.D.C. immediately made a second couple, and so we clattered along. In quite a narrow place we met Mowbray Thomson, who was now in charge of the Police. He was on Adonis,

the beautiful Arab which belonged to poor Major Stirling of the 64th, and was known in the Camp. The Arab, beautifully gentle but very excitable, very nearly came down from high spirits ; but there was no stopping, the Chief clattered on, and we clattered in concert—on, on, on. Out of the town, however, the road separated into tracks, and Lord Clyde waved farewell and took his own way, and Russell and I were alone again. Presently my mule carriage appeared. I had had it sent on, and told Russell that as it was growing dark I would drive him to his tent. He agreed, and as our horse-boys (in their wonderful way) had come up, we dismounted and got into the carriage. Dr. Russell was in a singing mood, and began a popular air, to which I put a second, and so in the rapid twilight we went along humming away till the tent was reached and we parted, not to meet again till the British flag floated over Lucknow.

“I have two other distinct scenes in my recollection, but I cannot quite certainly place them chronologically. But dates are of no value in a vignette like this I am penning. One scene was his arriving at Duncan’s Hotel, where a room had been provided for him. He had been ill, but was on the mend. He looked pulled down, and the table in his room had Calcutta papers on it. For some reason, known perhaps to the journalistic conscience, but not to be comprehended by those who were merely readers, Dr. Russell had become the object of violent disparagement and abuse in the Indian Press. The papers were quite intolerant of anybody who, for the sake of the feelings of those who had lost friends or relations, tried to mitigate the horrors which had occurred in the outbreak, or endeavoured to arrest any measures savouring of revenge. Lord Canning was nicknamed ‘Clemency Canning’; others who advocated calmness or consideration were picked out for attack. Quite private people, if they wrote to the papers details which were less unfavourable than others which had been previously believed, were contradicted and insulted. A letter of my own, which had somehow got printed, was violently abused because I said in it that there was no proof of any mutilation having taken place on the

prisoners at Cawnpore\* before death. This was quite true, and was only said that relatives might cease to imagine painful things, which, after all, might not have occurred. For this I was politely designated a 'White Sepoy'! Well, Russell being not well, or at any rate having been ill, felt this Calcutta rudeness more than he would have done if he had been quite himself, and sat down at table out of spirits. It is well known, of course, that there is a stage in illness when all bad symptoms have disappeared, and yet vitality is low and depression manifest, and at this stage excitement, if judiciously promoted, gives the required impetus, and matters get better at once. We persuaded Dr. Russell that a modicum of sound red wine would do no harm. He took it; conversation ensued, a meal became possible and pleasant, spirits rose, natural sleep visited his bed, and the next morning he was quite well and prepared to assert that a miracle had been performed.

"Colonel Inglis, of the old 32nd, who had been shut up in the Baily Guard from the first, and on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence had succeeded to the command of the troops, was knighted in the winter of 1857—58. In social life he was a man of pleasant manners and kind heart, very popular with those with whom he had to do. Handsome, too, in face and person, his bearing was distinguished and military, and he was always very particular about dress. We asked him to dine at our mess, and he willingly agreed to do so. Russell was with us, and said after dinner, in a few well-chosen words, how glad all who had the pleasure of Sir John Inglis's acquaintance were at the honour which had been bestowed upon him. Russell was quite the life of the evening, full of anecdotes and laughter, again singing some capital songs, and joining in the 'final crash' of which I have already spoken.

"There was one characteristic of Dr. Russell I especially admired, which was that he could not be interrupted. We others, if we had any writing to do, were distracted if anyone talked or read out, or in any way suggested to us different subjects from the one we were endeavouring to express. We wrote nonsense

\* Mr. Sherer, it may be said here, was the first Englishman to look down the well in which so many English bodies lay.

or repeated sentences more than once, or mis-spelt, and finally grew peevish and used informal language. Not so at all Dr. Russell. He would be sitting pen in hand, writing his diary or what not. You entered.

"I hope I am not disturbing you?"

"Not in the least. I am all ears; go on."

"You went on, told your tale, he listening and answering if necessary. You stopped. His eye dropped on his paper; his pen moved; he recovered the thread of his writing without difficulty, and with an unembarrassed continuity. Théophile Gautier had the same faculty."

After praising Colin Campbell's wisdom in taking Russell into his confidence, Mr. Sherer continues:—

"Dr. Russell availed himself fully of his privileges, without in any way abusing his position. Keeping, as he did as far as it was possible, always at headquarters and in communication with the Chief, with Mansfield, Norman, and the rest, he obtained early and quite authentic information. And then his amazing powers of observation enabled him, though in a new scene, to supply backgrounds and accessories so sympathetically that the true Oriental atmosphere was produced. Some time after the Mutiny I went home on the same ship with Meredith Townsend,\* of the *Spectator*, himself a picturesque writer; and talking one day about Russell's letters on the troubles in India, he said, 'You see the man's eye was a lens; it afforded him microscopic aspects which he put on paper, and behold! the objects were there in all their minute veracity.' And then the tone was so manly and just! No trace of party feeling or the desire to chime in with the views of the man in the street. He knew the English public really wished for the plain truth, and that he endeavoured to give them, and only that."

Mr. Sherer concludes:—

"In later years in England our paths lay far apart, and we never met. But occasionally some little

\* When Russell was in India Mr. Townsend was editor of *The Friend of India*, which he invested with rare distinction and ability. He was afterwards joint-editor of the *Spectator* with R. H. Hutton.

incident occurred which led to an exchange of letters. In the last communication I received the handwriting was not his own, but he signed the letter, and under his name he added in a firm hand a few Latin words, which may be rendered, 'Not unmindful of an ancient friendship.'"

In the early hours of February 27th, 1858, Russell crossed the Ganges into Oudh. This day saw the beginning of Colin Campbell's march to capture Lucknow. When Colin Campbell had been compelled to return to Cawnpore in the previous November without capturing the city, he had left Outram to hold Alumbagh, four miles from Lucknow, as a post of observation and to assure the Sepoys, as it were, that a British Army would return as soon as possible to settle accounts with them.

After three days' march through the enemy's country Russell wrote that he had just met Thomas Henry Kavanagh, the hero of one of the most memorable deeds of daring in our history. This civilian, holding a humble position in the service of the East India Company, had volunteered in November to go out of the Residency disguised as a native in order to carry a message to Colin Campbell.\*

"How he could ever have made himself look like a native I know not," writes Russell. "He is a square-shouldered, larged-limbed, muscular man, a good deal over the middle height, with decided European features; a large head covered with hair of—a reddish auburn, shall I say?—a moustache and beard still lighter, and features and eyes such as no native that ever I saw possessed. He was dressed in some sort of blue uniform tunic—that of the Volunteer cavalry, I believe—white cords and jack boots and felt helmet,

\* Kavanagh's own account of his exploit shows that the disguise was of the roughest. "I had little confidence in it," he wrote, "and I trusted more to the darkness of the night."

and was well armed—heavy sabre and pistols. He is open, frank, and free in manner; and I believe those grand covenanted gentlemen who did not mention his name in any of their Lucknow reports, regard him as 'not one of us.' But Mr. Kavanagh may console himself. He has made himself famous by an act of remarkable courage—not in the heat of battle, or in a moment of impulse or excitement, but performed after deliberation, and sustained continuously through a long trial. If the Victoria Cross were open to civilians (and why should it not be?) there is no one who deserves it better than this gentleman. And, indeed, I believe from his conversation to-day, that the hope of wearing it was one of the mainsprings of his devotion. He left wife and children in the garrison, and went out on his desperate errand, which, even to the sanguine, seemed hopeless."

When Colin Campbell arrived in front of Lucknow Russell made his way to the Dilkusha, where headquarters were established. He crossed the courtyard, ascended the steps to the hall and thence, through the ruins of crystal chandeliers, tapestries, pictures, and furniture, mounted to the roof.

"A vision indeed!" he writes. "A vision of palaces, minars, domes, azure and golden, cupolas, colonnades, long façades of fair perspective in pillar and column, terraced roofs, all rising up amid a calm and still ocean of the brightest verdure. Look for miles and miles away, and still the ocean spreads, and the towers of the fairy city gleam in its midst. Spires of gold glitter in the sun. Turrets and gilded spheres shine like constellations. There is nothing mean or squalid to be seen. There is a city more vast than Paris as it seems, and more brilliant, lying before us. Is this a city in Oude? Is this the capital of a semi-barbarous race, erected by a corrupt, effete and degraded dynasty? I felt inclined to rub my eyes again and again."

From the roof of the Dilkusha Russell watched the bombardment of the city for several days.

"I could not but be struck," he wrote on March 4th, "with the admirable *personnel* of our officers as they stood chatting in groups to-day. Sir Colin, in spite of a slight stoop, is every inch a soldier in look and bearing—spare, muscular, well-poised on small, well-made feet, to which some utilitarian bootmaker has done scant justice, and given plenty of leather; one arm held straight down by the side, with clenched fist, the other used with easy gesture; his figure shows but little trace of fifty years of the hardest and most varied service beyond that which a vigorous age must carry with it; the face is marked, indeed, with many a seam across the brow, but the mouth, surmounted by a trimmed short moustache, is clean-cut and firm, showing a perfect set of teeth as he speaks; the jaw, smooth and broad, is full of decision; the eyes, of the most piercing intelligence, full of light and shrewdness. General Mansfield, taller than his chief, well made and broad chested, gives some indications of his extraordinary attention to the labours of the desk and study in a 'scholar's slope' about the shoulders. His face is handsome—a fine oval with a vigorous jaw, compressed arch lips, full of power; a well-formed nose, and a brow laden with thought; his sight is not good, and he is obliged to wear glasses or spectacles, which he holds rather aloft, giving himself the air of our friend at the banquet of Nasidienus, '*omnia suspendens naso.*' It is this, probably, which has made some people think the general is supercilious; but I am satisfied no one will find him so who has to approach him on business."

Russell seldom dared to leave the roof lest something important should happen in his absence; he would take there his writing materials and his luncheon of salt beef and rum and water. One easily believes him when he remarks that it was not quite a good place for study or composition.

"In the first place, Peel has got four heavy guns into position on the left, close to the house, which, with the two guns and two howitzers on the right, augmented

now by two more guns, keep up a constant fire on the Martinière, and on the suburb near it, as well as on the enemy's rifle-pits."

On March 5th Russell's passion for fishing induced him to make a rather risky expedition to the Gumti, where he had been told that mahseer and other fly-taking fish abounded. Finding the river full of people bathing—camp-followers with horses, camels and elephants—he and Stewart went further up stream to a spot nearer the city. He was fishing away without success, but probably not the less happily for that, when Stewart's servant cried out, "Deko! Sahib! deko! Badmash hai!" ("Look, sir, there is a black-guard!") The man pointed with his finger to some high corn on the opposite side of the river. Stewart was bathing, and his clothes were on the bank. Russell picked them up, and he and Stewart, seeing plainly a movement in the corn, went off with as much dignity as was consistent with an effectual retreat. Some Sepoys were indeed there, but they were not aware that their quarry had gone till they came close on to the river. Then they stood up and fired a volley, which hit the ground about Russell and Stewart, but did not touch them. Thus Russell repeated a certain Crimea incident when he fished in the stream near Baidar and was obliged, under the fire of Cossacks, to retire in a hurry with his flies streaming in the air behind him and being torn off one by one in the grass.

On this same day, when he was talking to Colin Campbell on the roof of the Dilkusha, a round shot rushed by the turret near them and fell in the courtyard, which was full of men. Russell exclaimed involuntarily, "That's done harm, I fear!" Colin



Campbell, who was studying a map, apparently never raised his head, but merely interpolating the words, "None whatever," in the middle of a sentence, went on with his exposition.

On March 7th Outram's column marched to within sight of Colin Campbell's camp. The Sepoys, who had gone out from Lucknow to attack him, all fell back on the city before his advance, and communication at once became possible between the two British camps. Two days later Russell, standing by Colin Campbell at his usual post, watched the assault of the Martinière. When the supreme moment arrived, "Here, Mr. Russell," said Colin Campbell, handing him his glass, "I'll make you aide-de-camp for the time; your eyes are better than mine—just look through the trees on the right of the Martinière, and tell me who are the people you see there." "They are Highlanders and Sikhs, sir; I can see them clearly. They are firing through the trees and advancing very rapidly!"

"Then we'll go over to the Martinière," was the answer.

The camp dinner in the evening was very animated, and Colin Campbell explained to Russell all the points of his successful plan of attack. He insisted on the value of the flank movement by Outram, but was careful to let it be seen that he had originated the operation, and had, indeed, kept it so strictly to himself that Outram did not know the plan till the night before he crossed the Gumti. Hodson dined at Mess that night.

"A very remarkable man," writes Russell; "*beau sabreur*, and a man of great ability. His views, expressed in strong, nervous language, delivered with

fire and ease, are very decided, but he takes a military rather than a political view of the state of our relations with India."

On March 12th Russell rode over to Outram's headquarters—a few tents pitched under some trees near a pretty mosque, which had suffered from the British cannon. Outram insisted that Russell should dine and sleep at his quarters. Here is Russell's picture of Outram:—

"His forehead is broad, massive, sagacious but open; his eye, which is covered with a shaggy brow, is dark, full of penetration, quick and expressive; his manner natural and gracious; his speech is marked by a slight hesitation when choosing a word, but is singularly correct and forcible; and his smile is very genial and sympathetic. He is of middle size, is very stoutly built, and has a slight roundness of the shoulder, as if from study or application at the desk."

Before dinner Russell rode to the Badshah-Bagh, a faded palace, where the Welsh Fusiliers were enjoying themselves intensely among the orange trees and trickling fountains. In one of the rooms was a portrait of the late King of Oudh, which Russell received permission to carry off with him—an interesting bit of loot, but of no great value.\* Dinner that evening was a delicious experience; the table, lighted with lamps, was spread under a giant tree before the mosque; and everyone enjoyed the soda water and port wine which Outram had saved from his stores at the Alum-Bagh and characteristically shared with all comers.

The next day Russell rode with Outram, and on

\* Russell relates that afterwards Thackeray used often to stand transfixed before this picture of the sleek potentate in gorgeous raiment. "Poor old thing! Poor old dear!" he would exclaim, "How fine and how silly he looks!"

returning with him to camp in the evening was shocked to hear that Hodson was dead.

"I felt that we had sustained in India," he wrote, "a loss which is really national. I must confess I do not altogether approve of anything but the extraordinary courage and self-possession which marked his conduct in shooting down the sons of the King of Delhi; but at the same time I freely admit that I was impressed so strongly by Hodson's energy, force of character, and intelligence, that I should doubt the propriety of my own judgment if I found it was opposed to his in some matters connected with the treatment of natives."

March 14th was a great day, for then the Kaisar-Bagh was captured. Only the night before Colin Campbell had been talking of the hard work there would be in forcing the Sepoys out of their various positions. Early in the morning Russell met Outram, who seemed pleased with the progress made, but, like Colin Campbell, said there was still much fighting ahead. In the afternoon Russell was sitting in camp, where all the headquarters' people, who were not busy with other work, were enjoying their cheroots and reading the papers, when a very heavy fire of musketry sprang up and as quickly died away. An orderly soon dashed up with a piece of folded paper in his hand. A few moments later Russell saw Norman going by "at his usual canter" and called out, "What is it, Norman? Have we got the Imambara?" "The Imambara! Why, man, we're in the Kaisar-Bagh!"

Russell hurried off, and never afterwards forgot the wild scene in the Kaisar-Bagh,—both exhilarating and distressing—when the discipline of the assault snapped and the torrent of pillage and destruction began.

"At every door there is an eager crowd, smashing the panels with the stocks of their firelocks, or breaking the fastenings by discharges of their weapons."

Lying among the orange groves were dead and dying Sepoys, and the white statues were reddened with blood. Leaning against a smiling Venus was a British soldier shot through the neck, gasping and dying. Here and there officers were running to and fro among their men, persuading and threatening in a vain attempt to stop the devastation.

Out of the broken doors soldiers issued laden with loot—shawls, rich tapestries, gold and silver brocade, caskets of jewels, arms, and splendid dresses. Some came out with china or glass, dashed it to pieces on the ground, and ran back to look for more valuable booty; others were gouging out the precious stones from pipes, saddle-cloths, or the hilts of swords. Through court after court the troops rushed in an ecstasy of plundering.

One man who burst open the lid of a leaden-looking box, which was actually made of silver, drew out an armlet of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, so large that Russell could not at first believe that they were real stones. "What will your honour give me for these?" said the man; "I'll take a hundred rupees on chance." "I will give you a hundred rupees," said Russell; "but it is right to tell you, if the stones are real they are worth a good deal more." "Here, take them," said the man. "Well, then," replied Russell, "you must come to me at headquarters camp to-night, or give me your name and company, and I'll send the money to you." "Oh, faith and your honour, how do I know where I'd be this blissid night?" said the man. Russell felt

himself unable to argue against the propriety of the jolly thriftlessness which prevented the man from agreeing to anything but a ready money transaction, and passed on without the jewels. He afterwards heard that these stones were sold by an officer for £7,500. The only memento of these scenes which Russell brought away was a picture entitled "Cleopatra," by Sir William Beechey. The story goes that the original of the picture was a fair Circassian, the King of Oudh's favourite wife,\* who had the fancy to be painted in this *rôle*.

A great deal of fighting took place in the narrow streets, but on the part of the enemy it was conducted by a comparatively small number of daring marksmen, who covered the retreat of their friends. At dinner in the evening Russell noticed that Colin Campbell was rather silent, and concluded that he was thinking that people at home would be dissatisfied at the escape of most of the rebels.

For several days Russell stayed in Lucknow, and he soon learned to admire Outram as he admired no other soldier whom he met in his long career.

"He is most careful of all the soldiers' comforts," he writes, "and he seldom gives an order which is not accompanied by a gift of a cheroot, if he has one left."

He describes, too, how Outram used to sit "like a guest at his own table," which was crowded by the various officers whom his hospitality brought pouring in upon his perplexed aides-de-camp. Outram used to express to Russell the most liberal opinions about the settlement of Oudh, and Russell gathered, from one or two remarks he let drop, that he was shaken

\* The picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Thornhill, Russell's elder daughter.

in his belief that his advice, which had led to the annexation of the Province, was sound. He made a note that Outram belonged to the group of men who are great enough to admit their mistakes.

One day Russell went to see the Begums and their attendants, who were guarded in the Martinière. He found them all in one large, low, dark and dirty room, without windows, on the ground floor, and his entrance was the signal for a shrill uplifting of voices and passionate exclamations from the ladies who were crouched round the walls. The Begum herself, a shrivelled old woman, led the chorus, complaining of the food, of want of raiment and liberty and money, of the servants, and many other things; and at each request she received the support of her retinue in a sharp antistrophe.

Passing on to Banks's Bungalow, Russell found Outram busy sending out the Proclamation of Lord Canning. He procured a copy, which he sent to London, "where, no doubt," he remarked, "it will excite as much disapprobation as it does here. I have not heard one voice raised in its defence." Two days later it was known that Outram was going to Calcutta at his own request as he felt himself unable to carry out the Viceroy's policy.

"It is strange," wrote Russell, "that in the course of a few years, the man who, as Resident at Lucknow, recommended the annexation of Oude should now, as Commissioner of the revolted British Province, feel himself obliged to force on the consideration of the supreme Government the claims of the rebels to more liberal treatment than Lord Canning is disposed to offer them."

Lord Canning, of course, assumed that the fall of Lucknow had been followed by the submission of all

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Oudh, and that he was in a position to confiscate all the lands of the Province ; but the fact was that at that moment such a policy was quite impossible. The Province had still to be regarded as the enemy's country ; few chiefs were not holding out, and the capture of Lucknow had merely dispersed the rebels, so that they strengthened the hands of the rajahs and zemindars. As time went on Lord Canning, who was a sagacious man always ready to fit his policy to the circumstances, made many modifications in his Proclamation.

During the short time that Outram stayed at Lucknow Russell established himself at his quarters in Banks's Bungalow. He noted in particular one conversation he had with him ; he happened to mention that a Russian general, who was condemning Menschikoff's position on the Alma, stated that a river was the worst possible defence, that a daring enemy could always cross it, that the army which was attacked was always beaten, and that there was in fact no remarkable instance in history of a river being successfully used as a line defence. Outram combated this view ably and at much length, and in doing so surprised Russell with his ripe knowledge of military history.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE ROHILKHAND CAMPAIGN

THREE or four days after Outram's departure from Lucknow Russell was attacked by dysentery, and foreseeing that he would have little chance of recovering quickly where he was, he had himself carried down to Cawnpore in a dooly. There he went to Mr. Sherer's house, and found a clean charpoy ready for him, tea, fresh milk, a dark room, punkahs, and repose. He was still very ill, but became fairly desperate at the smell and sight of the mess dinner which was being prepared. He dashed away the bumper of congee water and the dish of arrowroot and went in madly for claret and curry. "Saved my life by this stroke of genius," says the diary.

While he was at Cawnpore he received the following letter from Outram :—

"ALLAHABAD,

*"April 8th, 1858.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—You must have thought me a heartless wretch to part from you without thanking you as I ought for the letter—so kind, so generous, so full of warm feeling—which I had just received from you before parting. But it was not heartlessness, my dear Russell, that tied my tongue. I could not trust myself to speak. It was to me a day of strong emotions, and your letter added much to their intensity. Eager as I was—my work done—to depart from Lucknow, the act of departure was a painful one. To take leave of a place where one has enacted an important part, either for good or evil, and exercised an influence over men's fortunes and happiness in its moral effects on the individual, resembles



the approach of death. Memory is busy ; conscience insists on being heard ; harsh acts or words, unremembered since they were done or uttered, come crowding on the recollection. The dead seem to speak to you from their graves—it may be in love or in sorrow or in reproach. And regarding each man you meet whose prospects you have, or might have, influenced, you are compelled to ask yourself how you have acquitted yourself of the solemn responsibility. As regards Lucknow, I had to feel all this to a very painful extent ; and those were very solemn questions which I felt I had to answer to my God before I dared depart. Such thoughts unhinge a man—they unsex him ; I was unhinged, and I dared not give utterance to the feelings your letter excited.

“That letter I shall ever treasure, and so will my family. And I shall treasure it, not because it is the flattering and warmly-written letter of a man of European fame, but because it is the letter of an honest, truth-telling man ; because I feel assured that, however exaggerated are the tributes to myself which it contains, these exaggerations are the honest expression of the exaggerated estimate with which your warm, generous, large heart has beguiled your intellect in reference to one whom you believe to have striven to do his duty to God and man. Yes, my dear Russell, I do prize it, and *will* treasure it, and from the bottom of my soul I thank you for it. I shall ever esteem it a privilege to have made your acquaintance and an honour to be regarded by you as a friend. I fear I have often appeared rough and regardless towards you, for much physical suffering and many public anxieties have made me rough and cross to all. But your letter assures me that I have your entire forgiveness, and that you regard my hastiness and petulance as the accidents, not the essentials, of my character. God bless you for doing me what I believe to be a mere act of justice ; but all men do not so discriminate, nor are all so merciful in their judgments.

“If at any time you can find time to favour me with a commission to execute for you in Calcutta it will afford me very great pleasure to do so, for I look

upon you as *booked* with the Indian Army for months to come. If at *any* time, in *any* way, I can be of assistance to you, either in your personal or professional matters, I shall esteem it a privilege to be permitted to be so, and I shall look forward to your favouring Lady Outram and myself as our guest when you may come to Calcutta on your way home.

"Believe me to be, my dear Russell, in all truth, your admiring and sincerely attached friend,

"J. OUTRAM."

On the same day that Outram wrote this, Delane wrote a letter from London in which he said :—

"I have nothing but to congratulate you on the perfect success with which you have sustained your fame. I feel myself, and hear everybody saying, that we are at last beginning to learn something about India, which was always before a mystery—as far removed from our sight and which it was as impossible to comprehend as the fixed stars. The public feeling has righted itself more promptly than was to be expected, and we had before the recess a debate in which the most humane instead of the most blood-thirsty sentiments were uttered. The key to the savage spirit was the 'atrocities,' and these seem to have resolved themselves into simple massacre."

At the same time Mr. J. C. MacDonald wrote from the *Times* office :—

"You will be glad to have confirmed to you the assurance that your work has given entire satisfaction here, and that we consider you have amply sustained your old supremacy over all competitors. Some of the electric letters were astonishingly vivid ; and so far from joining in the outcry against the wire as unfavourable to literary effect, my decided conviction now is that in competent hands it may be made to yield the most brilliant results. I have not yet been called on to pay the Indo-European bill for telegraphing ; but I reckon that altogether we shall not get out of this job for telegrams alone under £5,000. It was, however,

one of those occasions on which it would never have done for us to have been content with moving neck and neck with the penny papers."

Russell was soon followed to Cawnpore by Colin Campbell, who had made up his mind to keep the enemy moving by marching his column quickly through certain districts. Russell accompanied him during his trying series of night marches, and a passage describing a specimen march is here taken from the diary:—

"Chowbepore to Poorwah. Oh, Sir Colin, this is very severe! At 2.15 this morning we were on our way to Poorwah, thirteen miles. The fatigue and monotony of these slow, long marches in the dark are indescribable. You can see nothing. Unrefreshed by sleep, only half awake, every moment you catch yourself just going over the horse's shoulder. You must look out lest you ride over soldiers or camp-followers who throng the road, mingled with flocks of goats, sheep, tats or ponies, camels, bullocks, begum-carts, all shrouded in dust and darkness. At last dawn comes, very slowly, no glory in it, no clouds on the horizon; there is a dim fog of dust, a haze which hides the sun. There is no colour, no atmosphere. The moment the sun shows above the haze he burns you like fire. As you pass through the villages, ghost-like figures clad in white rise from their charpoys, which are laid out in the street, stare at you for a moment and sink to sleep again. Early marches, how I hate you! And yet you must be, for the men must be got under cover ere the sun is long out. It is joy indeed to come up to the camping-ground, and to find the mess-dooly already established in full play under some fine tree, to join the group which is lying on the ground among the ants and dried leaves—alas! there is no grass—and to get the first gulp of refreshing tea. I have hired two bullock-hackeries, which come along very nicely with my effects, and Sherer gave me two splendid black jenny-goats on starting from Cawnpore, which set me up every morning with abundance of delicious milk."

One evening a curious thing, trifling yet embarrassing, happened to Russell. He had dined with Colin Campbell, and after a long talk with him and General Mansfield, departed for his tent. Somehow he went wrong and could not find it. He wandered among the trees and tents in the dark, and at last was obliged to shout at the top of his voice for his servant Simon. No one answered, at least not audibly, although Russell conjectured that many impolite answers hung sequestered in the breeze. At last, quite savage, he walked straight ahead till he came to a charpoy in the open and, shaking the sleeper, cried "Who's here? Can you tell me where my tent is?" It was Colin Campbell himself, who, wide awake in a moment, gazed at Russell in some wonder. Russell, with equal wonder, apologised and told his story, whereupon Colin Campbell laughed and said, "Well, take a fresh departure from this point now, and you must come upon your tent down this street." Russell did so, and distinguished himself by next walking in upon General Mansfield, who was sitting in his tent reading. After disturbing a considerable part of the camp, he reached his tent at last.

At the end of April, Colin Campbell crossed the Ganges into Rohilkhand. In the early hours of one morning, soon after crossing the river, Russell had a most unfortunate accident, from which he was to suffer for a long time to come. A halt had been called, and his horse, standing among some uproarious stallions which were lashing out violently, was in danger of being injured. Russell ran to save the animal, and just as he was getting up to his head a powerful Arab stallion ran back to have a last kick at his enemy, and delivered a murderous fling, from which Russell could

not escape. He was standing against his own horse as though with his back to a wall. He saw the shoes of the Arab flash in the moonlight. In an instant he was sent flying along the ground under his horse's belly. One heel had struck him on the stomach, but the scabbard of the sword he wore broke the force of that blow ; the other heel had caught him in the hollow of the right thigh. He was picked up and helped on to the tumbril of a gun, where he sat in great pain, faint, sick and burning with thirst. He arrived in camp almost fainting, and the next day found himself utterly incapacitated by his injuries.

For many days after that he had to be carried with the column in a dooly.

"Everyone," he wrote, "bullies dooly-bearers ; therefore, to avoid knocks and whip cuts, they go off into the open and expose one to the risk of being cut up by the enemy's cavalry."

Often reports would be brought that the enemy were strong on this or that flank, and several times Russell found it very unpleasant to be out on a wide plain in his dooly with only a cloud of dust in the distance to show where the column was. Three days after the kick he was in a worse case than ever.

"In much pain to-day," he wrote ; "a large lump forming in the hollow of the thigh from near the knee to within an inch of the hip. Twenty-five leeches were put on the calf of my leg as soon as we halted. Why on the calf? Bleed, and bear, and ask no questions."

In such misery as this, living on starvation diet and sacrificing to the leeches what little substance he had left, he was jolted along towards Bareilly, where it was practically certain a battle would be fought.

Looking out of his dooly at dawn after a particularly wretched march through the night, he observed with some concern that two other doolies in which sick officers were being carried were the only portions of the British force in sight. And the pickets had reported many of the enemy's sowars capering about in their front.

"As I have resolved not to be cut up without a fight for it," Russell writes, "I had up my syce this morning and warned him under terrible pains and penalties to lead my best horse always close to my litter ready for mounting, with one revolver loose in the holster."

In the evening Colin Campbell came into Russell's tent and found him very weak, with a huge blister applied from knee to hip. "Those fellows will fight to-morrow," said Sir Colin. "All our reports declare they will stand. I am sorry you are not a little better able to be with us." Sir Colin was not mistaken. Early the next morning the whole Army, with cavalry and guns, proceeded to the attack of the enemy, who was in position. Arrangements were made for the three doolies, containing Russell and two sick officers, Sir David Baird and Alison, to be carried at the head of the infantry column on the right or off side, as the enemy was on the left front. Before the start Russell called his syce and told him once more to keep his best horse close to the dooly. Baird and Alison gave the same directions. As it turned out, this precaution saved Russell's life.

"Looking out of my portable bedstead," he writes, "I could see nothing but legs of men, horses, camels and elephants moving past in the dusk, the trees were scanty by the roadside, there was no friendly shade to

afford the smallest shelter from the blazing sun. I had all the sensations of a man who is smothering in a mud bath."

About noon, during one of the numerous halts, some shots were fired in front, and he had himself carried over to the left side of the road, which was blocked by men and baggage. Some round shot from the enemy came among the cavalry, and he noticed the infantry ahead of him deploying. The delay which followed was long. Every moment the heat became more fearful. More than one British soldier was carried past him fainting or dead. He had been given two bottles of wine out of Colin Campbell's store, and he gave a cupful to one poor fellow who was laid down by his dooly, pouring it down his throat with difficulty, for the teeth were set. The man recovered a little, looked at Russell, said "God bless you," tried to rise, gasped, and fell dead.

So many shocks were given to his dooly when the heavy guns began to move along the road that Russell told the bearers to carry him to a small tope in a field on the left. He found that the tope, which after all was only a small cluster of bamboos and other trees, was farther away than he thought and was not very shady. Here his dooly was placed near Baird's, and the bearers crept in among the bamboos. Sudden splutters of musketry arose and died away. Each promise of something ended in nothing. Soon Russell gave up expecting anything to happen; he was unutterably bored; the heat remained merciless, and he drew off most of his clothes and lay sweltering inside the curtains. Eventually he sank to sleep.

"I know not what my dreams were," he wrote afterwards, "but well I remember the waking." The cause



Sick and Wounded in Dooches- the Enemy in sight.

[To face p. 316,



nd manner of his waking must be described in his own words:—

"There was a confused clamour of shrieks and shouting in my ear. My dooly was raised from the ground and then let fall violently. I heard my bearers shouting, 'Sowar! sowar!' I saw them flying, with terror in their faces. All the camp-followers, in wild confusion, were rushing for the road. It was a terrible stampede of men and animals. Elephants were trumpeting shrilly as they thundered over the fields, camels slung along at their utmost joggling stride, horses and mules, women and children were all pouring in a stream, which converged and tossed in eddies of white as it neared the road—an awful panic. And, heavens above! within a few yards of us, weeping on like the wind, rushed a great billow of white sowars, their sabres flashing in the sun, the roar of their voices, the thunder of their horses filling and shaking the air. As they came on, camp-followers fell with cleft skulls and bleeding wounds upon the field; the left wing of the wild cavalry was coming straight for the tope in which we lay. The eye takes in at a glance what tongue cannot tell or hand write in an hour. Here was, it appeared, an inglorious miserable death swooping down on us in the heart of that yelling crowd. At that instant my faithful syce, with drops of sweat rolling down his black face, ran towards me, dragging my unwilling and plunging horse towards the litter, and shouting to me as if in the greatest affliction. I could scarcely move in the dooly. I don't now how I ever managed to do it, but by the help of poor Ramdeen I got into the saddle. It felt like a plate of red-hot iron; all the flesh of the blistered thigh rolled off in a quid on the flap; the leech bites burst out afresh, the stirrup irons seemed like blazing coals; death itself could not be more full of pain. I had nothing on but my shirt. Feet and legs naked—head uncovered—with Ramdeen holding on by one stirrup-leather, whilst with wild cries he urged on the horse and struck him over the flanks with a long strip of thorn—I flew across the plain under that awful sun. I was in a ruck of animals soon, and gave up all chance

of life as a group of sowars rushed in among them. Ramdeen gave a loud cry, with a look of terror over his shoulder, and leaving the stirrup leather, disappeared. I followed the direction of his glance, and saw a black-bearded scoundrel, ahead of three sowars, who was coming right at me. Just at that moment a poor wretch of a camel driver, leading his beast by the nose-string, rushed right across me, and seeing the sowar so close darted under his camel's belly. Quick as thought the sowar reined his horse right round the other side of the camel, and as the man rose, I saw the flash of the tulwar falling on his head like a stroke of lightning. It cleft through both his hands, which he had crossed on his head, and with a feeble gurgle of 'Ram! Ram!' the camel-driver fell close beside me with his skull split to the nose. I felt my time was come. My naked heels could make no impression on the panting horse. I saw, indeed, a cloud of dust, and a body of men advancing from the road; but just at that moment a pain so keen shot through my head that my eyes flashed fire. My senses did not leave me; I knew quite well I was cut down, and put my hand up to my head, but there was no blood; for a moment a pleasant dream of home came across me; I thought I was in the hunting-field, that the heart of the pack was all around me; but I could not hold on my horse; my eyes swam, and I remember no more than that I had, as it were, a delicious plunge into a deep cool lake, in which I sank deep and deep, till the gurgling waters rushed into my lungs and stifled me.

"On recovering my senses I found myself in a dooly by the roadside, but I thought what had passed was a dream. I had been for a long time insensible. I tried to speak, but my mouth was full of blood. Then I was seized with violent spasms in the lungs, from which for more than an hour I coughed up quantities of mucus and blood; my head felt like a ball of molten lead. It is only from others I gathered what happened this day, for my own recollections after the charge of the cavalry are more vague than those of a sick man's night visions. I can remember a long halt in the dooly, amidst an immense multitude of ammunition camels, sick and wounded soldiers, and camp-followers. I

remember rows of doolies passing by to the rear, and occasional volleys of musketry, and the firing of field guns close at hand. It appears that I fell from my horse close to the spot where Tombs' guns were unlimbering, and that a soldier who belonged to the ammunition guard, and who was running from the sowars, seeing a body lying in the sun all naked, except a bloody shirt, sent out a dooly when he got to the road for 'a dead officer who had been stript,' and I was taken up and carried off to the cover of some trees. Alison and Baird saved themselves also; but they got well away before I could mount. Baird's servant poured some brandy down my throat. After a long interval of pain and half-consciousness of life, Simon came to me, chafed my legs and arms and rubbed my chest. My thirst was insatiable. The heat from twelve o'clock to sunset was tremendous, and this day all over India we lost literally hundreds of men by sunstroke. . . . No surgeon came near me, as well as I can recollect, for several hours. The non-attendance of my friends may have tended to save my life. As soon as the flood of blood and mucus from the lungs had somewhat ceased, Simon got me a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, which I drank at a few gulps. My dooly was recovered, and it was lucky I was not in it, for it bore marks of a probing of a no friendly character by lance and sword. . . .

"The sun was going down ere we were moved forward for about half a mile, and there on a bare, sandy plain was one small tent pitched for Sir Colin, and two or three pall and servants' tents for the officers. I was put into my own pall. Scarcely was I placed in the charpoy ere Sir Colin came in, and having heard what had happened, congratulated me on the escape from the sun and sowar, and proceeded to give me details of what had occurred. He complained very much of want of information. When he thought he was outside Bareilly he was in reality only outside the ruined cantonments, some miles from the city proper. The enemy were still in the city. They had fallen back, and it was too late to pursue them or to make an attempt to enter the place. The men were quite exhausted. They had suffered fearfully from

sunstroke. . . . The doctors came in at last, Tice and Mackinnon. They saw me—withdrew—consulted in whispers. I can remember so well their figures as they stood at the door of the pall, thrown into dark shade by the blazing bivouac fires! No tents were pitched; the soldiers lay down in their blankets, or without them on the sandy plain. The cavalry stretched themselves by their horses, and the artillery lay among their guns. Strong pickets and patrols were posted all round the camp. Ere I went to sleep for the night I was anointed with strong tincture of iodine. I never knew till long afterwards that up to this moment one lung had ceased to act at all, and that a portion of the other was gorged from pulmonary apoplexy, brought on by the sunstroke or heat; and that in fact my two friends had no expectation of my being alive next morning. Such is my recollection and experience of the Battle of Bareilly."

The account which reached Mrs. Russell of this episode was not very accurate, but it gave her plenty of material for anxiety. Mr. J. C. MacDonald wrote to her from the *Times* office:—

"MY DEAR MRS. RUSSELL,—I have just returned from Sumner Place, where I went in hopes of catching you before you left town. I wanted to tell you that our Bombay correspondent sends us a few lines about William's health, which, though so far satisfactory as indicating that the danger is over, give us all a good deal of concern about him and the knowledge of which we feel should not be withheld from you. It appears that having been hurt by the kick of a horse, though not seriously, he was accompanying the march of the Army in a litter when the bearers, seized by some sudden panic, bolted. Finding himself thus deserted he made an effort to get on horseback and succeeded, but was subsequently so overcome by the intense heat and exposure that for a short time he was considered to be in great danger; but, thank God, he had rallied and there is every reason to believe that the next mail will bring you tidings either of his entire recovery or that he is on his way home to recruit

after his arduous labours. His illness began on the 5th of May, but beyond the foregoing facts, stated with the same brevity as I give them, our Bombay correspondent adds nothing. The news probably reached him by telegraph, which will account for its not being more detailed. I have only in conclusion to beseech of you not to be unnecessarily alarmed or anxious, but to bear in mind that the critical period of his illness was stated to be over, that he is quite certain to receive every possible care, and that this illness will no doubt make it necessary for him to go to the Hills, which are at no great distance, or to come home, which I dare say would be much more satisfactory to you, to recruit. Anyhow, he will be relieved from the risks to health of a hot weather campaign, and compelled to make his own recovery the first consideration. I am so sorry not to have had the opportunity of personally reassuring and comforting you about this news, which I yet felt that it would be quite improper in the least degree to withhold from you. Trusting most sincerely that your good sense and courage will protect you from giving way to apprehensions which can do no good, and are not justified by the facts so far as I know them, I am, my dear Mrs. Russell,

“Always yours very sincerely,

“JOHN C. MACDONALD.”

It may be imagined that Russell was now worse off than ever; in addition to the blister and the leeches he must bear with iodine. He took such consolation as he could from the assurance of the doctors that if he had not been so weakened from all the bleeding and dosing he would undoubtedly have died from the sunstroke. In this state he went on with the Army, lying inside his swaying dooly, sometimes in a stupor from exhaustion and the heat. During these days he employed amanuenses—generally honest, stiff-fingered corporals. Once when he was about to pay one of them the man said, “No, Mr. Russell, there is not a

man in the regiment who was out in the Crimea would take a penny from you, sir. You were the true soldiers' friend"—one of the best if simplest compliments Russell ever received in his life.

Probably the most anxious time he had after leaving Bareilly was during the march to Fatehgarh. Strict orders had been given for all the doolies to be kept in the rear of the main body, where they were naturally smothered with dust. One of the occupants of the doolies who made some remark to General Mansfield about the straggling of the Beluchis, and the danger to baggage and sick in case of an attack, was told sardonically that, "it often happens on occasions of this sort that baggage and sick must be abandoned to the enemy." "And such an enemy!" writes the sick Russell gloomily in his diary.

At Fatehgarh he had a few days of delightful rest. Meanwhile he collected information about events outside his own cognizance, and he bursts out in his diary with indignation at some of the stories which were told to him of unnecessary reprisals. He had by this time received a great amount of evidence as to the appalling brutalities of the Sepoys—English women blown from guns and children set up against the targets to be fired at on the practice grounds. If he had gathered very little or no evidence of the popular stories of mutilation, there were enough undisputed facts of cold-blooded massacre to stagger the imagination. One had not to look far in Fatehgarh itself for evidence. But Russell in all his letters, public and private, had in effect one comment to make.

"These were acts of barbarous savages. Were our acts those of civilised Christians?"

He would not palter for a moment with the

argument that the provocation was intolerable, or that excess must be met by excess—or even by exceptional severity. “If a Christian nation wages war at all,” he always seemed to be saying, “it must fight in an unfalteringly Christian way. You say that it will then fight at a hopeless disadvantage? So be it. Even that duty is laid upon us.”

Russell was on sure ground in condemning the exceptional punishments of those times which forced natives to be the passive agents in the degradation of their creeds. But it was not to be expected that the officers of the tiny columns which with gallant desperation fought their way through districts filled with an exultant and fanatical foe would accept—still less would the friends of dead officers accept—as justifiable, the argument that these columns could have emerged from their unparalleled trials without striking terror into the hearts of the mutineers. If it be said that he accused the bulk of the British officers and officials in India with ferocity, the assertion is as untrue as the charge would have been. He did charge, and justly charge, a small minority with advocating and practising measures of revenge which nothing could justify and only a temporary loss of judgment and self-possession could explain. But the journalist is peculiarly liable to misunderstanding; his readers confuse the particular with the general, and jump to rash conclusions on the strength of one article which would be safely dissipated if they read the next. Probably Russell was careless of guarding himself against misunderstanding; quick indignation, generous impetuosity, intolerance of casuistry, reckless disposal of his personal popularity—all these things were part of his strong Irish temperament.

Fortunately in a letter which has been preserved Russell discusses this very matter. Mr. Sherer was widely known as a temperate, wise, and just man, and it is clear that he thought Russell had laid himself open to misunderstanding.

"If ever a plain man," Russell wrote to him, "was undone by plain writing it is I. Here are you, mine own familiar friend, refusing to see the difference between a particular and a universal, and joining in the cry that I have traduced my countrymen in India. To be precise, you say I have overdone the cruelty treatment part. Now, my dear Sherer, as I write to you as familiarly and kindly as though I had known you from boyhood, let me first assure you that there is nothing so much obliges me as the honest expression of a man's opinion respecting my own or those I express; there is nothing I deprecate so much as the cruelty and uncharitableness of silence on the part of one's friends who think 'Russell is wrong' and yet will not say so to me as you have done. So I am neither in wrath nor grief at your telling me what you think of my views, and you at once make me look back to my writings to see if there is anything which could be fairly taken to imply that generally the English in India are cruel and treat the natives badly. Here I in some measure join issue with you in the interpretation you have placed on my writings. I have most sedulously guarded, as far as words could do, against any imputation of the kind referred to. On the contrary, I have described the party alluded to in all instances as *a base and brutal minority*, whilst I have deplored the absence of a public opinion which could make itself heard in reference to their acts, and so control and coerce them. I have most distinctly stated that the servants of the Company have stood between the natives and the instincts which make the white man wage war in looks and acts against him of the *rete mucosum*; that they have protected the Hindoo against the adventurer who would exploit India as the Yankee backwoodsman would enter on a red man's land in the far west, and would, if he could, suppress the aborigines. I tried to direct public



opinion at home, failing any expression of it in India, against the Dantons and St. Justs who, riding their bloody hobbies, with the war cries of 'Sepoy atrocity' and 'white pandies,' sought to break through the barriers of truth and justice, and were the very Don Quixotes of cruelty, revenge and lust of blood. I am open to admit the existence of great and tremendous provocations of these evil passions, but I ask what is the use of a superior civilisation, and of Christianity itself, if we are to yield to these incitements? You say rightly that the manners of the natives are almost as bad as our own, but my John, think of the difference of position between the two races."

To this Mr. Sherer replied (May 30th, 1858):—

"Now about misunderstanding you. I will give in for a season. We are unaccustomed to criticism in this country, and sensitive people find meanings in words which they were never intended to convey. If you find when you get home that the impression of your meaning is not the same in England as it is out here, I will admit we have misunderstood you and without reasonable excuse. If, on the contrary, you find that you have been misunderstood in England, then, I think you must admit that in this one instance the pen of Russell has not succeeded so well as in many others, in doing what it is its great fame to do in an unmatched manner—viz., to produce in the mind of the reader the *exact* impression which was in the mind of the writer. . . . I join in no cry, and have a profound contempt for the Indian Press and its productions.

"A feeble but a desperate pack  
With each a sickly brother at his back :  
Sons of a day just buoyant on the flood,  
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.  
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose  
The names of these blind puppies as of those."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### IN THE HILLS

ON June 3rd Russell left Fatehgarh for Simla, where he had decided to rest and re-gather his strength during the suspension of the military operations. On his way he stayed for a short time at Delhi. Here he was allowed to go to the palace to see the King of Delhi, whom he found sick and in pain—altogether a feeble and miserable old man. Brigadier Stisted, who accompanied Russell, asked the king why he had not saved the lives of the English women, and the old man, making an impatient gesture as though to command silence, said, "I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it." The visitors spoke to the latest of the Begums, who, however, remained inside her curtains so that they did not see her face. She seemed to be impatient with the feeble old king, and said, "Why, the old fool" (thus was the word translated) "goes on as if he were still king; he's no king now, and I want to go away from him." Russell was inclined to believe that from the beginning of the Mutiny the king had very little power over the Sepoys. For some days he kept the English women unharmed in the palace, but he did not take the precaution of putting them in his zenana, which would have saved their lives. Perhaps he did not dare to do that; Russell guessed from what he saw that the old man was afraid of his womenfolk. However that may be, the massacre of the English women took place in the

palace. While staying at Delhi, Russell remarked in his diary that the Mohammedan element in India was that which everywhere caused most trouble to British rule, perhaps because the memory of glorious days was less faded than in the Hindus. Fifty years later the exact reverse is true.

On arriving at Simla, Russell went to the Club, where, however, he had been only an hour or two when Lord William Hay\* came in and invited him to dine that night, and put up in his house till he could find quarters of his own. The invitation was gladly accepted. In Lord William Hay's household there was an old man named Jumen, who acted as a factotum. He had actually served under Lord Lake, and was able to prove the fact by producing a certificate and discharge. Russell used to look with a kind of awe on the face of one who had taken part in our early history in India, when we were still fighting against Scindia and Holkar, against Frenchmen and Mahratta — before Rohilkhand had been conquered and Oudh had become a kingdom. And yet this old man's father was alive!

In a few days Russell and Captain Alison hired a house to live in, and Russell used to sit in the verandah most of the day gazing upon the Snowy Range. He still moved slowly and with difficulty on crutches. At this time he received the following letter from Delane:—

*"May 8th, 1858.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—In spite of heat and dust and some beer and bad brandy, you have done so admirably well that everyone admits your story of Lucknow equals the very best of your Crimean achievements.

\* The present Lord Tweeddale. He was then Deputy-Commissioner of Simla, and Superintendent of Hill States, Northern India.

It has been fully appreciated, and you have not, as you had in the Crimea, a large party interested in running you down and contradicting you. One effect of your last letter, however, has been what is tantamount to the recall of Canning. The proclamation you enclosed for the annexation of the soil of Oude has been severely censured by Ellenborough, and either by design or inadvertence, the dispatch containing the censure has been allowed to ooze out, so that Canning can scarcely submit to affront. We had a smart debate on the affair last night which will, I hope, reach you. I shall not be surprised if the immediate result here is a vote of 'no confidence' in the Government, which would turn the tables again in favour of Canning. In the event of his coming away, Sir John Lawrence will be Governor-General for the time. Pray draw £10 on my account and carry it all in gold about you when you next accompany a storming party. To think that you got nothing out of the Kaiserbagh for the want of a few rupees! . . .

"Pray remember me to Outram if you see him again. I rejoice greatly in his success, as I had a large share in lifting him out of the mud three or four years since, and had to encounter the malevolence of many who were masters in the art of depreciation.

"I hope you will be out of Lucknow long before this reaches you, and in some cool and pleasant place whence you can write with satisfaction.

"With best wishes, I am ever, my dear Russell, very faithfully yours,

"J. T. D."

Two or three times Russell was visited by Mr. W. D. Arnold, Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab. He was the eldest son of Arnold, of Rugby, and the author of "Oakfield," a novel written to improve the tone of military society as he knew it. He had done much to support the policy of Sir John Lawrence. A year after his meeting with Russell he died at Gibraltar on his way home. He is commemorated by his brother, Matthew Arnold, in "Stanzas from

Carnac," and in that exquisitely beautiful poem, "A Southern Night." After his visits to Russell he wrote (August 2nd, 1858):—

"I do confess myself deeply anxious for the truth to be spoken about Sir John Lawrence — for the country's sake rather than for his own. I need not, to you I trust, descend to a vindication of myself from any feeling of personal dependence on Sir John. For that matter I consider myself in our Punjab district Sir Henry's *bucha*, not Sir John's. But you spoke to me once of 'political damnation,' and if there be any truth in Thomas Carlyle, no sign of damnation is more sure than when a nation refuses to honour its great men. That John Lawrence has saved the Indian Empire, I feel as absolutely certain as of any fact in the world. There is not a man whose life and honour were saved to him in 1857, who does not feel the same perfect conviction which nothing can shake, and, this being so, it will be an evil day for England if such a man is rewarded with slander; if the most conspicuous deeds, the most unanimous testimony of all well-informed witnesses, are found powerless before the whispers of drawing-rooms, the good-natured lies of —, preferring with a true aristocratic instinct his friend to his country. That you will in great measure avert this calamity is my earnest hope."

One day Russell went to see the Lawrence Asylum at Kasauli, and learned with much satisfaction that the Government had resolved to act on the generous idea of Henry Lawrence and make the asylum a national institution. In describing his visit, Russell bursts into one of those ungrudging appreciations which were as characteristic of him as his promptitude to blame hotly when his indignation was moved.

"What a grand heroic mould that mind was cast in!" he writes of Henry Lawrence. "What a pure type of the Christian soldier! From what I have heard of him, of his natural infirmities, of his immense efforts to overcome them; of his purity of thought;

of his charity, of his love, of the virtues which his inner life developed as he advanced in years; of his devotion to duty, to friendship, and to Heaven; I am led to think that no such exemplar of a truly good man can be found in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State in the latter ages of this world.”\*

A few pages later in his diary Russell goes on to assert the principle of trusteeship which he considered should guide every member of the ruling race in India. He had no notion that the obligations of personal example could be discharged only by officials.

“I think that every Englishman in India ought to look upon himself as a sort of unrecognised, unpaid servant of the State, on whose conduct and demeanour towards the natives may depend some of the political *prestige* of our rule in the whole Empire. He is bound to keep the peace, to obey the law, to maintain order and good government. In the hill stations he certainly does not exhibit any strong inclination to adopt this view of his position.”

Russell continually busied himself with these thoughts; he could not take part in a merry evening at mess, when singing and drinking were in full swing—accomplished as he was himself in all the arts of conviviality—without wondering what those silent natives, standing with fixed eyes and folded arms behind the chairs of their masters, were thinking of it all. It is not difficult to trace in his thoughts the influence of W. D. Arnold.

About this time he received a letter in which Sir James Outram corrected a statement made in one of the letters to the *Times*. The statement which was

\* Lord Morley of Blackburn, in one of his Indian speeches, has recorded the saying that no man ever rose from Henry Lawrence's table without having learned to think more kindly of the natives.

published on June 7th, 1858, referred to the relief of Lucknow and was as follows :—

“ But it is certain that here the grave error was committed (by Sir J. Outram) of hurrying Sir Colin Campbell’s advance by representations respecting the state of the supplies and the means of holding out, which were, to say the least, unfortunate. If Sir Colin Campbell could have had more time to collect troops, the garrison might have been relieved, and the city of Lucknow held without any danger to Cawnpore; but Sir James Outram was led to believe that the supplies would only last to a certain date. Sir Colin acted on the statement which was made to him, and, anxious to save women and children, advanced at once, and barely succeeded in saving Cawnpore and Lucknow both.”

Outram wrote :—

“CALCUTTA,

“*July 27th*, 1858.

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I write in a hurry to save the post. On myself reading the most kind and flattering mention you make of me in your letter to the *Times* of the 18th April, I was too much gratified to observe a slight mistake into which you had fallen, but which has since been brought to my notice. You will find the extract on the other side, also copy of a letter I sent to Cawnpore about ten days before Sir Colin left, which will show you that, however anxious I was for relief, I was more anxious that the Gwalior rebels should first be disposed of from the moment I learnt that they were threatening Cawnpore. I certainly was much deceived as to the quantity of grain, but there was no doubt the few remaining gun-bullocks would not suffice, and I was fully prepared to eke out the time by eating up our starving horses.

“I have had much anxiety about you on hearing of your sunstroke, and it was a great relief to me to hear that you had gone to Simla; what a narrow escape you had from the Ghazees! Baird told me all about it. I went lately to Galle, having myself had some threatening symptoms which induced me to take a short sea trip. I have often wished to write to you, but my abominable habit of procrastination has always

caused me to put off 'till to-morrow,' and now I have only time for this hasty chit. I trust you received my farewell letter in acknowledgment of yours, the most gratifying letter I ever received from *anyone*, otherwise you must have thought me exceedingly ungrateful.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"J. OUTRAM."

The extract from Outram's letter (dated Lucknow Residency, October 28th, 1857), to Captain Bruce at Cawnpore was as follows :—

"I shall not detain Canojee (the cossid\*) beyond to-night, being anxious to prevent the force being hurried from Cawnpore to Alum Bagh. The latter post having now been amply supplied with food, and sufficiently strengthened to defy attack, is no longer a source of anxiety; and however desirable it may be to support me here, I cannot but feel that it is still more important that the Gwalior rebels (said to be preparing to cross into the Doab) should be first disposed of. I should therefore urge on Brigadier Wilson, to whom I beg you will communicate this as if addressed to himself, that I consider that the Delhi column, strengthened to the utmost by all other troops that can be spared from Cawnpore, should in the first instance be employed against the Gwalior rebels should they attempt to cross into the Doab, or be tangible to assault elsewhere within reasonable distance. We can manage to screw on, if absolutely necessary, till near the end of November on further reduced rations. Only, the longer we remain, the less physical strength we shall have to aid our friends with when they *do* advance, and the fewer guns shall we be able to move out in co-operation.

"But it is so obviously to the advantage of the State, that the Gwalior rebels should be first effectually destroyed, that our relief should be a secondary consideration. I trust, therefore, that Brigadier Wilson will furnish Colonel Grant with every possible aid to effect that object before sending him here."

\* A cossid is a courier.



Outram added in a postscript that as this message to Bruce was received on October 30th, there could be no doubt that it was communicated to Colin Campbell, who did not leave Cawnpore for Lucknow till November 9th.

A few days later the following letter came from Charles Dickens :—

“GAD’S HILL PLACE,

“HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER,

“*Wednesday Evening, July 7th, 1858.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I cannot let another mail go from Marseilles, without sending you my hearty and cordial word of thanks for your great kindness about my boy, and without saying to you (which is most superfluous) with what unspeakable pleasure I shall see you at home again. I write from the top of that hill where I did hope to have seen you long ago, and where I have a prophetic assurance and foreknowledge that I shall see you and Mrs. Russell many a time. Divers wonderful drinks are in the capital cellar in the chalk below, which I reserve for these occasions. And I shall tell you all that I leave out of this letter—so prepare and resign yourself—there being nothing in this letter. Heavens! how long-winded I shall have to be!

“No doubt by some wonderful means or other, you get all the news from Printing House Square, at about the same time as I get it here. How the Atlantic telegraph wire broke again, the day before yesterday or so, you know, of course. Also, how your friend reads his shorter books in public (Arthur Smith, manager) with a success which his modesty forbids him to expatiate upon. Also, how he has asked Mrs. Russell as a guest to such intellectual banquet—who came, he hopes. Also, how Albert Smith starts for Hong Kong, *via* Marseilles, to-morrow night, a hot and weary journey for a man of his figure; as an improvement of which I have recommended Sheridan’s advice as to saying he saw it, and not putting himself out of the way to go to see it. . . .

“Everybody talks about your letters, and everybody praises them. No one says, or can say, more of

them than they deserve. I have been deeply impressed by your suggestion, in your note to me, of the miseries and horrors by which you are surrounded; and I can well understand what a trial the whole frightful, revengeful business must be to an affectionate and earnest man. Are there good chances of its so far being ended, as to enable you to come home? That is the turning-point in the War, that I (and Mrs. Russell) think most about.

"The gentleman to whom you gave a letter of introduction, called on me one afternoon last month, and left word that he was going away directly. I called on him next day. He was out, as I had been; but I saw a very good serving man who told how he was 'joost awa' into Scotland yon, airily the morrow mornin', so I left him my card, with an intimation that I hoped to know him better on his return.

"The Garrick is in convulsions. The attack is consequent on Thackeray's having complained to the committee (with an amazing want of discretion, as I think) of an article about him by Edmund Yates, in a thing called *Town Talk*. The article is in bad taste, no doubt, and would have been infinitely better left alone. But I conceive that the committee have nothing earthly, celestial, or infernal to do with it. Committee thinks otherwise, and calls on E. Y. to apologise or retire. E. Y. can't apologise (Thackeray having written him a letter which renders it impossible), and won't retire. Committee thereupon call a General Meeting, yet pending. Thackeray *thereupon*, by way of showing what an ill thing it is for writers to attack one another in print, denounced E. Y. (in 'Virginians' as 'Young Grub Street'). Frightful mess, muddle, complication, and botheration, ensue—which witch's broth is now in full boil. Why, you are better with a turban round your hat over there, than here, with all this nonsense going on! As to me, I have come to the blessed woods and fields to forget several things (you are not among them, dear Russell) and to calm down before I go a-reading God knows where—including Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and Limerick. I have never set foot in Ireland before.

"Behold all my news, and the end of my paper!

I send you a cordial and vigorous shake of my hand with my heart in it—which was the way in which Rogers's Ginevra (or someone else) gave hers to her lover—and a very pretty and loving way too.

"Where is your old map this night I wonder, and the wand you used to point with? Lord, Lord! And Joe Robins playing (with indifferent success, I am afraid) far North!! And Delane looking as if he lived on morning dew and horseback!!! God bless you, and send you back to us, ruddy and bould.

"Believe me ever heartily and affectionately yours,  
"CHARLES DICKENS."

At the same time Delane wrote:—

*"July 8th, 1858.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—There was not only among your friends, but throughout the whole circle of the newspaper-reading public, but one sensation of relief when we got the news, that in spite of kick and sun-stroke and dysentery, you are all well again and able to give such convincing proof of your recovered vigour as the series of letters up to Futtehghur. I trust that long before this you are up in some cool place busy with trout and pheasants, instead of Pandies and Sikhs, and getting health and strength enough to start fair next September. I sincerely believe the loss of old Colin Campbell would have been considered a trifle in comparison with the public misfortune of your being invalided. . . .

"It is of no use calling for other armies from England. We have not got them to send, and if we had should grudge them for India until your generals learn to take care of them with common sense and common humanity. You will have seen, I hope, how I have backed every one of your suggestions by leading articles. Happily, you have everybody on your side and no enemy, as in the Crimea, to deny or hint denial of every fact. Everybody, too, says, and with perfect truth, that it is you who have first made India known to us, described its aspect and its peculiarities, so that we have before our eyes at last the scene of so many exploits and reverses.

"At a repetition of the Windsor picnic of last year,

at which you assisted, we all drank your health, if not with three times three cheers, with twice as many good wishes. . . . Tell us something about yourself in your next private letter. You are at least as interesting as India to all of us.

"With kindest good wishes, I am ever, my dear Russell, yours very faithfully,

"J. T. D."

A few days later a letter came from Mowbray Morris :—

"PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, E.C.,  
"17th July, 1858.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have received your mem. for April, for which thanks. I have read with mingled pain and pleasure your interesting account of your own personal adventures, your dangers and escapes. If this can console you at all for much labour and suffering, pray be assured that every one here follows your course with the utmost interest and sympathy; and I believe the feeling is shared by several persons outside our own little republic—perhaps by all, except the Horse Guards. Soldiers of the old military aristocratic school would, no doubt, hear of your utter destruction with perfect composure, as they have heard of your temporary obscurity with undisguised satisfaction; but people generally are heartily sorry for you, and appreciate, as we do, your devotion to the *Times* and your disregard of comfort and even danger in the discharge of duty. For my own part, I shall be heartily glad when the cessation of active hostilities relieves you from a perilous task which is a source of much anxiety to all your friends.

"You promise to tell the truth about India. I do hope you will—the whole truth, without fear, favour or affection. My knowledge of the subject is so imperfect that I hardly venture to form, and still less to express, an opinion; but I cannot suppress some misgivings as to the line taken by the *Times*. In the first place, I am disposed to think that Lord Canning's policy will not be found to have deserved the thick-and-thin support it has received from us. However disagreeable a man's *manners* may be, they will be forgotten in the

midst of a perilous crisis where his *measures* are good. How is it that a whole community not only disapprove his policy but absolutely detest his very name? I know that the whole feeling is attributed to an infuriated Press, smarting under what was to many confiscation and to all degradation. That answer does not satisfy me. There are some among my own private correspondents who have no sympathy for the Press, but who believe the Press is right in condemning Lord Canning.

"Again, I have my doubts about the policy of disturbing the machinery of the Government at such a time as this. It is true that the Bill, as it stands, leaves things pretty much as they were, and that the change is more in name than in things. But the discussion and agitation must have produced bad effects in India, and it is very questionable whether the substitution of the Queen's for the Company's name as the supreme authority will not produce the very reverse of our expectations. It was not the Company whom the native regarded as the type of absolute power, but the Governor-General. His authority, in all probability, has been weakened at the time when it should have been strengthened by every means in our power.

"However, these matters are of Imperial concern, and can be argued as well here as at Calcutta. What you can tell is the actual state of affairs. Has the local administration been generally conducted in a way to conciliate the natives and give them confidence in our justice? Has our rule presented a favourable contrast to that of the native princes, and have the material interests of the masses been better cared for than by them? These seem to be the questions that require an honest answer. I say an honest answer, because all that we at home know about the matter has been supplied by interested persons, and probably by the very persons whose characters are involved in the inquiry. And, lastly, there is the question of the Indian Army, its organisation, its discipline, and its distribution.

"Here are nuts for you to crack — matters for speculation in the weary hours of inaction. I hope you will find in them enough occupation to dissipate

*ennui* and to lure your thoughts from personal disagreeables.

"Believe me, my dear Russell,

"Very truly yours,

"MOWBRAY MORRIS."

Another letter was from Kavanagh, the hero of the daring exploit at Lucknow, which has already been mentioned. He wrote from a place sixteen miles west of Lucknow, where he had civil charge of a district:—

"I have a grievance which I hope you will think is not an unfounded one, and in the relief of which I crave the use of your powerful pen. The Court of Directors have expressed 'their deep sense of the courage displayed and the signal services rendered by him during the siege of Lucknow,' but add that they are 'precluded by the terms of the Statutes of the Order of the Victoria Cross, which are confined to members of the Military and Naval professions, from taking any steps for submitting to the proper authorities Mr. Kavanagh's wish for that honorary distinction.'\*

"I cannot express the regret and disappointment this coolness of the Court has caused me. They see nothing extraordinary in my having risked my life and the welfare of a large family, not from mere bravado, but to perform a great public service by which the lives of several of our fine soldiers were saved. They see nothing uncommon in an act of individual daring which for danger and advantages to the State has not been equalled during this war. They see nothing in a feat which Sir Colin has pronounced 'the most daring thing ever attempted,' and that in behalf of the interests of the Company†—no! d—— them, not for

\* The Victoria Cross warrant was altered so as to include civilians, and Kavanagh was decorated with the Cross by the Queen at Windsor on January 4th, 1860.

† It may be pointed out here that Kavanagh was of Irish descent, through both his father and mother. It is a mistake to say, as has been said in at least one book, that he was a Eurasian. His deed would have been less daring if his skin had not been white. He was an uncovenanted Civil servant in Oudh. The phrase, "no! d—— them, not for them—of Great Britain," will,

them—of Great Britain. If they had had the smallest spark of British spirit in them, they would have backed Lord Canning's recommendation and left it to the Queen's Government for decision. At the time those Statutes were formed it was not understood, I know, by the framers of them that the Cross was not to be given to civilians for military services. The thought could not have occurred to them that a time would come when one of that body of public servants would merit it more than any of the military service. What difficulty is there in extending the operations of the Warrant to persons who distinguish themselves in the performance of military duties? I earned it in the performance of a great military duty, for which no one else in the garrison of Lucknow would have volunteered. It breaks my heart to have to plead for a thing which ought at once to have been given to me without the asking. I have all along felt sure of some permanent mark of the Queen's favour, which I might point to in the honest pride of my heart as having earned it in her cause—something to mark me as the man who dared do anything to save our countrymen and punish our foes, humble as I was. Alas! it is very sad to be in the service of such wretched red-tape, spiritless, old women. But I'll not let the matter drop, and the old fellows shall hear of me once more. I again beg your help to get this wish—this very reasonable wish—of mine gratified."

A few days later (August 18th) Kavanagh wrote again:—

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—When I wrote to you on the 8th inst. the rebels were collecting at Sundeela to perhaps, be accepted as less inappropriate from an Irishman than from a Eurasian. One who had every opportunity of understanding Kavanagh's character writes: "Those who were acquainted with him intimately knew there was no man more generous in his acknowledgment of heroism or honourable dealing in his fellow-men, or who felt more bitterly neglect or the absence of adequate recognition of meritorious service. This will explain the expression, and I think it would only be just to the memory of a distinguished man to say so." The reader will observe that, with a primitive simplicity, Kavanagh saw no reason for regarding the neglect of his own deed as a less suitable subject of complaint than neglect of the services of others.

attack Mahomedabad again. On the 10th I went out to the latter place to see the Talookdars and Zemeen-dars, who were invited to meet me there, and the time being propitious, Dawson consented to go on to Sundeela, and the following morning we started with 500 men of the Oude Military Police and 50 Sowars. The enemy were reported to be 1,500 strong with 40 Sowars and five guns. When we reached half-way I got a letter from a friendly Talookdar, warning me of reinforcements having reached Sundeela during the night, which made the enemy 3,000 strong, with 500 cavalry. We deliberated for a while and decided that there were only so many more of them to run away. The friendly Talookdar offered to attack the enemy with his two guns and 250 Mussulmanee men from the west as soon as he could reach Sundeela. In a few minutes we were in sight of the enemy's cavalry picquet, and large bodies of cavalry were visible in our front and on our left flank. Dawson gave me our 50 Sowars, and I soon sent their picquet scampering back.

"Within a mile of Sundeela we arranged our plan of attack. Dawson went in advance into the town while I covered his left flank with the cavalry. When the enemy's cavalry saw our forward movement they gathered in front of a tope to attack us. I turned on them and galloped as if to charge them, and they retired into the tope. I guarded Dawson's flank till I saw him going into the town at full trot under a fire from the enemy's guns, and then my Sowars (fifty) did what few cavalymen in India would have attempted—we went straight at the 500 Sowars (mutineers) as hard as we could go. The cowards turned and fled in an instant, and it was only by riding at the utmost speed that I overtook the rear. We dismounted about thirty of them, when unfortunately my horse was shot in the leg, and the men stopped in the pursuit to assist me. We could not overtake them again. I rode round the town and joined Dawson about 10 o'clock and was delighted to find that he had captured their best gun. He had had some hard work, for he had twelve men killed and sixteen wounded, three of whom have died since. He is a most gallant fellow. He had cleared



out all but one house, where twenty-six rebels, unable to escape, had taken refuge. As I know something of gunnery I brought our captured gun to bear on the fellows, who were in the upper storey, and three excellent shots through the door, at 200 yards, made them cry out for mercy, which I gave them—a promise to spare their lives. . . . Mr. Montgomery is highly pleased with my success, and has pronounced the affair at Sundeela to be the most spirited thing which has happened. We have proved, long before the expected time, that the new police corps may be trusted, and that they will attempt anything under proper leaders. . . .

“The weather here is most pleasant, and now that I have ample employment for both body and mind, I am cheerful and hearty myself. I went into Lucknow for a couple of days and came back with a heart brimful of joy, and charity towards all men.

“If you help me in the matter of the V.C., and I can get home next summer, I shall have it in spite of the Court of Directors. I’ll never rest till the Queen’s Government refuses or gives it to me. I have earned it several times, and that charge with 50 Sowars against 500 of our mutinous irregular cavalry, alone would have got it for a military man. Why can’t they make me a soldier and give me the Cross?

“Yours very faithfully,

“HENRY KAVANAGH.”

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION

DAY slipped into day, and Russell was making rapid progress towards recovery. In September he was well enough to go with Lord William Hay and others on a shooting expedition. While on this expedition he received a letter from Delane, who said :—

“We have had some sharp controversy here on behalf of old Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde, whom ‘Disabled Officer’ has accused of the most perverse and ostentatious incompetence. He had a good deal to say for his charge, but we took the C.C.’s part here sincerely, and he ought to be well pleased. You will have heard before this that the Company is at last actually defunct and that Lawrence is on his way home to be a member of the new India Council. But you will scarcely believe in India that the favourite for the new Governor-Generalship is Disraeli. I don’t say that the party will venture to second him; it would be a very bold step; but it is quite on the cards. He wants the money and the high station, and they want to get rid of him here. He has done so well during the last Session as to have conciliated much opposition, and the country is so apathetic that it is not likely there would be any great outcry against the appointment. In the meantime Stanley is a very good Indian Minister, and follows very obediently all the good advice you give him. I send him extracts from your private letters and always see an immediate result. It was your first private letter from Cawnpore which led to the order against indiscriminate executions.”

On October 6th, thoroughly restored to health, Russell left Simla on his way to rejoin Lord Clyde for the renewed military operations.

When passing through Umballa on his way south, he received an invitation to visit the Rajah of Patiala. For this purpose he had to drive eighteen miles to the Rajah's palace. He was accompanied by Mr. Melville, the Deputy Commissioner of Umballa and an officer on the Staff. When they had gone a good way along the road they saw a cloud of dust ahead, and Mr. Melville said, "There is the Rajah. He has come a long way out to meet us." Russell knew enough of Eastern custom to be aware that the distance a potentate travels from his palace to meet a guest is in proportion to the respect he wishes to pay him, but he assumed that the Rajah was thus courteous in honour of Mr. Melville. He was soon to be undeceived. The two parties met. The Rajah's company was brilliant with banners and diverse colours, and the Rajah himself, encrusted with jewels, flashed with prismatic colours in the sun. An elephant with an empty howdah had been brought for the visitors, and as Russell toiled up the ladder of this particularly tall pachyderm in the heat and dust, he confessed to himself a wish that the Rajah had not been kind enough to receive him, and that he was clambering up to get a drink instead of a glimpse of the exalted countenance which was awaiting him in the howdah of another elephant drawn up alongside. When he reached the top a new trouble awaited him. He was requested to step across to the Rajah's howdah and take the place of honour on the Rajah's right hand. In vain he pleaded with Mr. Melville by words and signs, "Pray don't ask me. *You go.*" "No, the Rajah requests *you* will, and as this visit is from you, there is no option but to obey. Will you be good enough to step across?"

"Across what?" continues the diary—"a chasm of uncertain and varying breadth, full fifteen feet deep! There is no beast so mobile as an elephant. Flies vex him, mahouts persecute him; *eppur si muove*—he is never at rest. There sat his Highness the Rajah, and here stood his lowness the correspondent, *claudo pede*, afraid, by reason of his lameness, to make a leap; and the bulging sides of the two elephants kept their howdahs as far apart as the main-chains of two line-of-battle ships would separate their hammock nettings. I could not make an explanatory speech to the Rajah, who sat smiling with extended hand, the finger-tips some six feet away; and thus I stood, supremely foolish, and very uncertain what to do, till a sudden lurch, a *vis a tergo*, a desperate resolution, all combined, and with a desperate, ponderous flop, full thirteen stone and ten pounds (it was in the time of Plancus, and after much exudation of ichor in the hills), I dropped on the Rajah's feet, and took my seat at his side. Dear good man! Kings have long and unfeeling arms; but I presume their toes are as sensitive as those of most mortal men. The Rajah of Puttiala never winced."

When the Rajah and his visitors reached Patiala the Army was drawn up in double lines, with six guns on one flank unlimbered for salute. The house-tops were covered with spectators. Russell felt that he had no official position or rank of any kind to entitle him to these marked honours, and he was overwhelmed with embarrassment. Suddenly the guns opened. To his dismay the Rajah at the first gun gently inclined his head towards him, and Russell was obliged to bow in return. At each subsequent discharge the Rajah repeated his salute and received a similar, most unwilling acknowledgment from Russell.

After a rest inside the palace the visitors were entertained at a durbar, at which all the important

persons of Patiala were present, dressed in gorgeous raiment. The Rajah sat upon a throne, with Russell on his right hand and Mr. Melville on his left. After the whole Court had been presented to Russell there followed what, for a poor man with a family to support, was perhaps the most trying experience of all. Servants bearing trays covered with jewels, bracelets, necklaces, bangles, shawls, and embroidered work, marched up to the throne and laid their treasures at Russell's feet, and the Rajah requested that he would kindly take anything he liked. The first tray bore emeralds and diamonds, which Mr. Melville had told him were worth £30,000. Mr. Melville had in fact described this ceremony in advance, and on Russell inquiring whether he ought to accept a present or not, Mr. Melville had answered that as he was not an official he could do as he pleased. And here was £30,000 at his feet! Sadly he refused the crown, well knowing that it would never come his way again. Before all the trays had been displayed he selected the plainest looking square of kincob which he could see, and this was set aside for him.

At the end of the durbar there was a difficult piece of negotiation with the Rajah, who apparently expected his guests to remain at Patiala several days. He had prepared fireworks and illuminations. Russell, however, had not time to stay, and Melville had to request the Rajah to permit them to leave Patiala that evening. After many expressions of regret the Rajah resigned himself to their departure.

The Rajah of Patiala, of course, served the British interest well during the Mutiny; he raised and equipped a large force in addition to his regular army and

placed it at our disposal, and he gave us all the help in animals, carts, and money that he could afford. In his diary Russell contrasts the loyalty of such a man with the behaviour of others, who, though they did not at first side with the mutineers, had since passed into open rebellion. He wondered how many more would have been found on the wrong side if the policy of general suppression and revenge advocated by some persons had been adopted.

"It is fortunate for England," he writes, "that her rulers in India and her generals in the field have been animated, on one point at all events, by a unanimous spirit, and that, in the Cabinet and in the operations carried on by our generals for the pacification of the disturbed districts, they have acted generally as became enlightened statesmen and Christian men, in opposition to the ferocious howl which has been raised by men who have lived so long among Asiatics as to have imbibed their worst feelings and to have forgotten the sentiments of civilisation and religion. As cruel as covenanters without their faith, and as relentless as inquisitors without their fanaticism, these sanguinary creatures, from the safe seclusion of their desks, utter stridulous cries, as they plunge their pens into the seething ink, and shout out 'Blood! more blood!!'"

Shortly before he reached Allahabad, where the headquarters of the Army were established, Russell received a letter from Lord Clyde, who said:—

"I have much pleasure in answering your appeal and giving you a hint on the approaching operations. The first object you will understand as a matter of course to be the early reduction of Oude. During the last two months great progress has been made towards this end in the occupation of Fyzabad, Futteh-pore, Partabghur, etc.

"The lines of road between Cawnpore and Lucknow, Lucknow and Fyzabad, Futteh-pore and Allahabad, are all strongly held. It is intended to operate from

two points at the same time, viz., from Rohilcund to the North East of the Province, dispersing the bands of rebels in that quarter, driving them, if possible, to the Gogra, and establishing Government at Futteh-pore. At the same time parallel columns will advance through what is called the Baiswarree country from the line stretching from Salone to Fyzabad. The first part of the latter movement is about to commence. Colonel Kelly, H.M. 34th Regt., has been directed to move up the district lying between the Goomtee and Gogra from Azimghur with a brigade of two infantry regiments, one of irregular cavalry, and one Field battery. He will take post at Ackburpore and I hope occupy Tanda, thus completing the work which has been in progress in the Eastern part of Oude for some time. As soon as his movement is effected, in which he will be aided by Sir Hope Grant, from Futteh-pore, we shall have our flanks well secured, and the advancement will be made on the most powerful rebels in Oude—Lal Madhoo of Amethie and Beni Madhoo Sing of Roy Bareilly and Shunkerpore. These will, it is to be hoped, be finally disposed of, and the whole country as far as the Cawnpore road occupied. In the meantime a strong movable column will have been collected on the Cawnpore and Lucknow road to prevent a retreat to the Westward, while the posts North of the Goomtee will be on the alert to interrupt fugitives.”

In due course Russell reached Allahabad and found a letter from Delane :—

“*September 3rd, 1858.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I am delighted to hear from you even when you grumble so audibly, as in your letter of July 19th just received. It is at least a healthy sign.

“First, as to the Proclamation \* business. It was never discussed here on its merits or demerits alone. It came complicated with Ellenborough’s insane despatch, which compelled his resignation and was made the battle-ground of the two parties in the fierce

\* The Proclamation announcing the confiscation of lands, etc., which had been issued after the capture of Lucknow.

struggle for office. It was fairly to be presumed, too, that Canning, after having suffered for months from imputations of leniency and undue favour of the natives, would only have threatened such severity upon good and substantial reasons, and the Government proposed to condemn him at once without waiting for his reasons. To bait a man for ten months for being too lenient and then publicly to censure him for a solitary act of harshness seemed too unjust. Now I hear every Indian saying that proclamations are of no avail at all, and that the terms of this are now entirely immaterial so far as the people to whom it was addressed were concerned.

"As to the Lucknow letters, the only wonder is you were able to write them at all—not that the order of dates was entirely unintelligible. I spent hours in trying to discover the order of succession, and you see the result. From the great amount—two or three packets arriving at once—they could not all appear together, but I don't believe that in all one column was omitted. You must remember that the *E. Mail* is only an abridgment of the *Times*, and having to cram two days' *Times* into one is a task which requires a good deal of scissorial pressure.

"India is now happily no longer a party question, and I have no wish but that you should give us the benefit of your own observations. On one subject you will see we have been marvellously of accord—our support of Sir Colin Campbell. Every word of your defence, received to-day, had been anticipated in a reply to the very able letter of 'A Disabled Officer,' who seems to have embodied all the discontent of India. I hope you will see both this and our reply.

"As to your own letters, don't fancy that they are wasted because you don't see all in one paper. I have sometimes in the exigencies of the Session spread the publication of a single letter over several days when there has been no actual news to tell.

"I have got from Tice by this mail a careful medical description of your leg and its hurt, from which I argue that you are quite recovered long before this. We thought more of the sunstroke than of the kick,



but you seem to have forgotten that altogether. . . .  
Good-bye. I am ever very sincerely yours,

"J. T. D."

Another letter waiting for Russell was from  
Outram :—

"CALCUTTA,

"September 29th, 1858.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have barely time to-day to thank you for your most kind letter of the 18th inst., just received, but as I am not likely to be better off as regards leisure for some time to come, I scribble off this hasty acknowledgment.

"I wish I had time to enlarge on the points alluded to by you, but I can only now say that my views are entirely in accord with yours—that I was delighted with your manly opposition to the un-English, unmanly, spirit with which the generality of our countrymen were imbued when you first came among us, and which I regret to see is far from extinguished—the unnatural desire for blood and vengeance which first seized the popular mind in its frenzy, but which it is criminal in thinking men to maintain now that they have cooled down, and not more criminal than foolish. For how can we hope to rule a people by fostering hatred between the governing class and the governed ?

"I confess that I am as far from being satisfied as you are with the present aspect of affairs. Not only do I think, with you, that mere conquest is no firm basis of power, but I think that a large portion of the element whereby we achieved the conquest is a new creation as likely to be as dangerous as that we have put down, while the viper which so lately stung us is but scotched, not killed. Our only chance of recovering the affections of the majority of the revolted soldiery, who had been drawn into the revolt by force of circumstances against their will, was by opening the door to mercy immediately on the fall of Lucknow, when the offer could have been made with every appearance of magnanimity and no chance of misconstruction. That opportunity was lost, and since then the Sepoys have been taught to believe

that we desire nothing but their destruction, and those who heretofore have been but lukewarm, if not unwilling participators in the rebellion have become a mass of desperate ruffians, and all have more or less since then joined in atrocities which they feel must bar them from the possibility of pardon. They see nothing left, therefore, but resistance and death, and have no object but to do the utmost mischief in their power while they live, and the desperation they are now driven to is calculated to enlist the sympathy of all of their creed and colour, who must now regard us with bitter hatred. When, therefore, can we hope to restore confidence and good feeling among so large a class of our native subjects? How long can we rely on the obedience of the Sikh Army, on the good faith of the Jung Bahadur, etc.? Only so long as we maintain our present European Army. And how long may peace in Europe last to allow all these British troops to be retained in Asia? But our greatest difficulty will be perhaps that of finance. How long can England stand the drain that India must be for many years to come? There are many other sources of anxiety which I have not time even to allude to, but I may perhaps hereafter burden you with my gloomy thoughts. Believe me, my dear Russell,

"Most sincerely yours,

"J. OUTRAM."

Much of Outram's criticism in that letter was answered in practice by the Queen's Proclamation which announced the transference of the government of India from the Company to the Crown. Russell was present at Allahabad on November 1st when the Proclamation was publicly read by Lord Canning. A platform had been built for the purpose near the fort. Russell thought the ceremony cold and spiritless; he was told that the Indians had been dissuaded from coming to listen to the promises of pardon and non-annexation. Those natives who were present were for the most part officials in the

public offices. Russell was amused by hearing a sergeant, who was on duty at the foot of the platform, say, with a masterly inopportuneness, to one of his men, "I am going away for a moment; you stay here and take care no nigger goes up." In the evening there was a banquet at the fort which "passed off as tamely as the ceremonial of reading the Proclamation."

Russell, his eye as so often guiding his mind, probably failed to perceive how signal a transaction was effected that day, for all the unimpressiveness of the ceremonial. A new era began then—an era in which no doubt serious errors have been committed, but in which from the outset the methods have been new and the spirit unexceptionable. For all practical purposes, under the rule of the merchant princes India had paid a tribute\* to Great Britain; but the Roman model of government disappeared at the moment when the Crown took the place of the Company. The only true principle of governing a subject race was asserted when the administration was taken out of the hands of those who were interested in the commercial exploitation of the country. When State officials have erred since it has not been because they have tried to serve two irreconcilable interests—the interest of good government and the interest of their pockets. If Russell did not recognise, or affirm, that a radical change had been brought into the relations of Englishmen and the Indian natives by the transfer of the executive to the Crown and the British Parliament, he at all events treated of those relations justly and humanely from a different point of view. His view was the

\* Lord Cromer's "Ancient and Modern Imperialism."

immediate one. It was not primarily his business to weigh grand political principles. And thus he passed over with a few words of disdain for the ceremony a Proclamation which was a charter of liberties, bold in its acceptance of responsibility, buoyant with optimism, gracious in language, and great in its simplicity.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### LETTERS TO DELANE

RUSSELL had little rest on the night of the Queen's Proclamation. The Oudh campaign was about to open. After the banquet he lay down in his clothes, boots and all, and about one o'clock in the morning he was roused by his servant flashing a light in his face and offering him a cup of tea. He rose, and in a few minutes was crossing the Ganges by the bridge of boats which was dimly lighted by a few lamps and was rising and falling with the surging of the violent black waters. On the other side he was once more in Oudh, and started upon a miserable march of over thirty miles. Part of the way he rode with Lord Clyde, who told him that he would not proceed to extremities in dealing with any of the chiefs till he knew for certain that they had received copies of the Proclamation.

The problem of the Oudh campaign was a serious one, because if the very many strong places which were believed to be holding out were assaulted with only a moderate British loss at each, there would soon be no British Army left. On November 9th the Army halted in front of Amethi, which was held by its Rajah, and Lord Clyde was soon in deep perplexity. His men were fired upon, but then the Rajah sent out a vakeel, who expressed the Rajah's regret and said that the Sepoys had fired of their own accord, and that the Rajah had "no influence over some thousands of his men." He said further that the

Rajah would like to surrender with his guns and his infantry, but that he could not be responsible for the rest of his troops. Lord Clyde peremptorily demanded the surrender of the fort and all the troops in arms, and in the night the Rajah of Amethi stole out of his stronghold and came into the British camp. He declared for himself that he had done his best to make his people surrender. But who could tell? During the following day Lord Clyde held his hand, all the time carefully watching the fort, which made no sign. The next morning it became known that there was not a soul in the place. The enemy had all escaped; and the Rajah, who evidently did not want the dangers and discomforts of a campaign, had for his part succeeded in saving his life. Such were the baffling conditions of this campaign in Oudh. When Russell had experienced this kind of thing more than once he had a suspicion that the British spies were impartial in their services to both sides.

Once Russell became detached from the column in the night, when he suddenly saw near him a group of men, who separated and ran into the fields on either side of the road. Not liking their appearance, he reined in his horse, and felt that his revolver was ready before he passed on again along the road, keeping a good look-out. Close to the spot where he had first seen the men two of them sprang out, one armed with a pistol and the other having a shining blade in his hand. Russell had just time to plunge his spurs into his horse, let his head go, and ride straight at them. One was knocked down by the horse, and the other, as he tried to catch the bridle, was felled by a blow from Russell's whip, but they were both on their legs and away in a moment. Soon Russell found a picket

of Lord Clyde's column and reported the encounter. But the next day he was chaffed a good deal, as it was asserted—Russell strongly dissenting, and producing evidence to the contrary—that the men were not bud-mashes, but faithful spies in the British service, that they had been scared at Russell's approach, and that when they sprang out on the road they were declaring their presence lest Russell should fire on them by mistake.

In his diary Russell describes a specimen day's march in this campaign against an evasive enemy, who had always just evacuated the position which Lord Clyde reached :—

“Here is one's life at present: First bugle at 5.15 a.m.; strike tents, a cup of tea before starting, a groping, stumbling ride out through tent-pegs, camp-followers *regardant*, camels *couchant*, elephants *passant*, and horses *rampant*, to the road; very cold and chill ere the sun rises; then jog, jog, at the rate of two miles an hour or so, with a halt of a few minutes every hour, to allow the baggage and the rearguard to close up; artfully riding from one flank to another as the breeze, or rather current of air, drives the smothering clouds of dust across the line of march, in order to evade the nuisance as much as possible.

“At last, about 2 o'clock p.m., the welcome sight of the assistant quartermaster-general riding over the plain in front, and directing the movements of his flagmen, who mark out the lines of the camp, announces that we are at our resting-place; but it is long ere the camels stalk in upon us, and cone after cone of canvas offers brief shelter to the Rechabites. Each man is choked with dust and fagged with heat and slow riding. The water-skin of the bheesty gives a refreshing shower-bath; but it is nearly four o'clock before the tent is all in order, for the furniture drops in slowly and fitfully, as the coolies behave on the road. Then darkness closes in, and if with an effort, of the violence of which in my own case I can speak conscientiously,

one has sat down to write, the slow beat of the camp gong soon announces that the dinner hour—about 6.30 p.m.—is near at hand. The meal lasts nearly an hour, and there are few who can resist the temptation of the charpoy on returning to their tents from dinner, about 8.30 or 9 o'clock p.m. How our servants exist I cannot ascertain by any reference to my own experiences. No English servant could—or if he could he certainly would not—exhibit the patience and powers of endurance of the bearers, syces and grass-cutters. My syce follows me all day, for six or seven hours, at a jog-trot, not a sign of fatigue on his dusty face, or a drop of perspiration on his dark skin. He is heavily weighted too, for he carries a horse-cloth, a telescope, a bag of grain (part for himself and part for his horse), and odds and ends useful on a march. When we halt he is at hand to hold the horse. At the end of the march there is no rest for him; he grooms the horse with assiduity, hand-rubs him, washes out his nostrils, ears and hoofs, waters him, soaks his grain and feeds him; then he has to clean saddlery, and bits and spurs; finally, at some obscure hour of night, he manages to cook a cake or two of wheat flour, to get a drink of water, to smoke his hubble-hubble, and then after a fantasia or so on the tom-tom, aided by a snuffling solo through the nose, in honour of some unknown beauty, wraps himself up, head and all, in his calico robe, and sleeps *sub Jove frigido*, till the first bugle rouses him out to feed and prepare his horse for the march."

On Christmas Day Russell was disquieted by noticing that Lord Clyde was walking up and down, and looking at the sky inquiringly in a manner which indicated, to those who knew his habits, that he was about to march. Soon he announced this intention to his Staff, but was met with respectful remonstrances. "Oh, sir, remember it is Christmas Day." When it was represented that the men's puddings would be spoilt Lord Clyde gave way, and gave way so handsomely that he provided an entertainment of his own, to which Russell was invited. Russell gazed upon the barons of beef,



the turkeys, the mutton, the game, the chickens and fish, all spread on snowy-white tablecloths in well-lighted tents, and as the sherry, champagne and port went round he reflected that campaigning in India and the Crimea were two very different things.

Although the elusiveness of the enemy was annoying enough, it was a sign that their serious resistance was at an end, and in the middle of January, 1859, Lord Clyde was able to return to Lucknow, and inspect from there the final work of pacification. Russell remained in Lucknow till the end of February and wrote some long letters to Delane on the situation. The following extracts are from those letters :—

*“January 20th, 1859.*

“I believe that some great effort must be made to check the aggressive and antipathetic treatment of the natives. I believe that India is the talisman now by which England is the greatest Power in the world, and that by its loss we lose the magic and *prestige* of the name which now holds the world in awe. I believe that we never can preserve India by brute force alone except at a cost which will swallow up all the wealth of the Home country, and that we can only hold it by brute force unless we make some changes in our system of government. I am told that our policy is changed. I hear that the Queen has proclaimed the rights of native States, and seeks no increment of territory, and yet at this very moment the conversation of every Indian officer at the Mess table, or wherever the affairs of India may be discussed, clearly reveals the conviction that sooner or later we must absorb every State between Ceylon and Peshawur. It is our destiny—we cannot help it—the huge stone gathering weight as it rolls must be impelled onwards and forward no matter whether Sisyphus be crushed or not. I am among men who are not, indeed, the rulers of India, but who must be the instruments by which India must be ruled, and I fear that most of these are of opinion that the government of this vast Empire must

depend on the bayonet, and that it is ridiculous to attempt to govern the country by any other means. . . . The Press of India, though it does not represent the feelings of the high civilians, is but too faithful in its exposition of the general feeling of a considerable class of English in India. Among those men are many personal friends of mine whose characters I admire and respect. I get hot in the head and red in the face talking to them every night. I argue that their sentiments are opposed to civilisation, to humanity, to justice, to universal experience, to common sense, and in reply I am told that human nature is nothing, and that I know nothing of India. I recollect that sound legislation in Ireland was resisted by the same cry, and the same armour defied the weapons of reason in the English Parliament. I hope in God they may not be equally successful here. We are disarming the country, it is true, and we are putting out of the hands of the people the means of resistance, the temptations to disorder, and the incitements of resistance to the law of our rule; but against the silent, steady action of the antipathy of nearly two hundred millions of people, once fairly excited, no power can stand. . . .

"No one here knows when Lord Canning is going home, though it is concluded he will do so ere the summer sets in. His physician has assured him he cannot spend another summer in India without most serious risk. He delights in mystifying the Indian papers, which, unlike Cato, are never weary of conjecture. Lord Clyde is most anxious to go home, but, of course, he is held here for the present and will be for some time, by the duties of his position. He is showing signs of age, hard work mental and bodily, though he is still a wonderful, vigorous old man and I'd back him against the Garrick smoking-room for a race or a walk this minute. It is said Rose will succeed him. That would be a disappointment to Mansfield; but though Mansfield is by far the abler man in my humble judgment, the claims of Rose are too strong to be set aside. It strikes me that Mansfield is one of the clearest-minded, most sound and clever men I ever met. All the combinations and plans of the campaign were his, but his manner is supercilious, and he shows he knows

his own powers. What he may be in independent command no one can tell, but as a regimental officer he had the highest reputation, and under fire, as I have seen, he is as cool as any man could be. . . .

"I would fain have your advice as to myself ere I leave India, but I fear that will be now impossible. My future is dark, dreary, and uncertain enough. The Jefferson Brick fever of my existence is nearly passed. Four narrow escapes have I had of a violent death, which would bring with it no glory, no pension for helplessness, no provision for my family—escapes which have not brought me even the worthless credit of the kind I could gain by chronicling them and blowing my own trumpet. Then, again, I have nearly fallen a victim to the diseases of the Indian climate. It is not fair to my poor wife to leave her to contend against the burthen of our family, and to bear the heavy charges of educating and rearing so many children. Death has indeed been heavy in my little fold and taken the youngest of the flock, and I feel that my absence on such an occasion must have added deeply to the deep affliction of the most loving of mothers. But I am going home to uncertain labours—all is cloud and darkness before me. Can you throw any light upon it? I have never asked a favour for myself of anyone in all my life, but I should be happy indeed if any means were pointed out whereby I could obtain some secure provision for my family. If I had a little capital I had nearly been tempted to become a settler in the Terai, though the settlement would possibly have been on the side of the Terai, and not of me! Of course, I shall get some respite and time to look around me when I return, but I wish I could see some indication of the path I ought to follow. I find no consolation, I confess, in the prospect of a European war. The plains of neither Lombardy nor Belgium, nor Burgundy, tempt me; the passage of the Alps under a second or third Napoleon has no charms; even a tough fight in the chops of the Channel, and 'Great victory over the French,' are not attractive to your Special; and he is indifferent to crossing the Rhine under a heavy fire and to 'the bombardment of Vienna'—all exciting and

delightful matters for the *Graphic*, which he abandons to his successors, turning his face steadily towards Onslow Square, and sighing ever\* . . . *angulus* [several words illegible].

"I saw your brother often at Allahabad, and found that he had joined the malcontents, political and military. I reasoned, and he swore, and we parted good friends. Thackeray and Yates, I hear, are at it still. Thackeray, too, says *it is me*, I hear, but that must be a mistake. I did make one row, but that was healed and made up long ago. I suppose Albert Smith will have an immense success. Dickens literally 'coined,' *on dit*, during his tour all over the kingdom.

"My letters have produced a most material effect on the tone of the Indian Press, and as to Society, though I undergo a good deal of quizzing, it is more than compensated when I hear one man who threatens to break every bone in his bearer's skin held in check by the half-serious, half-joking remonstrance, 'You had better not, or you will have the *Times* down on you.' I feel I may have been sometimes intemperate in my remarks on the Indian Press, but, conscientiously, I declare I believe it to be the most mean, malignant, and false in the world. The spirit of old Grub Street—anonymous slandering—sought refuge here, and, above all, it revels in freedom from cudgelling. . . .

"Could you point out that I never accused the Anglo-Indians of the Company's service, or the old race, of cruelty and roughness? I allude generally to the low, ignorant, and violent newcomers, and non-officials, who come here to make their fortunes."

"February 15th, 1859.

"I do not want to repeat my regret that I do not hear from you, for I am in hopes that the mails now on their way to us will renew my old source of gratification. If they do not, it is unlikely I shall receive any letter from you in India, for I purpose starting immediately for Calcutta and forcing my way on board the steamer of March 9th. I am going to stop with Outram at Calcutta whilst making my essay for a passage, and if I can at all manage it, I will

\* Probably, *Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet.*

visit an Indigo district on my way. Although I have suffered much in India—a leg that will be ever a source of pain and constitutional disturbance to me, occasional (I hope you don't find it permanent) muddiness of head and intellect, two sharp sicknesses, much anxiety, and no small abuse and misrepresentation—I shall ever regard the country with immense interest, and shall almost regret to leave it. . . .

“Our rule is now more secure in India than it has ever been before, and nothing but extreme oppression and injustice, and the misery and wretchedness and despair which may arise from these, can produce another rising; but, at the same time, there are more doubts as to our intentions, more suspicions of our motives, greater jealousy of our race, than there ever was before; and these feelings are mixed up with the animosities of a defeated nationality, such as it is, and with resentment against those who in their indiscriminate zeal and desire of vengeance punished the innocent with the guilty. What I observe with regret is this—that after an Englishman has been a few years in India, unless he is a man of reflection and some education, he forgets altogether the principles of his life, the rules of his religion, and the feelings of his civilisation; he regards rebellion or insurrection not as a political offence but as a blasphemy and sacrilege of ineffable magnitude committed against the Deity, whom he vicariously (and imperfectly) represents. . . . I think the great faults of our race here are to be corrected by public opinion at home. Unless there is a large flood of light let in upon Indian matters we may revert to our old *poco curante* way of doing business, and be overwhelmed in a second catastrophe—*furor arma ministrat*. Can we be just and fear not? I think we can. I do not believe in the innate depravity of nigritude, except in so far as that depravity is inherited by him, which is common to all of human birth, and that it is developed by human institutions and bad laws and low standards of morality. I cannot deny we are brought face to face with the England of the Heptarchy in many respects. We are in contact with an immensely ancient, obdurate, unyielding civilisation, and we find

its fruits in a people as punctilious as a Norman, as touchy about personal honour and as indifferent to truth as Front de Bœuf, as superstitious and as hurtful as a Saxon monk, as ignorant as a Welsh harper, as clannish and as lairdolatrist as a Celt; and we set at once to work to improve them, to force them into our clothes, ideas, religion, and boots, and then, dissatisfied that they don't at once fit the mould, we call them niggers, deny they have souls to be saved, find they have bodies only to be kicked, and at once emancipate ourselves in our relations with them from all the teaching of our own civilisation.

"Now you have trusted me before in a time of great trial, and I don't think the confidence the *Times* reposed in my representations was misplaced. It is my greatest pride and honour to think so, whilst I acknowledge the deep debt I owe you for reposing faith in me at such a period. I am satisfied now, more than I ever was in my life as to the truth of any view taken by me of any one case, that I am right with respect to Indian affairs, but I cannot expect you always to put the same faith in me when I am recording impressions and moral convictions as you did when I was stating material results. I grow tiresome and knock off.

"You must know that Lord Clyde is in an awful fix about the Indian Army question. He had been pressed a good deal by *son Altesse* for opinions on the subject, but he objects, for he has not fully considered the subject beyond the one point, that faith must be kept with the officers of the Indian Army; and on that one point there is a disposition at the H. G., or wherever it may be, to treat these unfortunates *de haut en bas*. Therefore he is obliged to state his opinions without giving offence, and at the same time he is struggling with Canning, who is anxious, or supposed to be, to get the patronage of the Indian Army into the old groove and not let it run into the hands of the home authorities either at the H. Gds. or of the Council. The history of recent changes of quarters, duly reported and corrected by telegraph, is this. When Sir Colin (he hates being called 'My Lord') was seedy the other day he received a letter



Good News in Dispatches—General Mansfield and Lord Clyde.

[To face p. 363.]

from Canning advising him for his health to go up to Simla, and orders were dispatched to engage a residence accordingly that very day. But my Lord, as is his wont, turned over the matter that night in his clear, shrewd, head, and there he smelt a metaphysical rat of great odour. 'Ho,' says he, 'ho, ho, I see—Canning wants me to go up to Simla in order to get me away from Calcutta, and to work the Army and the new plans in his own way. At the same time it will be seen at home that I am no use, and that if I am to be at Simla away from the Council I might as well be at home at once.' So up he gets, and sends off word at once that he won't go to Simla, though the doctors swear his life is endangered if he goes to Calcutta. Then he writes to Canning and asks him distinctly what he wishes—whether he is to remain at Lucknow, or go to Calcutta as his health is quite restored. And he is not going to Simla, and Lord Canning—as is his wont—deliberates and does not reply. Lord Clyde is an awfully tough old customer, and he is now nearly as well as ever he was, and as keen and sharp as ever.

"Mansfield is, however, the great designing head, the man of thought and combination, but I doubt if he has the high military qualities, though he certainly has far higher intellect, and takes a statesmanlike view of things. There is a secret animosity on his part towards Rose, who seems to be his rival in India, and he certainly drew out, as I saw with my own eyes, Rose's plans for the campaign, which the latter implicitly followed. Everyone shouts out against Canning's procrastination. Even Montgomery,\* who is one of the most reserved and cautious of men, said to me the day I took leave of him: 'It is dreadful trying to get him to do anything. It quite paralyses the business of Government.'

"We must get out three or four times the number of Englishmen we had or have here—there is a want of hands in every department. But as that would

\* Sir Robert Montgomery. With singular boldness and presence of mind he disarmed the Sepoys at Lahore when he heard of the mutiny at Delhi. He was appointed Chief Commissioner of Oudh, in succession to Outram.



involve a reduction of salaries no one will recommend it. How is it possible for one man to act as magistrate and revenue officer for 200,000 or 400,000 people scattered over districts as large as Berkshire? And yet he has to try to do it, and at once falls into the hands of his native assistants. With the question of salaries is connected the mode of living, and certainly that is a ticklish one, for although the living is not luxurious, or good, it is expensive. Champagne at 12s. or 14s. a bottle is not more out of proportion to a captain's or deputy-magistrate's salary than is beer at 2s. 6d. to a sergeant's. Every man takes ten jumps on the social scale when he comes to India—the private rides a tat; the Sub mounts a buggy; the Captain keeps hunting dogs and a phaeton, and the Colonel: well, he's the Duke at Badminton. Take my mess—there is first the Q.M.G. R.2,500 in all his capacities per mensem, *i.e.*, £250 per month; the Doctor, £2,100 per annum; the Dy. Adj. Genl., £1,000 per annum; the D.A.Q.M.G. £1,200; one A.D.C. £950 per annum, one Asst. Surgeon, £800 per annum; Commissary Genl., £1,500; Asst.-Comy. Genl., £900; and so on—none under £800. Simkin\* (champagne) is the rule; claret for a moderate man; and two bottles of beer for economists, which is 5s. per diem. As to servants, it's monstrous. I have less than any, but one, man in camp, and yet I could parade a lot that could take the shine out of most Chesham Place or country squires' houses."

At the end of February Russell went to Calcutta, where he stayed with Sir James Outram till he took passage for England at the end of March. On the eve of his departure he wrote to Mr. Sherer:—

"I go home to a sick wife, carrying from India no very pleasant memories, a damaged reputation, great popular enmity—the only Englishman, I believe, who ever left India poorer than when he came into it—with nothing to cheer me save the conviction that I

\* "The dinner was good and the iced simkin, sir, delicious."—W. D. Arnold's "Oakfield."

did my duty according to the light that was vouchsafed to me, and the damnation of a faint applause awaiting my efforts. But seeing all this were to do again I would do it and would wish it no other than it were, barring that horse kick, the flight of Bareilly, and one or two things my soul wots of. God help you and grant us a meeting in happier and cooler lands right soon. Be sure and write to me. Just drop one little white link from time to time across the ocean to keep the chain between us entire, and have me in your mind and memory as I hold you. And so farewell."

## CHAPTER XXIX

### LEADER-WRITING

ON arriving at Marseilles, the ship in which Russell had made the passage from India was put into quarantine. The passengers were surprised and resentful; and yet under the quarantine regulations of those days as much might have been expected, for the ship had "communicated" with the shore at Valetta, and Valetta was in quarantine because there happened to be cholera in Tunis or Tripoli or Algeria. The argument, if indirect, was notoriously effectual, and when the passengers came on deck on the morning of their arrival at Marseilles, there was the yellow flag at the main.

"It would have been amusing," writes Russell, "had not the outlook been so dismal, to watch the faces of my fellow sufferers as they came up in fine spirits at the termination of our voyage. 'Quarantine? Impossible!'"

Even Colville, Russell's old Crimean friend, who was on board, and who generally presented the imperturbable front of the philosopher, was for once perturbed and could find no comfort in his Herodotus. Presently the ship glided off under the tutelage of the sanitary officer, a sad man, who regarded the passengers as *infect* and moved morosely among apparatus for fumigating the mails.

The ship moored close to the lazaretto which was on a reef of rock indulgently spoken of as an island. If any of the passengers liked they could land and even

sleep there. While they were still discussing their fate upon deck, Colonel Sir William Russell appeared with a look of authority on his face. "I am not going to stand this nonsense," he said. "I know the Emperor. I am going to appeal to him to take me out of quarantine, as I am the candidate\* for Dover, and I must be at the nomination. If he releases me I think we shall all be set free." A melancholy smile, a murmur of profound scepticism, were all that was provoked by this pronouncement. As for Sir William Russell, the only thing that mitigated his confidence was the difficulty of sending a message. The sanitary officer was at first indignant, then contemptuous, at the idea of any person telegraphing to the Emperor. The Prefect would not dare to do so, even the Admiral of the Port would not—and so on and so forth. As to release from quarantine, had not the General in command of Algeria just been released after his seven days? "*Parbleu, ces messieurs oublient le respect qui est dû à sa Majesté et aux droits du public.*" He flatly refused to send the telegram.

"Whereupon," Russell continues, "Sir William dived below and presently reappeared with a tremendous envelope, addressed to M. le Prefet, signed 'William Russell, Colonel du Service de sa Majesté Reine d'Angleterre,' and sealed with the largest seal that could be found, and sent it over the side with the air of one who would say, 'Refuse that if you dare!'"

The sanitary officer consulted with another official; the coxswain assisted. They were evidently impressed but afraid to yield. The letter to the Prefect contained the telegram, with a note of explanation and a message that the telegram should be sent with the least possible delay.

\* He was then M.P. for Dover. At the election of 1860 he was returned as a Liberal for Norwich.

The passengers landed and strolled gloomily about their rocky prison. "Any answer to the telegram?" was the first question when they returned on board. They knew there was not. But it was a comfort, and at the same time a reproach, to ask. Whenever a boat came off with communications for the captain, everyone said, "Any answer from the Emperor?" At last the gallant author of the message retired before his sly tormentors, and, Achilles-like, secluded himself in his cabin. Night came, and despondency settled deeper on the ship's company. One wretched man suggested that the Emperor would order the Prefect, or somebody, to detain the ship an extra week for impertinence—just imagine a French Colonel telegraphing to Queen Victoria because he had once been *à la suite* to some royal personage at the British Court.

The sequel surprised everyone, except apparently Sir William Russell. The entry in Russell's diary for the next day, Easter Tuesday, April 26th, runs as follows:—

"Aroused in my berth at 5.30 a.m. by voices and lights. An official in oilskin and cocked-hat all black, streaming and dripping wet like an enormous slug, held up a paper for me to read, and stood with head uncovered as I tried to make my sleepy eyes do their duty. It was an order from the Minister of Marine, directing the authorities 'par ordre de sa Majesté l'Empereur' to liberate from quarantine 'Sir Russell revenant de l'Inde, et en route pour Angleterre, et ses amis,' and to do everything possible to facilitate their speedy departure and safe conduct through France. This was indeed a delightful surprise. Fortune favours the daring. But I doubt if anyone but the Emperor would have strained his powers for a foreign friend *in pari materia*. The joyful news ran through the ship, and I rushed off at once to the real Simon Pure, and woke him up with the document in my hand, closely

followed by the Adjoint of the Capitaine du port, the Sanitary officer, and several other officials, all in a state of respectful anxiety to get us ashore and off and away. A special train was in waiting by superior orders! Our baggage would be sent on. It was recommended that Messieurs les amis de Sir Russell should only take what they needed for the journey home, and the Douane would pass everything we wanted without examination. There was a busy half-hour packing up, giving directions, etc.—and the attention paid to my namesake was extraordinary. Everyone seemed anxious to claim him for his own now, and those who had not had the honour of his acquaintance desired eagerly to make it. At last the select party of Sir William's amis were stowed away in the Port Captain's barge and two launches, and as we descended the sides the crews tossed their oars and the officers stood up in the drenching rain and saluted the friends of his Majesty. On shore some functionaries in uniform and an army of porters; a crowd in the waiting-room to look at the Emperor's friend, Lord Russell, Governor-General of the Indias, who was coming back to be Prime Minister. For a moment I enjoyed the honour and pleasure of passing for that illustrious unknown, and one gentleman, who said he had a brother in Pondicherry, requested to have the honour of shaking hands with me. We were treated to 'Vive l'Empereur!' and 'Vive l'Angleterre!' as the train moved off. Our special had many delays—the line was not cleared, and we had to wait at Lyons for the ordinary train—but, after all, we were out of quarantine and on our way to England!"

A few days after his return to London, Russell went to the India House to call on Lord Stanley, who had written to ask him to do so. He judged that Lord Stanley was more concerned with the civil and political than with the military problems of India, but he could tell him little about the former except in the case of Oudh. He expressed a plain opinion, however, that Great Britain had taken quite as much of India as she

could hold, and further that the annexation of Oudh had very much to do with the rising of the people as distinguished from the rising of the Sepoys. Lord Stanley said that the support given to Lord Canning's policy of clemency by the letters in the *Times* had been of essential service.

When Russell returned home that day he found a letter from Delane, asking whether he could be depended on in case of need to accompany the French Army in Italy. He decided to think the matter over. The next week he dined with Lord Stanley, met a large party of India Board officials, and had the curious sensation of being informed by comparative strangers that he was going to represent the *Times* at the Emperor's headquarters. At home that night he found, to his dismay, that some gossip had already blurted out to Mrs. Russell, "So your husband is off to the wars again!" "There were tears," Russell writes, briefly and sadly.

To Mrs. Russell, whose health had suffered intensely from a long illness, the frequent partings had indeed become intolerable; her affectionate nature expressed itself in torments of apprehension. Russell was able to swear that he had not made any engagement. Peace was restored, but not confidence, for Delane, meeting Russell and his wife a day or two later in the Park, teased Mrs. Russell about her dread of another campaign. "Why, he thrives on them!" and so on.

Delane pursued the matter like the resolute editor he was. Soon a letter came from him:—

"You must have seen that Captain —,\* though possibly a very good artillerist, cannot wield that much

\* An officer who was acting as *Times* correspondent with the French.

more difficult weapon—the pen. In fact, he brings discredit on us, on the craft you have made illustrious, and in some measure upon you; for nothing will persuade the public that you are here in London while good blows are being struck only four days off. Just consider whether the public are not more right in this appreciation of you than you are in remaining at home, and whether Lombardy would not suit you as well as Switzerland. Besides, a summer in Lombardy would solve the whole difficulty of your house!"

The mention of Switzerland was in reference to Russell's determination to go there for some quiet writing. He had by this time undertaken to prepare his diaries in India for Messrs. Routledge, and he wanted to find some place where he could stay with his family and work without interruption. London had been found hopeless; Folkestone little better; therefore he decided to go to Switzerland. He started in due course with his family and, after a short stay in Paris, travelled on to Berne. On the way they rested at Basle, and at "Les Trois Rois" Russell met Mr. John Bigelow, and began there a friendship which lasted for the rest of his life.

When he began to work at Berne on his diaries—these, of course, are the diaries of which use has been made in describing the Mutiny—Russell was still in doubt whether he would be required to take the field with the French Army. On July 8th his landlord rushed in upon him at breakfast with a copy of the *Berne Gazette* announcing that *pourparlers* had been arranged between the French and the Austrians, and that peace would very likely be the result. The Treaty of Villa Franca was signed three days later.

On July 13th Delane wrote to Russell:—

"I was very glad to get your pleasant letter and to find that you are really in Berne and hard at



work. Never fear that it won't run glib off your pen as soon as you really go at it. As to the war, you will have heard before this of its most lame and impotent conclusion. All our own old bunglers, from those of Cintra downwards—even they never made such bad terms, never sold blood and treasure so cheap, as L. N.!!! My only doubt is, whether he has not got out of Austria some secret concession on some point touching him more nearly than the liberties of Italy—whether he has not got a promise of the Rhine, of Belgium, or of some such price to be paid by others.”

Russell did not get the Indian diaries finished so quickly as he had hoped. Few men were more dependent than he on continual intercourse with intelligent men. “I am not in force,” he writes. Again, “I feel the want of society. I am in a desert.”

In August he received the following letter from Delane:—

*“August 9th, 1859.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—It has occurred to me that if you would take the trouble you could write just as good leading articles as anyone else, and that if you could do so, we could give you well-paid and continuous employment, not dependent on such happy accidents as Indian Mutinies and foreign wars, but such as could be an effectual stand-by for all the time for which you or I have any concern. At the same time there is certainly this peculiarity in the writing of leading articles—that many men who succeed in other branches of composition fail in this, and it may happen that you may be another example of this rule. I don't at all expect it, and besides that, you may entirely rely upon whatever assistance I can give you. The experiment is at least well worth trying. I would suggest then, that as we have a dull time coming on and everybody is anxious to get away, the next six months will afford the best opportunity for a trial. There is likely, too, to be a fair supply of ‘off’ subjects which it is always most easy to treat, and also I shall be here and alone and anxious, if for no better reason,

to make my own plan succeed. If you like my proposal, then try to polish off your book as soon as you can and let us get the scheme into gear as soon as possible.

“ Ever yours,  
“ J. T. D.”

On arriving in London in September, Russell went to stay for a few days with a soldier friend at Woolwich, but was put into harness at once as a leader-writer. The night of his arrival he dined with Delane, and the next day received one of the notes, with the form of which he was so familiar, directing his attention to Italian affairs and requesting him to attend to the subject that evening. Delane made it an almost invariable rule to write the directions for his staff before he walked from Printing House Square at two or three in the morning to his house at Serjeants' Inn. He might have told Russell at dinner what his views were, but he adhered to his custom of writing—there could be no mistake in a written instruction; there might easily be misapprehension over a bottle of claret.

A fragment of Russell's autobiography describes his first attempts at leader-writing:—

“I had no experience in leader-writing for the *Times*, much as I had written for the Press, and I knew that very brilliant and able men were quite unable to satisfy the requirements of Printing House Square, whilst others, not wholly bright and gifted otherwise, had the gift in perfection. I entered the little room which was to be the scene of my struggle with the printer's devil in no very confident spirit, though I had dined pleasantly at mess at Woolwich and was cheerful enough till my eye rested on a formidable heap of cuttings and print neatly piled on the writing-table. I must explain as to the struggle I have mentioned, that when the theme suited me and

my pen moved swiftly over the slips, I could generally accomplish my task by 12.30 or 1 o'clock; but sometimes the editor was impatient and the grey matter would not work, and the blurred sheets chided each dull delay of revision or correction enforced by the imp from the printing slab, with 'The editor is sending every moment for your copy, sir!' Sometimes the ready finger would be waiting to seize the top of the page as the pen reached the bottom. I finished my first leader at two o'clock, revised the proof and was about to leave when the messenger said, 'Mr. Delane would like to see you before you go, sir.' And it was nearly three before I was called into his room, where he was glowering across the table at a monkey-faced little man, to hear 'Capital! Well done! Come a little earlier on Sunday!' I turned out in evening clothes and a light overcoat at 3.15 in Ludgate Hill, and, as my baggage was at Woolwich, I slept at the London Bridge Hotel and went down to barracks by the first train next morning. When I entered the ante-room for breakfast and saw the *Times* laid out on the table, I experienced a curious feeling of *mauvaise honte*, mingled with curiosity, but it was soon dispelled by the satisfaction which the appearance of the leader in a prominent place caused me. I read it very carefully, and detected in the garish light of day faults invisible at 2 a.m., but on the whole I was rather proud of my work and rather disappointed no one talked about the *Times'* views of the Italian question at mess or at the club when I went up to town. Next day I had to repair to my workshop in Printing House Square and interest myself in the news just in from China and India. 'I congratulate you. Your article has the real stuff and go of a leader, and you shall see it in the first place to-morrow.' This from Delane.

"For some time, *studio fallente laborem*, I was delighted with and proud of my work. There was a canon, not expressed but understood, that the *Times* leader-writers were to keep their incognito. I have often had the pleasure of hearing my friends discuss my handiwork, sometimes the pain of listening to very stringent criticism. On one occasion coming up in the train from Ascot with a number of natives, I was

amused by the contemptuous way in which one of them in reply to a remark of mine said, 'I would advise you to read to-day's *Times* (that is, my own article) before you take that view of the subject.' Incidents like that were not infrequent. More than once my ears tingled, my cheeks reddened, as I listened perforce in silence to some smart invective, and was made aware of some serious blunder or some fallacy of reasoning, for people were beginning to assert the right of private judgment and to examine the quality of the bolts of the *Thunderer*. Thackeray was one of the few who knew my secret, and as he strolled round from his house in Onslow Square, with his cigar, to Sumner Place\* after breakfast I was anxious for his opinion, and I knew when he said 'I have not read my *Times* very carefully this morning' that he was not quite content with me. He could always guess what was mine. He was, I think, averse to my course of life. 'Don't wrap yourself up in *Times* foolscap. You have escaped now. Try work for yourself!' But alas! There were the various little reasons at home, and the twelve hundred reasons a year on the other side of the question.

"One day some years afterwards I went to the office with Thackeray and others to look at a new printing machine; the old one was at work, whirling round and round, and throwing off the long riband of printed paper with the satisfied hum of wheel and fly, and the buzz of life within its iron rollers peculiar to well-organised machinery. Thackeray, with his hand in his breeches pockets, his glasses on his nose, stood before it for a moment, then putting his right hand forth with menacing finger toward the press he exclaimed, 'Heartless! insatiable! bloody! destroying monster! What brains you have ground to pulp! What hopes you have crushed, what anxiety you have inflicted on us all!'

"And, indeed, the work became after a while 'work'; there was a great difference between the absolute freedom of my life in the field, and the dictation from the office. But that was but a small matter compared with the thorns in my path which grew up as I

\* Russell at this time lived at 18, Sumner Place, S.W.

advanced. On some questions I was incompetent to write, and then I had to read attacks on the *Times* for what I knew and felt to be my own mistakes. Then, again, I had to suffer from slashing excisions or pitiless mutilations. Once I read a leader which was word for word as I had sent it into the editor's room till midway, when another hand was set to work, and I saw: 'So far we have presented to our readers all that can fairly be urged in favour of something or other, and having done so we will now proceed to test the value of the arguments.' And then came an elaborate refutation of my text, caused, I believe, by a visit to the Editor at the office of an eminent statesman during a debate in the House. I was still busy, too, on my diaries in India, which Messrs. Routledge were urged to publish ere the interest of the events of 1857—8 had quite died out, and the leader-writing, and late hours, took it out of me. But the office was, nevertheless, very pleasant, and Delane delighted to gather his people about him at cosy little dinners at Serjeants' Inn as often as he could."

About this time Russell received a letter from Lord Clyde in India. He had written to ask for information about the revolt of European troops which had taken place after his own departure.

"SIMLA,

"30th August, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to employ a scribe to write for me. The influenza has been hanging about me for some weeks, and has gone to my eyes. The doctor has, in consequence, desired me not to use them. I have received your note of 7th June. Before we left India the first symptoms of discontent amongst the local European troops had already become manifest. The Crown lawyers at Calcutta, looking at the legal and not at the moral footing of the affair, decided that an Act of Parliament was a law which must be obeyed, and I suppose they would have advised coercion. However, Lord Canning determined to refer the question home. All that could be done meanwhile was to persuade the men to remain quiet at their duty

until a reply from England could be received. The reply decided curtly that their claims of discharge or re-enlistment with a bounty were 'inadmissible.' This decision was read to the men at Meerut about the 30th April, and they immediately held meetings and refused to do duty. I considered that I had better proceed at once to Meerut, and had gone as far as [word illegible] when I met Lyel Johnston, Adj. of the Bengal Artillery, who had come up for the purpose of seeing me. He assured me that the men were past speaking to. It was evidently probable that all the other local troops in India would make common cause on this point, and it was impossible to foresee how far the Queen's troops might feel with them. It became necessary to take up a line of conduct. A collision seemed to be a frightful contingency, under the eye of the native chiefs, who would, of course, have been delighted at our internal divisions. A collision was called a disaster in a letter I had from Sir Robert Montgomery, so I thought it best to temporise by ordering the men to return to their duty, on their doing which a Court of Inquiry would be held to hear their complaints. As this went on intercepted letters were taken which showed decided combination, and the worst sentiment towards Government, and there was strong reason to believe that the 88th was disposed to sympathise, or even join the mutineers. All the local Army showed, some more overtly than others, that the majority of the men wished for discharge, or bounty, or re-enlistment. What is curious, and a fatal condemnation of the discipline of the Company's local Army, is that in no instance did any old soldier or N.C. officers give notice to their officers of what was brewing, of which they must have been aware. This was a dreadful state of things for the Indian Government. The G.G. too late discovered that it was not a question brought forward by a few litigious men, but that it was a *bonâ fide* revolt of the whole local white army with a view to obtain discharge, or bounty, or re-enlistment at their option. Coercion was out of the question, and at last Lord Canning made his compromise, granting discharge to all who wished for it, but refusing bounty or permission

to re-enlist\* to anyone. This was not what the men, as a body, wished for or expected; and I have little doubt that many more took their discharge than had originally intended to do so, urged by a desire to spite the Government, possibly with the idea that the expense of sending home so many thousand men might frighten the G.G. into compliance with their demands.

"The Line has been called on for Volunteers to fill up the gap in the local European Artillery, and there has been no difficulty in procuring plenty of chosen Volunteers. I have proposed that if the Government intend to retain a local Army, the regiments should be periodically relieved by others from Europe, bringing with them good English blood and discipline. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in the spring, and remain,

"Yours very faithfully,  
"CLYDE."

Another friend connected with India from whom Russell received a letter was Kavanagh. Kavanagh had come to Ireland. He complained in his letter that he had applied in vain at the India House to be compensated immediately for the wounds he had suffered in the Mutiny, and he continued:—

"Since I shall stay so long in Ireland, I should be happy, indeed, to get the notes of introduction to your friends which you have so very kindly offered. I have made a few friends only, because it is only this month that we have been able to go out. My wife reached England last August in very bad health, and I could not leave her much; and you know how slowly a man makes friends after an absence of nearly thirty years from his country, with no one on his return who knows him. My reception in Ireland was *very* different from what I had expected. That amiable old English gentleman Lord Carlisle is the only person of note who has shown me the least civility, though I have lately made three or four friends who are very kind."

\* Many of the men who obtained their discharge as a result of the "White Mutiny" re-enlisted afterwards in England.

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE

IN December, 1859, Russell was drawn into an enterprise which was destined to concern him closely, and on the whole advantageously, for the rest of his life. In his autobiography he writes:—

“Towards the close of this year the project was conceived by some friends of mine, foremost among whom was J. C. Deane,\* of starting a weekly newspaper, as the Volunteer movement was assuming considerable proportions, to serve as its special organ and at the same time to treat naval and military topics and intelligence in connection with the general defence of the Empire. Bradbury and Evans, the proprietors of *Punch*, who had also launched the *Daily News*, were keen about it if I would consent to act as editor of the paper. But although I had broached the idea at a dinner in Sumner Place, and Delane much approved of it, I was not quite sure that I could undertake the task. I had written a pamphlet at the beginning of the Volunteer propaganda in which I had argued strongly against the tendency of the Volunteers to form shooting clubs, and insisted on the usefulness and advantage of corps organisation, but I did not see any prospect of the Volunteers needing and supporting a paper specially devoted to their interests. I looked into the question, studied the Service papers then in existence, and gradually came to the conclusion that if a naval and military journal with sufficient claims

\* John Connellan Deane was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Deane, who belonged to a well-known family in County Cork. Russell, in his diary, says of him: “He was a fellow of infinite jest and humour, with a lovely voice, great social qualities, infinite suggestion, kindly, great at exhibitions. He started the Manchester Exhibition, and was enthusiastic about the Crystal Palace. A great favourite of Thackeray’s at the Garrick. He lived (and died) mostly in Italy.”



to the support of the Services were started, there would be a fair field for the association of the Volunteers with them in an advocacy of their objects. There were many dinners over the elaboration of the scheme—these principally at a haunt of Thackeray's and of Evans, senior, and of various ancient benchers, to wit, the Gray's Inn Coffee House, where there was generous 20 port and where the 'simple food of the sagacious Sybarite,' as Cuddy Ellison called it, or of 'the four S dinner' (a basin of turtle Soup, a cutlet of Salmon, a Steak, a Snipe, and marrow bones), was to be had in perfection—and at last it assumed shape and took even a name: *The Army and Navy Gazette, and Journal of the Militia Volunteers*. When the scheme was sufficiently advanced so that I could treat its execution as a probability, Bradbury and Evans had asked me the question, and I put it straight to my friend. Delane's answer was: 'There is not the smallest reason to fear opposition from us—quite the contrary.' The prospectus was written, it was printed, and Bradbury and Evans were sending it to all quarters of the globe. I had written to my friends, naval and military, and agencies had been established at home and abroad, and I had secured the help as assistant editor of my friend, Mr. J. C. O'Dowd,\* then on the staff of the *Globe*, when a bolt fell from a clear sky whence I least looked for it."

The bolt was a letter from Delane:—

"SERJEANTS' INN,

"December 20th.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—You will be sorry to hear that objection is taken to your connection with the *Army and Navy Gazette* on the not unreasonable ground that while you receive a salary from us you ought not to conduct any other paper. I confess I think the objection is a good one, and it was only under the erroneous impression that you were now on the footing of a contributor instead of that of a

\* Afterwards Sir James Cornelius O'Dowd, Deputy-Judge Advocate-General. Like Russell, he had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and had a reputation as a wit.

regular member of our staff that I so readily gave my consent to your proposal. What then will you do? Will you abandon the *Gazette* or resume the character of a contributor? Perhaps it would be as well to address Morris on the subject, but in either event you may rely on any help that can be given

“By yours ever faithfully,

“J. T. DELANE.”

Russell slept on it, and next day wrote:—

“MY DEAR DELANE,—Your letter has placed me in a most painful position, and as you have ever been a great and true friend to me there is no one whose advice I would so readily seek as yours if you can give it to me now. It never entered into my head for a moment that you could be unacquainted with the nature of my relations to the *Times*, when I asked your permission to connect myself with the forthcoming paper. It is not for me to question the soundness of the grounds on which that permission has been revoked, and I can now only ask for time that I may consider what course I shall take, for I am bound to Bradbury and Evans, and I have entered into engagements with Mr. O'Dowd and others which must be dealt with without any breach of faith on my part. I will write to Morris at once and state the case to him. I need not say that my feeling inclines me to fight under the old flag under which I have served for so many years of my life. You ask me whether I will give up the *A. & N. G.* or assume the character of a contributor. Is there not a mistake in the way of putting the alternatives, inasmuch as being now, as you say, a member of the regular staff of the paper, if I abandon the *Gazette* I retain my present position without any change?

“Ever yours, my dear Delane, most sincerely,

“W. H. RUSSELL.”

In his perplexity Russell wrote to his old friend, John MacDonald, who answered:—

“MY DEAR W. H. R.,—Delane's permission, given and acted on without consulting Morris, has certainly placed you in an awkward predicament with Bradbury

and Evans, but they must have been aware that your engagement with them was at any moment liable to be broken off if found incompatible with your *Times* connexion. This is exactly what has happened, but a little sooner than could be expected, and though the circumstance is annoying, I don't know that it is in all respects to be regretted. Knowing the strict rule of the office in such matters, I confess to some surprise at hearing that it was departed from in your case, and when Morris on Monday morning broached the subject I saw at once what the result would be. You will be shocked to hear that I felt myself obliged to coincide with Morris in the matter when he asked me for my opinion, and that my deliberate conviction, as your friend, is against your forming any connexion with any other periodical in which you may seem to barter to others the reputation which you have won upon the *Times*. Stick to that and to book-writing, or to anything, but other papers, whereby you can make an income. On no consideration consent again to abandon your firm position as a salaried servant of P. H. S. until you have got something so good as to make that position unimportant. You can have no idea how uneasy it made me when you gave up your situation to lecture, and how I rejoiced when you were once more back amongst us. I am interrupted and can't write more now; but come and talk to me to-morrow, and believe me, my dear fellow,

"Always yours,

"JOHN C. MACDONALD."

Russell continues in his autobiography :—

"There was correspondence and there were conversations, and I went one day from Serjeants' Inn with Delane to Morris at Printing House Square, who was with J. Walter, Dasent and MacDonald. Morris came down after a few minutes, evidently with an ultimatum. 'It was a settled rule at the office that no member of the staff could be permitted to draw money from another paper,' etc. With Delane by my side I could not fight my battle on the ground that I had received express permission from my chief. It was a *sine quâ non* that if I wrote for another paper I must give up

the *Times*. My allusion to an expression in one of Morris's letters, however, produced an impression, and after an interview of two hours the high contracting parties signed a treaty. I was to cease to be a salaried member of the staff, but I was to be put on the list of contributors of the first class. Delane was to give me as much work as I could do, and whenever I gave up the *Army and Navy Gazette* I was to revert to my old position on the *Times* as if I had never left."

The *Army and Navy Gazette* office was already painted, and was to be ready in a week. It was the old office of Dickens's *Household Words*. There was certainly a place for a military paper on new lines. The Army had come through the two important campaigns of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny in quick succession; in the Crimea a deplorable lack of method and system had been redeemed only by the fortitude and bravery of the officers and men; and the unexpected ordeal in India had been protracted into the campaigns which were the inevitable consequence of the Mutiny proper; moreover, these campaigns and the transference of the government of India from the Company to the Crown had led to a reorganisation of the Indian Army. The Volunteer movement, too, had begun and had prospered under the menace of invasion.

Russell had not entered upon the enterprise without consulting some of the most important of his soldier friends. Sir De Lacy Evans wrote:—

"I have, I assure you, been much gratified by hearing that you have undertaken the guidance of a naval and military gazette. For the armed professions I think it a subject of sincere congratulation. At any time, but above all at the present time, a very ably-conducted periodical, intimately connected with and contributive as I expect this will be, to the defences of the country, is a national desideratum.

"You will bring to your task most unusual qualifications. Few, if any, have seen so much of the last two wars England has been engaged in. Not as an amateur—not as a subaltern actor, with some particular corps or arm—but truly in the most extensive sense of the terms, as an impartial, independent, critical observer and historian of the great operations of these momentous conflicts."

Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Martin Dillon, and many other well-known soldiers were among the first contributors. Russell, indeed, gathered about him a staff which for its particular purpose might fairly be called brilliant. A hurried entry in his diary gives the feverish experience of the evening before the paper was published for the first time:—

"January 6th, 1860. Went down to printing office and drank sherries with J. C. Deane, O'Dowd, and Bradbury and Evans to our new paper. Gave printer £2 as *pourboire*. To Evans's. Then returned to office, where I lay down about 3 o'clock a.m. and went to bed on the sofa."

In the first number Russell wrote of the relations of the Press to the Services, arguing that it was inevitable that these should have been rather illicit. But the case of India was exceptional, for there the Press was more under control, and men like Mansfield and Edwardes "gained reputations with their pens ere they won it by the sword." But it was coming to be understood that the problem of the British Army and Navy was of vital public importance and therefore of vital public interest. "In all honour we aspire to be the organ of the Services, so far as they can have an organ at all"—an aspiration which the *Army and Navy Gazette* most creditably cultivates to this day.

For months Russell worked hard at the new paper,

thinking of little else. "Working like several niggers" he writes in his diary one day, and entries in the same sense are numerous. Yet he used to burn his candle at both ends, dining out nearly every night, haunting the Garrick, keeping late hours, often sleeping at the *Army and Navy Gazette* office. Thackeray good-naturedly used to go out of his way to read the paper and offer advice.

In May, Thackeray made Russell an offer to write for the *Cornhill*, and the sequel follows pat in the diary:—"We dined at Greenwich thereupon." It was necessary, in fact, for Russell to make more money than the *Army and Navy Gazette* brought him. The faculty of economy, as we know, was not his. He seems to have hired a brougham regularly for his family and also to have kept a horse for riding in Rotten Row. The terms he could command for his work at this time are approximately stated in the record of a conversation with J. C. Deane.

"I dined on business matters with Deane, who had full powers to treat for Bradbury and Evans. He offered £25 a week as retaining fee for editing the *Army and Navy Gazette*, but I would have nothing to do with that, and I proposed: 1. That my salary as editor should be 15 guineas a week. 2. That in June I begin to write a book for Bradbury and Evans, to be finished in October, for which I am to receive £1,200 and division of profits. 3. That in October I am going to America to describe the Presidential election, all expenses being paid by Bradbury and Evans, and that I am, if possible before Parliament meets, to bring out a book, for which I am to get £1,200 and half profits. 4. That if I am sent abroad by the *Times* I continue my connexion with the *Army and Navy Gazette* if the *Times* permits it, and that I give preference to Bradbury and Evans of any work I may write connected with my expedition."

In October another child was born to Russell, and his wife began to suffer from a more intense illness from which she never recovered. At any time of the day when he could shake himself free from his work, he would go home to Sumner Place to try if he could distract her thoughts or alleviate her pain ; and there are touching entries in the diaries which suggest briefly, but completely, the unwavering friendship of Thackeray. Thackeray used often to walk through Sumner Place at appointed times, and Russell would appear at the window and if he felt unable to leave his wife would wave Thackeray away, or, in the contrary case, would signal that he was coming down for a walk.

Such work as Russell found time to do apart from the *Army and Navy Gazette* was chiefly reviewing of books for the *Times*. A letter of instruction on the subject gives a glimpse of Delane's conception of how such work should be done :—

"I don't think," he wrote upon receiving a particular review from Russell, "you have given yourself anything like time to write this last article. It is full of small points of detail but contains no such general summing up of the book as the public will naturally expect. Pray look it all over again and let me have a separate 'But to conclude.'"

Delane had no notion that it was right for a reviewer to be clever rather than to be informing and clear. He could not tolerate that a writer should gratify his ambitions at the expense of his reader ; to produce the most brilliant criticism which left the reader in some doubt as to the contents of the book was, to his mind, simply perverse ; the review must state clearly the matter and manner of the book. The reader should be enabled to say, "Now I know what

that book contains and how it is written," rather than "Whoever wrote that review is an uncommonly clever fellow." The charge against Russell, of course, was not one of egotism or perversity but of carelessness. But Delane seldom wrote to him about reviewing without reasserting his general principles on the subject.

Another interesting glimpse of Delane is given by a letter in which he administered to Russell what the latter describes, without mitigation, in his diary as a "wiggling" :—

*"December 28th, 1860.*

"DEAR RUSSELL,—I hope I am as placable as most people, but I confess to very considerable annoyance at your conduct to-day, for a trifle may annoy one as much as an injury. You first said you could not come to dinner and I wrote to ask Cooke; then came your second note saying you could come and I recalled the letter to Cooke. I wished to ask Loch, just fresh from China, but for your sake would not exceed my stipulated number of eight. We waited for you until eight o'clock, and I need not say you did not come. Of course it is of no consequence; nobody is the worse; we shall none of us die of it; but life is made up of trifles, and I had promised to two of the party, who will probably have no other opportunity, the gratification of meeting you. Could you not have sent a note if either business or pleasure detained you? It would only have been a reasonable courtesy to so old a friend as yours faithfully,

"JOHN T. DELANE."

As it happened, Russell had a tolerable excuse in the illness of his wife, which that evening had driven all other matters out of his head.

By the middle of February, 1861, a definite proposal had been made by Delane that Russell should go to America as special correspondent of the *Times*. The matter of course had to be discussed with Bradbury



and Evans, and after an interview Russell wrote in his diary :—

“ Evans was very angry at hearing the proposal to leave the *Army and Navy Gazette* on account of the *Times*, but cooled down. It would never do for me to refuse the great opportunity afforded by the *Times*, and in reality my absence from the *Army and Navy Gazette* will do it no harm at all.”

Very soon the difficulty was settled. Thackeray agreed with Russell that it would be fatal to refuse the offer of the *Times*. “ You must go,” he said ; “ besides, it is an opportunity.”

Russell quailed before the prospect of leaving his wife, but at length he made a clean breast of his engagement, and to some extent was able to mollify her fears by Delane's suggestion that he was to return from the United States if he found himself in any danger.

“ If you have the smallest reason to suppose that you will be exposed to any outrage or annoyance,” Delane had said, “ let nothing induce you to remain. Come back at once. Do not hesitate. I will take care that you are held secure, and that you shall not suffer, and you may depend upon it your interests will be protected here. We have quite enough risks on our hands already, without any such addition as your danger would make.”

Russell took a berth in a steamer due to leave England on March 1st. He wound up the last day of February at the Garrick, where Thackeray made a little speech in his honour over a bowl of punch. The next morning he parted from his wife and was able to write in his diary :—

“ She bore up most nobly. Never can I forget her look in great sorrow, the fretting face and the melting lips. What a good, brave, Irish heart and true soul !”

In the evening he was once more on the high seas, bound for the seat of war. But in what a different case from when he started for Malta before the Crimean War! Now he was a man whom his countrymen hastened to honour, a man of established authority, with the eyes of the world, and particularly of his fellow-passengers, upon him. He was, moreover, an editor.



## APPENDIX TO VOLUME I

*The Thin Red Line.*—It is worth while to insist upon the authorship and the just employment of this phrase, as doubts have been expressed on both points. It must be admitted that the phrase has suffered some changes under Russell's own pen. The words as they are quoted in the body of this book are taken from "The British Expedition to the Crimea," 1877 edition. In *Notes and Queries* of January 19th, 1895, Captain C. S. Harris wrote:—

"(8th S. VI., 379.)—I notice that in the review of the *Nineteenth Century*, at the above reference, it is remarked: 'In an article in support of the Nonconformist conscience, the Rev. T. G. Rogers alludes to the "thin red line" of Balaclava. This is new to us. It was not of Balaclava that the phrase was used.' I have not the means of reference at hand, but I have always understood that the old 93rd Highlanders were described by Dr. W. H. Russell as 'that thin red line' in his *Times* correspondence when they stood in line to receive the charge of the Russian cavalry at Balaclava, not taking the trouble to form square, and that it was for this action they were granted the right to add 'Balaclava' to the other battle honours on their colours, they being the only infantry regiment to which this right was granted. I knew the regiment well for a considerable period, and always understood that the above was the case, and their regimental magazine is now published by the name of *The Thin Red Line*; but perhaps some correspondents could refer to the original source, and so place the matter beyond question."

Captain Harris then wrote to Russell, who answered as follows:—

"Your letter of the 31st has just reached me, and in reply to your first question as to the 'thin red line,' I believe that I may claim the authorship or parentage. I have referred to page 227 of the only copy of the work you mention in my possession, marked on the title-page '21st Thousand,' and find that you have quoted the words correctly from the text;

but *I wrote* 'tipped,' not 'topped,' and in a subsequent correction of the 'Letters,' entitled 'The British Expedition to the Crimea,' published by Routledge in 1877, the words are (p. 156) '*thin red line tipped with steel.*' How they happened to be printed in italics I cannot say, but I certainly did not intend them for a quotation. The 93rd were the thin red line I spoke of at Balaclava."

Other letters in *Notes and Queries* explain the matter further. Thus Captain C. S. Harris wrote:—

"February 9th, 1895.

"'Thin Red Line' (8th S. VI., 379; VII., 57).—Since writing my reply on the subject I have quite unexpectedly met with a copy of Dr. W. H. Russell's 'Letters to the *Times* from the Crimea' (Messrs. Routledge, London, 1855), and on turning to the one dated October 25th, 1854, I find the following description of the charge of the Russian cavalry on the 93rd Highlanders, which occurred shortly before the charge of our own heavy and light cavalry brigades on the same day:—"The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on their left in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great: the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifles, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. Bravo, Highlanders! well done! shout the excited spectators: but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered

their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four-deep!" The ordinary British line, two-deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers."

Meanwhile a Mr. Hems had written from Exeter :—

"Was not this expression used in reference to our troops at the Alma? And in Napier's History of the Peninsular War, if I am not very much mistaken, it also occurs."

Yet another letter was this :—

"Incredible though it may seem, I really think that for once Dr. J. G. Rogers was wrong, and that the reviewer was right. Surely this picturesque, but mathematically absurd, sight was witnessed at the battle of the Alma, where Kinglake wrote about 'the scarlet arch of the knoll.'"

"EDWARD H. MARSHALL, M.A."

Russell himself tipped this curious exchange of opinions with steel by sending the following observations :—

"'Thin Red Line' (8th S. VI., 379; 57, 115).—Mr. Hems asks, 'Was not this expression used in reference to our troops at the Alma?' I do not think it was. If it were, the words would have been most inaccurate. If Mr. Hems finds the phrases in Napier's 'History,' I will eat the volume. Mr. E. H. Marshall, however, thinks apparently that what he calls the picturesque, but mathematically absurd, sight of the 'thin red line' at Balaclava was seen at the Alma in 'the scarlet arch on the knoll.' After that there is no saying where the absurd sight, mathematical or picturesque, may not be looked for.